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FOUR THOUSAND MILES
OF
AFRICAN TRAVEL:

A PERSONAL RECORD
OF A JOURNEY UP THE NILE AND THROUGH THE SOUDAN
TO THE CONFINES OF CENTRAL AFRICA,

EMBRACING A DISCUSSION ON THE

SOURCES OF THE NILE,
AND AN EXAMINATION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

BY

ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH,
SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

With Map and Illustrations.



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TO

WILLIAM H. WEBB, Esq.,

WHO, AS A *SHIP-BUILDER*,

HAS FURNISHED THE SWIFTEST MEANS OF TRANSIT TO THE *TRAVELER* BY THE SEA;

WHO, AS A *CAPITALIST*,

AND AT PERSONAL PERIL, HAS JOURNEYED AMONG THE ISLES OF THE

FAR PACIFIC,

TO ESTABLISH NEW OCEAN HIGHWAYS FOR

AMERICAN COMMERCE;

AND WHO, IN A LIFE SPENT IN ALL PORTIONS OF THE WORLD, HAS DEVOTED HIS

ENERGIES TO

GRAND ENTERPRISES,

The Author begs to Inscribe this Volume,

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF THE PRACTICAL LESSONS

TAUGHT BY A LONG AND USEFUL CAREER.

M363593

I esteem the traveler who instructs the heart, but despise him who indulges the imagination. A man who leaves home to mend himself and others is a philosopher ; but he who goes from country to country, guided by the blind impulses of curiosity, is only a vagabond.—

GOLDSMITH.

PREFACE.

TO THIS record of the author's travels in Africa is added an examination of the problem of the sources of the Nile. While he has believed that the study of the people of the globe, and not the globe itself, is the more interesting, an effort has been made to set forth the physical characteristics of the White and Blue Nile regions, which, as extended alluvial empires, are unsurpassed in the world. Awaiting, with confidence, the day when capital and Anglo-Saxon energy will release the degraded negro peoples from their ages of bondage, and convert them into intelligent artisans and industrious tillers of the soil, the immediate lesson he has deduced from 4,000 miles of travel between the Mediterranean sea and the torrid regions of the Soudan, is this: that a few bold, rapid strokes of humanity and enterprise on the part of the Christian powers, would add 70,000,000 producers, now self-consumers, to the modern arts and industries. In a word, Africa should be Americanized; the cruel wrongs suffered by her people should be atoned for by practical measures of relief, and a guardianship—not unlike that extended over India by Great Britain—should in all haste begin.

South America has been largely reclaimed from her long stagnation. Africa is another South America—promising greater substance, demanding prompter energy.

ROOMS OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY,

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, *February, 1875.*

THANKS.

The thanks of the author are first due to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who, with unstinted liberality, sustained the journey recorded in the following chapters, and for whose journal—*The New York Herald*—the author was a traveling correspondent. To His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, Sherif Pacha, Nubar Pacha, Moontasz Pacha, Ismail Yagoob Pacha, M. Versal, Dr. G. W. Hosmer, Dr. Demetri, Col. Geo. H. Butler, Gen. Charles P. Stone, and all the Americans in the Egyptian service, he owes grateful acknowledgments for kindnesses innumerable.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM WAR TO EXPLORATION.

	PAGE
Origin of the journey — Egypt in colors — A preparatory tour through Europe — Touching the African shores.....	1-4

CHAPTER II.

MODERN EGYPT.

Americanizing Egypt — The Khedive's characteristics of mind — A general view of his domain — Character of Levantine peoples — Dangers and pleasures of his reign — The Egyptian finances, influence of the Moslem faith on the progress of Egypt — The doctrine of extra-territorial jurisdiction — Missionary labors in the East — New Cairo — Diplomacy — A dual — The Khedive's opera	4-48
--	------

CHAPTER III.

THE START FOR THE SOUDAN.

Sir Samuel Baker's expedition — Preparing to move toward the Equator — Our dahabeah, its construction and history — The Khedive's hospitality and generous assistance to our party — The Nile "season" and the requisite preparations — Sanitary precautions — An audience with the Minister of Foreign Affairs — His opinion of America and Americans....	48-61
--	-------

CHAPTER IV.

A CHAPTER FOR THE TOURIST.

Shooting along the Nile — The scenery along the Nile, and its peculiar advantages for inspection — The joys and pains of the river journey — Nubian music — A bursted gun — The growth and prosperity of Minieh — The abundant game — Americans on the Nile — The Sheik Selim....	61-75
---	-------

CHAPTER V.

THE DANCING GIRLS.

The Temple of Venus — Hospitality of the British Consul — Appearance of the Dancing girls — Their movements, song, and morality — From Kennah to Thebes — Reception at the divan of the Governor of Esna — Grounding of the dahabeah — Egypt in 1892.....	75-90
---	-------

CHAPTER VI.

CROSSING THE NUBIAN DESERT.

PAGE.

Preparations for leaving the Nile—Perilous adventure at the first Cataract—A river race—Starting on the tropic of Cancer—Arriving at Korosko—Starting across the Desert—Arabs from a practical point of view—Life on the Desert—Structure of the African Continent—Terrible destruction of camels	90-105
---	--------

CHAPTER VII.

AMONG THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

Splendid scenery of the Desert—Our guide—The Southern cross appears—Mild forms of slavery—The passing caravans—Severe effect of the heat—Mirage seas—Fatal consequences of the illusory phenomena—The gate of the Desert—The romance of travel gone—The Ababdah Arabs—The Moorad wells—A professional convert	105-123
---	---------

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTERING THE SOUDAN.

Achmed Hussien—Scarcity of water—Mahomet Hussein and his staff—Our escort of Arab warriors—Safe arrival at the Nile again—A true Turkish dinner—Gazelles and hippopotami—A simoom—Stopping at an Arab hut—Skirting the Nile cataracts—A sublime phenomenon—Received at the palace of the Governor	123-134
---	---------

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE CAPITAL OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

Approaching Khartoum—Imposing reception by the Governor-General and Suite—The black warriors of Adam Pacha—Ali Effendi—The Nile between Berber and Khartoum—Azar, the American Consular agent—The Soudan infant and peculiarities of his growth—The nationalities—Revolting scenes at a private slave mart	134-145
--	---------

CHAPTER X.

DARFOUR AND ITS KING.

The Sultan's cruelty and piety—A letter to His Majesty—Nady Bey's expedition, his account of Darfour—The case of Dr. Cuny—A letter from the Sultan	149-159
--	---------

CHAPTER XI.

UP THE WHITE NILE.

Firman—Invitation from the Governor-General to go up the White Nile—Moontaz Pacha—Resources of the Soudan—Fertility of the different provinces—The cotton crops—The Governor's message to America—The India of Egypt—Cost of living—Cost of products—Moosa Pacha's reign—The division of the Soudan—Moontaz Pacha's history	159-178
---	---------

CONTENTS.

ix

CHAPTER XII.

VIVID AFRICAN SCENES.

	PAGE.
The doctors — The race of elephants — The beautiful scenery of the White Nile — Petitions along the route — In the duck country — a violent storm — At Arbah Island — Scenes on shore — The monkeys, how they are caught — Plans for the development and civilization of the Soudan — The beast life — The recruiting ground for Menageries and Zoological gardens — A bird's eye view of that portion of Africa	178-193

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE IN KHARTOUM.

The author's domestic establishment — Death of the Governor's son, and the subsequent ceremonies — Destruction of elephants — Sir Samuel Baker as a chasseur — Lady Baker in her drawing-room — The author's servant Giovanni, and his fondness for a life of luxury — He drinks other than wine for wine — A dramatic incident with some Greeks — The domestic life of the Soudan — Effect of the climate on temper and mind	193-204
---	---------

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Voluntary slavery dead — The traders, their method of capturing the blacks — Attacking settlements — Where the slaves come from — Terrible effects of the abominable traffic — Col. Gordon's work — Final disposal of the slaves — The beauty and simplicity of character of the Abyssinian girls — The ablest black soldiers — Madame La Farque — The Viceroy's intentions — An incident at Fachoda.....	204-217
---	---------

CHAPTER XV.

BARILLA, THE ABYSSINIAN SLAVE GIRL.

A sad history — The author rescues a beautiful girl from slavery — Her early domestic life — How she was kidnapped from her lovely home — She is carried across the desert — Her experience in Khartoum — A lesson of her history.....	226
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

LEAVING THE SOUDAN.

A monologue — Departure from Khartoum — Ismail Bey — Removing the "sudd" from the White Nile — The author's servant — Prince Zibehr — His three wives — A king founds an empire and gets assassinated for his trouble — Bon voyage — A terrible simoon — Reaching Berber — Hussein Bey — The Bicherine Arabs — A Christian turns Musselman — The pageant — The Catholic mission — At Khartoum....	226-240
---	---------

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE WAY TO THE RED SEA.

PAGE.

Gorgeous scenery — Fascinating life of the Arab — His home on the burning sand — M. Vavsel and his servant — The caravan in great danger from loss of water — Availability of the Nubian desert for future development — Suggestions as to how it should be begun — Pilgrims to Mecca — Eroded rocks — Sixty soldiers perish from thirst..... 240-254

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ARABS OF NORTHERN AFRICA.

The Arab camps at El Bok — The author makes friends with the beautiful Fatima — The value of an empty bottle — The social and political condition of the Arab tribes — Their population — Aristocratic Arabs — Abou-Sim — The native products and workmanship — Hardships on the desert — An island in a tempest — The dog Daboose fancies an Arab woman — A model husband — The first view of Suakin — The history of this pretty seaport 254-266

CHAPTER XIX.

A WAR-LIKE DEMONSTRATION AGAINST ABYSSINIA.

An observation on the heat of the Red Sea — A visit to Massowah — The plot to annex Abyssinia — The author investigates — A cursory view of Abyssinia — Activity of the Jesuits and Protestant missionaries — Cassah fights for a crown and wins — The way he treated his enemy — Splendid spectacle on the plain of Axum — A Queen goes to war and is beaten — The Khedive's hunger for Abyssinia — The intrigues — The pretext for war — Chronic desire to be King of Abyssinia on the part of wandering adventurers. 266-286

CHAPTER XX.

JOHANNEZ'S KINGDOM.

Gen. Kirkham, commander-in-chief of the Army — His mission to Europe and its result — Meeting with the General in London — His account of Cassah and his kingdom — Characteristics of the natives — Demand for aid from the European Powers — The king's qualifications as a ruler — Products, imports and exports 286-299

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

The lake region of Africa — The old and the young explorers — The American officers in Egypt — The discovery of Col. Long — Commercial importance of the discovery of the sources of the Nile — Quarrels of travelers and criticisms of Geographers — Sir Samuel Baker and his qualifications as an explorer — The various European nationalities in African discovery — American effort in the heart of Africa — The real discoverers of the sources of the Nile — Lieut. Cameron's achievement — The Tanganyika — The Nile problem as it stands 299-319

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT THE TOMB OF EVE.

	PAGE.
Arrival at Jeddah — Moral atmosphere of the Arabian seaport — A vain attempt to visit Mecca in disguise — Character of the Arab gentry in Arabia — How they regard the speculative Christians — The author's Dutch friend with his blind horse — At the tomb of Eve — Conversation with the Sheik — His wonderful knowledge of pre-historic times — Some of the important feats performed by Adam — Keeping a "tomb"	818-825

CHAPTER XXIII.

AUDIENCE WITH THE KHEDIVE.

Arrival at Suez from Central Africa — The author pays his respects to the Prime Minister — Invitation to an audience with the Khedive — At the palace — Surroundings of the Khedive — Preliminaries to the interview — The formal introduction — Anxiety of his Highness about the fate of Sir Samuel Baker — The Viceroy's dissatisfaction, and what he wishes to do with the Soudan provinces — His opinion of the sources of the Nile — The cataracts of the Nile — The machinery of Egypt's river — The Central African Railway — Plans for consolidating Egypt — The future cotton and sugar empire — Agricultural greatness — His relations with Constantinople — The blacks and the Arabs — General Stone — Drinking of the waters of the Nile — The author retires — Intellectual qualities of the Khedive	825-850
A parting word	850

THE SOUDAN AND VALLEY OF THE WHITE NILE.

Paper read before the American Geographical Society March 25, 1878, giving a comprehensive view of Northern Africa from the Mediterranean to Central Africa.....	851-867
--	---------

APPENDIX.

THE CENTRAL AFRICAN RAILWAY.

A complete exposition of the enterprise.....	867-880
Sources of the Nile	880
Animals	881

SKETCH MAP of AFRICA.





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FROM WAR TO EXPLORATION.

CHAPTER I.

THE Commune had closed. Passing through the bitter campaigns which finally disrupted France and overwhelmed her people with sorrow, I found a further stay in Paris neither cheerful nor exciting. It was in this frame of mind that I glanced over the map of the world for new fields of adventure; but this time in peace, not in war. During my reverie—for my map was of imaginary outlines—I was tapped on the shoulder by a friend. The place was the vestibule of the Grand Hotel in Paris.

“Come,” he said, “let us stroll down the Boulevard!”

I assented, for the day was bright and sunny—one of the July glories of the capital. We met acquaintance after acquaintance, bowing and passing on. At last, near the Madeleine, we were stopped by a portly man, who gave an enthusiastic “How are you!” to my companion. A stranger to me; introductions followed. The gentleman was a traveler

from Egypt. Conversation soon turned on the country where he had lived for more than a year. I do not now remember how it ran, but it was something like this: "Egypt is the most marvelous country in the world; the Khedive is the most wonderful man; the Nile the most astonishing river; Cairo and Alexandria the most amazing cities; Africa, all told, the most curious continent." I did not willingly relinquish a colloquy so much to my taste; for, while I had read many stories of the renaissance of Egypt, words from the lips of a traveler are far more fascinating than books. So we walked on, and talked and talked until we grew hungry. Dinner at Bignon's followed, and it was late that night before the last glass of Chambertin was drained to future adventures on the Nile. My wishes were soon afterward made known to Mr. Bennett, and I was directed toward the East. It was a lingering journey, however; one of four months' duration. First I went to Baden-Baden, and passed through some of the closing chapters of its gay, sparkling life as a *bijou* watering-place. Leaving the follies of its Conversation Hall to those painfully abstracted people who go there to make delusive efforts against *roulette* and *trente et quarante*, in the hope of leav-

ing in the possession of large fortunes, I passed on to Vienna, expecting to find in the Austrian capital the new Paris of Europe. Again, disappointment! Hungary and Italy consumed the next three months of my time. Finally, on a cold morning in October, I bade adieu to my friend Mr. J. A. Mac Gahan, the author of "*Campaigning on the Oxus*," with whom I had hoped to make an extended journey over the world, and took the cars for Naples. My companion was Mr. Gouverneur Morris, Jr., of New York. Together we had participated in the social festivities of Vienna; together we had made up our minds to brave the cicerones of Italy; together we had decided to visit Egypt, and discover for ourselves in how far the marvelous stories of its progress might be true. Five days on the small steamer from Naples brought us to the African shore. What supervened is the old story, a custom house, donkey boys, an unsatisfactory hotel; a Turkish bath, a visit to Pompey's pillar, and crowds of clamorous tourists. But this experience I shall pass over. It is worse than flat, stale and unprofitable; it is always the first chapter of a book on the Nile.

CHAPTER II.

MODERN EGYPT.

BEFORE passing to a narrative of my travels and adventures, I shall glance at Egypt as she is.

The Viceroy * wishes to Americanize his people. First, however, to achieve any great result for civilization, all foreigners who go there must be Egyptianized. They must adapt themselves to the manners and customs of the people, because a small colony cannot overcome a great race. His Highness, in desiring the presence of Americans in his dominion, is convinced that they combine energy with prudence, and superadd the essential qualities of thrift and intelligence. But he calls for an article which seldom emigrates from America—capital. He told General Starring in an interview, shortly after our arrival: “I do not wish agents, but principals. Let the manufacturers come here and see for themselves. Let them judge of the wants and demands of my people, and then say for themselves

* The reader should remember that the Khedive is the Viceroy and the Viceroy the Khedive. By the natives he is called Effendina. The title Khedive was manufactured from the Persian in order to exalt the Egyptian ruler.

if they can satisfy them. I wish my country to profit by American industry and invention, but the mechanical genius of your nation must be adapted to the peculiarities of Egypt. The Arab cannot be Europeanized in a day. Competition with the English manufacturers is what I would also like to establish, for this is the spirit of true commerce."

In fine, the Viceroy, who is perhaps a greater merchant and producer than he is a diplomatist or ruler, offers a golden field to honest, well-meaning men, guaranteed by their own money. Heretofore he has conceived no very favorable opinion of the Americans, who have preyed upon his fortunes, and have put upon him machines that are dead to action; guns that will not fire, and instruments which can be employed only to measure the highest altitude of swindling. He is well aware that his patronage can be bestowed upon worthy Americans, however, and he is anxious to supplement this squad of brazen adventurers by men of character and responsibility. Let me illustrate: One American had a gun-carriage to sell. It was shipped to Egypt, and, when it arrived, the gun for which it was bought could not be mounted, because the two were not born as twins. Saw-dust cartridges have

been furnished to his Highness by an American contractor dwelling in Vienna, tender for the comforts of the Turkish army; and other beneficiaries have manifested a like desire to provide wares of an economical cast. It is needless to say that the Viceroy does not command twice, from the same maker, after his unfortunate experiences. Having made a careful survey of the country, not for the purpose of noting its peculiarities and antiquities in my private journal, but to measure precisely what field there is for capital and labor, I am convinced that there is every opportunity for a frugal, industrious man, whether he be a capitalist or an artisan. Let us look at Egypt, then, and see what its much misunderstood condition will show; what its status is among the nations of the earth; how its finances are administered; its soil handled and cultivated; its manufactures fostered and improved, and how its people are losing their cunning and fanaticism, and assimilating themselves to the modern ideas of Ismail Pacha. Eleven years have sufficed to draw Egypt from the depths of centuries, and this important result has alone come from the prodigious mind of one man. The Viceroy is Egypt, and Egypt is the Viceroy. In

this statement may be found the identity of 1,500,000 acres of sugar land, an immense cotton crop, 2,000 miles of telegraph, 700 miles of railway, a territory extending from the Mediterranean to the equator, and an empire which finds its highest type of civilization in the navigation of the Suez canal, and its lowest form in the dreary deserts of the West. There are many curious facts concerning the career of the Khedive unknown generally, and which furnish us the true index to his character, and explain to us by what means he took the province of Egypt in 1863, then saddled with all the most obnoxious phases of orientalism, oppressed with the heaviest burdens of taxation, and suitable alone for the abode of licentious princes, and raised it to such a puissance in the Turkish Empire that Constantinople may well have fears of Cairo. He and Mustapha Pacha were born on the same day, of different mothers, but, according to Turkish law, are brothers. Ismail Pacha was the ranking infant, because he had begun life as an independent body two hours before Mustapha. Both princes were well educated in Europe, and each developed a taste for government and an intellect of extraordinary force. Both hoped to rule Egypt. One had the natural right

so to do ; the other imagined that it was suited to himself to govern, better than to see his brother govern. From the beginning of the reign of Saïd Pacha till the hour of his death, and even afterward, the present Viceroy, in order to preserve his legitimate rights, was in a constant struggle against treacherous intriguers and low conspirators. It is useless to go over the disgraceful events prior to the accession of Ismaïl Pacha to the vice-regal throne. They were only characteristic of the state-craft of the East, and among Easterns, possibly, are regarded as exemplars of political purity.

Ismaïl Pacha had inherited a vast fortune. He was, probably, the richest man in Egypt, even before he came into power. His palaces were as splendid and as numerous as those of the reigning prince. The production begun under Mohomet Ali became his pride and ambition, until he made the banks of the Nile almost the richest sugar and cotton producing region in the world. He lived in great state, and was free with money, and imbued with those qualities which induce personal popularity. When Saïd Pacha was about to die at one of his palaces in Alexandria, the Viceroy was in Cairo, and was fully informed of every phase of the health

of his predecessor. The doctor at the sick-bed, the servants, the operators of the English telegraph, made known every turn of the malady. The story is still told that the operator who hurried away to his palace, after midnight, to address the Khedive as "your Highness the Viceroy of Egypt," was not meanly rewarded. Not long after his administration made it clear that he was the wisest monarch Egypt had known in modern times, plots to murder him were freely canvassed. Finally, as he was riding through the streets of Alexandria one day, a vicious bomb was thrown at his carriage. Twenty-four hours afterward Mustapha Pacha had fled Egypt. Next to the desire to harm his person, the Khedive is pursued even to this day, by people who would harm his purse. That is to say, almost every man who stops a month in Cairo, who lives at "Shepard's," and is not overwhelmed with the toggery of travel, has a claim against the Viceroy. It is popular to have "claims" against his Highness. It is also profitable. It makes no difference how just they are; he, as a rich man, doesn't care to be bothered; and the chances are that the shrewd scoundrel who works up a case of injured feelings or rejected contracts, can filch

enough money to pay for a liberal debauch in Europe. The Viceroy liquidates on the same principle that a man had rather pay a swindling *cocher* an extra half franc, than expend an extra half hour in wrangling before a police court. But the real, fine art of getting money from his Highness, was practiced by the manager of a theatre in Cairo. An unloaded bomb was placed under the Viceroy's chair, and was suddenly discovered by the manager; but the trick was too transparent, and the executive of the green-room retired from the Viceroy's dominions, to travel and reflect in other and more appreciative lands. During the early years of his reign, the Khedive was forced to be very discreet with his person. Even now it is said he never eats any thing when he goes to Constantinople, not cooked by the hand of his mother, who watches over his life with a mother's fidelity. It seems that the day of drugs and venomous distillations has not yet gone by in the East, though there is much exaggeration about the use of poisons. In the morning the Viceroy's attendants do not know where he may sleep at night; and he moves about from palace to palace according to the whim of the moment. His personal habits may be

called good. He is up at daylight—often before—and from that time till long after midnight he is attending to his gigantic estates; figuring at the complex finances of his nation; working at his diplomatic relations with Constantinople and the world; directing his interior affairs; doing every thing, even to the minutest degree, for his family of 5,000,000 of people; receiving his ministers, officers, and distinguished foreigners and consuls; an hour on the road; a scene at the opera; a glance at the circus—such is the compound of business and recreation in the daily life of this extraordinary man. His character is not easy to portray, because it has been shaped and moulded by so many peculiar circumstances. A life-time arrayed, by necessity, against the intrigues of a deft and powerful brother, is not apt to sweeten any man's nature; yet that of the Viceroy has not greatly changed from its original frank and manly cast. He has made for himself a position, where dissimulation and humility would mean baseness and dishonor. He, therefore, prefers the reputation of being truthful to the stigma of being false, and the name of a proud monarch to that of a supplicating prince. It is because he is inherently honest that he is so

outspoken to those in whom he seeks a confidence, and to them, and such as they, he explains his embarrassments, and details his lofty purposes. He would never have been what he is to-day, had he not have been educated in Europe. His best recognition of this fact is, that his children are receiving the best instruction of England and France.

As an administrator he excels. His executive faculty is the same that characterizes the prefecture system throughout France—police, police, police. His organization is bounded only by insurmountable barriers. The telegraph has supplied him a weapon, and the smallest circumstance is laid before him. If a traveler be lost up the Nile, the Viceroy knows all about it, and directs what action may ensue. Every visitor present in Egypt is described to him, and he knows their aims and furthers them, if he judges it expedient so to do. He is particular about minutiae; knows, for instance, how the parts in an opera should be dressed, and dictates himself what changes are desirable in the cast. He is the manager of his own household, his own army, navy and foreign concerns, and, while his ministers are able men, their duties are dictated by himself.

His government is vice-regal and paternal; and, while both, is personal in the most absolute sense of the term. No minister ever offends Ismail Pacha needlessly (twice). I am told that the Viceroy is very imperious, while meaning to be very kind. This comes from his capacity for quick judgment and ready invention. His energy renders him impatient of delay, and his keen perceptions make him fatigued by the eminent snails who prolong minutes into hours. Cairo, for a European or an American, is the closest approximation to lazy laziness, hence it is a pleasure to find that there is one man in the capital who notes the rising and setting of the sun; and that man is the Viceroy. Six years ago he ordered an officer to survey a caravan route between Kennah on the Nile and Cossier on the Red Sea. The officer went to that region and did as he was ordered. The report was presented to the Viceroy; he reflected a moment; "Build a telegraph from Kennah to the Red Sea, in six weeks; report to me at the end of that time."

The wires were in working order before the day appointed. This is his manner of doing business. To-morrow he might decide upon cutting the Sahara desert in twain by a railway; if so, the work would

begin day after to-morrow. Is it yet in the forgetfulness of the world that the Suez canal was begun in the days of the Ptolemies, and that men of feeble purpose strained at its construction before the days of Ismaïl Pacha; and that when it was carried on under this Viceroy, he made it a serious enterprise? The railway to the Soudan is of the same kind; it is not a grand attempt, it is a work that will be accomplished. There is another trait in his character to which he owes much of his success, that of exquisite tact, amplified often into national policy.

People who may have an influence in the world, he treats with marked attention; he takes care to develop his plans in their presence, and he is wise enough to know that his views and conversation magnified by each filtration, go forth to the world to augment his moral legions. No British peer comes to Egypt without being the recipient of magnificent hospitalities. A special palace is kept supplied with servants, stores and equipages, and hence the great are treated as monarchs.

It is by the skillful use of tact that he leaves the great impressed with the idea that he is greater still. The reader should remember, however, that many

of the views abroad of the Viceroy's character are taken with his ignorant and barbarous population in the background, and that his intelligence and modern ideas are the contrast with this population. I repeat, anomalous as it may seem, that the Viceroy is Egypt, and that Egypt is the Viceroy, in a much larger sense than "Paris is France, and France Paris." The land is his; the industries are his, and all that is great and happy among the modern Egyptians, are also in a measure his own. The only man in the east who has voluntarily surrendered the public purse to his people; he has founded a house of deputies, however limited in power, opened schools, donated lands in charity, discouraged war, promoted the arts of peace, and laid the foundation of a great African Empire. In fine, a ruler only by two hours, destiny seems to proclaim the fact, "you have a slender margin and that margin is measured by one of the chiefs of the Turkish Empire. You can commit no mistake. You must give no opportunity to your rival." It may come about in the course of the next few years that those two hours have changed the whole history of the Eastern world.

Aside from the thorn of extritoriality, the Viceroy spends most of his sleepless nights over his rela-

tions with the Ottoman Porte. These he desires to be pacific at the time. No one who has breathed the political atmosphere of the Egyptian capital, believes for a moment that there is any danger of an immediate collision. The ultimate independence of Egypt is, however, a certainty. I have before me the famous letter of the Viceroy to the Porte, written on the occasion when the former was called to account for his independent actions subsequent to the opening of the Suez canal. After explaining in dignified language his aim and effort to establish Egypt in a state of permanent prosperity, he recounts how he spent 200,000 purses in the Candian expedition; how he collected 20,000 troops at Alexandria to await the pleasure of the Sultan; how, during his trip through Europe, he had everywhere sought to do honor to Turkish ambassadors; how he had reclaimed 320,000 feddons of soil, improved his cities, reduced his taxes and paid off the debt of the province. He closed with these words :

“ These frank and sincere explanations upon the true state of affairs will, I have no doubt, efface from the mind of your Highness the unfavorable impression which has been caused by unjust accusations, while the dignity and justice which in such a degree distinguish your Highness, are to me a sure

guarantee that you will acknowledge the fidelity and devotion with which I am animated toward his Imperial Majesty. Further, if his Majesty has felt any displeasure toward me, I have the firm conviction, that, as soon as he knows the entire truth, he will, moved by those sentiments of clemency and generosity which animate his great soul, deign to restore and even increase toward me the good-will which he has up to the present condescended to bestow upon me. Under any circumstances, when I have finished some important affairs which concern the subjects of the Imperial territory, it is my intention to visit Constantinople, in order to do homage at the foot of his Majesty's throne, and to fulfill toward him my duties of respectful fidelity."

In obedience to his promise, the Viceroy visited the Porte, assured by the great Powers that his safe return should be guaranteed. His long absence in the Turkish capital alarmed his faithful adherents in Egypt. An expedition was contemplated to cut him out and take him back to Cairo, but this was rendered unnecessary by the departure of the Viceroy, after having left an enormous tribute with the Porte.

I have diligently sought to discover some vital mistake in the Viceroy's policy. I confess I have sought in vain. The only point of weakness is found in his financial administration, and in all others he is fortified beyond all successful assault.

Concerning the finances, bankruptcy has been prophesied for a long time. Happening in at Oppenheim's, the Rothschilds of the East, one morning, I met a member of the house:

"What do you think of the Viceroy's financial stability?"

"For the present, it is sound."

"But the English say he is on the verge of ruin?"

"Oh! that's been said about Egypt for twenty years. It's an old story. People forget that the annual crops of the country produce a constantly augmenting revenue, safer than that of any other country. The soil of Egypt is a great bank in itself."

These words coming from the Rothschilds of the Levant, indicate what is thought about the greatest weakness of Egypt.

I had expressed a wish to become acquainted with his Excellency, the minister of foreign affairs, and was soon thereafter received by him. At the interview, I suggested the feasibility of being furnished with a guard of one hundred soldiers from Khartoum to and beyond Gondokoro, for the purpose of exploring the country, and of joining Sir Samuel Baker. The minister replied that

he was opposed to expeditions of the character named, because he believed that troops exasperated the savages, hindered the work of civilization and afforded no protection to the traveler. He said the proper method would be to take natives, and go peaceably to the Nile sources. Discussion followed, and I concluded it would be wise to abandon the idea of asking military aid. He, however, promised me every facility. A few days afterward, I called again on the minister of foreign affairs, and found him smoking a cigarette in his office. I was shown up-stairs to an elegant reception room, to await his leisure. In a few moments I descended, and found his Excellency disengaged. His office was very plain, its furniture simple and unostentatious. As he was a man charged with a great responsibility, and one who had played diplomacy with marked success, I took great pains to measure his powers. He was a man of about forty-two, an Armenian Christian, bold, swarthy face, pleasant manners, and even handsome. He impressed me as a very competent minister, and one not apt to expand himself in a silly enterprise. I told him I should feel honored to have an audience with the Viceroy. He assured me this would be easy, but

as I was to leave for Khartoum so soon, it would be a short interval in which to arrange the matter. The next morning, and for two successive days, he visited the palace, but was not able to see his Highness on account of matters of great private moment. I, therefore, sailed without an audience at that time.

“What do you think of Egypt?” said Nubar Pacha.

“It is a great country!”

“Yes, it is a great country. The only wonder is, that we have done so much where we have been so terribly embarrassed. This right of ex-territorial jurisdiction is a curse to Egypt. I have been trying to modify it. Some of the Powers are willing, others are not. France has embarrassed us very much. In former times there might have been some necessity for the treaty restrictions put upon Egypt. Then they were for the protection of Christians and the Consuls-General; now, however, the power held by the Consuls is used to hinder the government, to procure contracts and further private interests.”

“What practical relief does your Excellency propose?”

* "A mixed International and Egyptian Court. I am now negotiating for the appointment of such an august tribunal — one that could represent the justice and integrity of all nations. With such a court, the condition of the country would change. The judges are all to be paid by our government. The native judges are to be represented as one to three among the Europeans. When the Turks made the conquest of Spain, centuries ago, tribunals were established, upon the idea that all disputes between Mohammedans and Mohammedans should be settled according to their own law; as between Christians and Mohammedans by mixed tribunals, and, as between Christians, by Christians themselves. The same custom obtained afterward at Constantinople. Now we find the Western Powers oppressing the Arabs by a system in direct opposition to the precedent of the Spanish conquest."

"But I suppose your Excellency's mission is not confined to the mere extermination of 'ex-territoriality?' "

"No, sir. We are trying to unify and consolidate Egypt. There are thousands of con-

* Since conceded by the Western Powers.

flicting interests here. It is a difficult, great work."

"This is the age of unities. You seem to be much in the same position as Count Cavour was, when he undertook to work out Italy's future?"

"Yes, it is of the same nature. Stagnation at home, interference abroad; but we have hope."

Wilkinson, Lane and others, of literary renown, have written on Egyptian life and manners. The theme is about expended, and the best index to their memorable tendencies and character can still be found in such an ancient authority as Gibbon, writing on their religion. What can be the status of a people who worship after a creed described by the great historian, as follows:

"The substance of the Koran, according to Mahomet or his disciples, is uncreated and eternal, subsisting in the essence of the Deity, and inscribed with a pen of light on the table of His everlasting decrees. A paper copy in a volume of silk and gems was brought down to the lowest heaven by the angel Gabriel, who successively revealed the chapters and verses of the Arabian prophets. Instead of a perpetual and perfect measure of the divine will, the fragments of the Koran were produced at the discretion of Mahomet. Each revelation is suited to the emergencies of his policy or passion, and all contradiction is removed by the saving maxim, that any text of scripture is abro-

gated or modified by any subsequent passage. The word of God and of the apostle was diligently recorded by his disciples on palm leaves and the shoulder bones of mutton, and the pages, without order or connection, were cast into a domestic chart in the custody of one of his wives. Two years after the death of Mahomet, the sacred volume was collected and published by his friend and successor Abubeker, the work was revised by the Caliph Othman in the thirtieth year of the Hegira, and the various editions of the Koran assert the same miraculous privilege of a uniform and incorruptible text. In the spirit of enthusiasm or vanity the prophet rests the truth of his mission on the merit of his book; audaciously challenges both men and angels to imitate the beauties of a single page, and presumes to assert that God alone could dictate this incomparable performance. This argument is most powerfully addressed to a devout Arabian, whose mind is attuned to faith and rapture; whose ear is delighted by the music of sounds, and whose ignorance is incapable of comparing the productions of human genius. The harmony and copiousness of style will not reach, in a version, the European infidel; he will peruse, with impatience, the endless incoherent rhapsody of fable and precept and declamation, which seldom excites a sentiment or an idea; which sometimes crawls in the dust, and is sometimes lost in the clouds. Mahomet did not claim the power of working miracles, but his votaries are more assured than himself of his miraculous gifts; and his dream of a nocturnal journey, which is only hinted at in the Koran, is seriously described by tradition as a real and corporeal transaction. A mysterious animal, the borak, conveyed him from the temple of Mecca to that of Jerusalem; with his companion Gabriel he successively ascended

the seven heavens, and received and repaid the salutations of the patriarchs, the prophets and the angels in their respective mansions. Beyond the seventh heaven Mahomet alone was permitted to proceed. He passed the veil of unity, approached within two bow-shots of the throne, and felt a cold that pierced him to the heart, when his shoulder was touched by the hand of God. After this familiar though important conversation he again descended to Jerusalem, remounted the borak, returned to Mecca, and performed, in the tenth part of a night, the journey of many thousands of years. According to another legend the apostle confounded, in a national assembly, the malicious challenge of the Koreish. His resistless word split asunder the orb of the moon; the obedient planet stooped from her station in the sky, accomplished the seven revolutions around the Caaba, saluted Mahomet in the Arabian tongue, and, suddenly contracting her dimensions, entered at the collar and suddenly issued forth through the sleeve of his shirt. The vulgar are amused with these marvelous tales, but the gravest of the Mussulman doctors imitate the modesty of their master, and indulge a latitude of faith or interpretation. The four practical duties of Islam are a pilgrimage, prayer, feasting and alms. * * * * *

After the greater part of mankind has been condemned for their opinions, the true believers only will be judged by their actions. According as the shares of guilt or virtue shall predominate the sentence will be pronounced, and all, without distinction, will pass over the dark and perilous bridge of the abyss; but the innocent, treading in the footsteps of Mahomet, will gloriously enter the gates of paradise, while the guilty will fall into the first and mildest of the seven hells. The term of expiation will vary from 900 to 7,000 years; but the prophet

P1.2

PIETY.

has judiciously promised that all his disciples, whatever may be their sins, shall be saved, by their own faith and his intercession, from eternal damnation. In paradise every pleasure that can gratify the senses awaits the faithful. Seventy-two *houris*, or black-eyed girls, of resplendent beauty, will be created for the use of the meanest believers, who will dwell in palaces of marble, clothed in robes of silk, and surrounded by the most costly luxuries."

It is the Mussulman religion which seems an almost fatal barrier to Egyptian or Arabian progress. In conversation with Dr. Lansing, who had resided as a missionary in Syria and Egypt, during twenty-five years, I learned that the Arabs are as devout as ever, and if less fanatical in the great capital, it is only because they have been mollified by attending theatres and attractive amusements. The example of the Viceroy, and all his ministers, is toward a much more liberal view than ten years ago, and it is not without effect. Whatever reforms may take place in the Mussulman religion, must come first from Egypt. This was plainly exemplified during the Ramadan, just closing when I arrived in the Capital. At Constantinople, the authorities had the rare audacity to issue an order that Christians should not smoke in the streets, which order, though not more severe than the standard edicts, was promptly rescinded as a violation of the rights

of the foreign residents. In Cairo, even though treading the nastiest and most devious streets of the city, there was no time during the Ramadan when smoking, drinking and carousing were not indulged in the very faces of the most bigoted of Arabs. The lesson of toleration, therefore, has been taught and learned. Converts to the missionary labors, however, are few; a number of Copts, they told me, had become proselytes. But even these semi-christians have such a natural leaning toward their native religion, that it is gravely hinted that the most potent article of faith in christianity which enlists their support, is the rupee of the missionary. It was stated to me by a Syrian traveler, that he became acquainted in Jerusalem with a native who had been five times taken within the christian fold by different missionaries; that on the first occasion of his conversion he received five pounds for his loud and eloquent devotion, but, supplies failing, he again enlisted under the banner of Mahomet, only to renew his treacherous vows for the sum of ten shillings. By frequent repetition he became too common to stand for a respectable convert. This trade is one of the best patronized and developed occupations of the East. Here is a case in point. There was a clever Jew

who had renounced his race and had become a religious stump orator in Jerusalem. He was supposed to be effective with the mob. The English mission had bought his loyalty for five pounds; and another denomination, in a spirit of business rivalry, offered him ten, and he was willing; my informant left pending negotiations for the sale.

Nothing does more injury to the truths of the Bible, and to the glow and grandeur which are supposed to surround holy cities, than "a visit to the East."

Supposing that, in matters of Christian reverence, the traveler will neglect such trifles as gravitation and other material laws, the guides of Syria have fixed the exact spots where Christ with his apostles performed all His wondrous miracles; even when the absurdity of the location is manifest at a glance. These impositions are rendered more nauseating from the fact that they are sustained by enthusiastic sentimentalists of high standing, who weep when approaching Jerusalem, and enter upon stage convulsions by the shores of Galilee. When the illusion has passed from the mind of the observer, he goes to the opposite extreme of unbelief; and such is a trip in the Holy Land, in Egypt and all over

the territory of the patriarchs and prophets. Christians of even average sentiment, look upon these painful scenes as standing in mournful contrast to the exalted station of the faith in civilized lands. Let us hope that the Holy Land may soon be redeemed by the bounty of the Christian world.

Without any desire to discourage the labors of the missionaries in the Levant and East, it is proper to state that these labors, as manifested in their results, are very insignificant indeed. For the large sums of money disbursed during thirty years, they can show few absolute converts. It is not because these devout men do not aim to secure them. Many of them have braved contagion and assassination in pursuit of proselytes. Dr. Lansing was in Damascus when thousands of Christians were murdered in 1864; and in Cairo, attending to his religious duties, during the awful choleras which swept over Egypt. The truth is, the system is defective, the means inadequate. Mussulmans can never be converted by missionaries alone. When some new "prophet" and imposter shall give them a fresh revelation, and absolve them from the obligations imposed by their patron saint, then it may be a practical problem to dream of Christianizing the fanatical Arab; and if

MOSLEM FERVOR.

such a being, clothed in the raiment of heaven, and armed with commands from the supernal throne, shall never descend upon the East, then the civilization of the fellah and the Bedouin must be trusted to such earthly agents as the printing press, steam and electricity. The Viceroy is elevating his people day by day, and does not, I suspect, believe in a too extended spiritualization of any person or thing.

The Mohammedan form entails all the social anomalies which make Egyptian society insufferable. In fine, there is no society whatever in Cairo and throughout the nation. What progress can there be without a commingling of families? Social intercourse brings capital and brains together; it unites diverse interests; it consolidates scattered and enfeebled commerce; it gives purpose and stability to trade; suggests enterprises, and canvasses the topics of the day. But none of these enlightened results are achieved, because the people are not yet ready to unveil their wives, reconstruct their harems on the plan of the family fireside, cease to deify the persons of their concubines by holding them as prisoners and unseen jewels. Yet the privileges accorded to the wives and slaves of Egyptian

princes and gentlemen by the present Viceroy are truly amazing. They visit the theatres and the opera, but in covered boxes carefully curtained by a network of wire. The new palaces which he has constructed, have an air of country mansions, more than that of a common jail; and he has plainly shown his independence by putting his foreign affairs in the hands of a Christian like Nubar Pacha. His policy, examined step by step, is broad, liberal and progressive.

As to the capacity of the Egyptians for education, it is not great. The average boy is bright, but must be taught; he will not learn. The Arab does not like figures, or branches of knowledge which demand close application. The Copts are the mathematicians of the land. With these facts in view, it will be perceived how difficult it is to establish the common school. The first *desideratum*, in such a case, is to have instructors in the native tongue, and as those who are fitted for this office can fill much more responsible and exalted posts, and earn better pay for less labor, the education of the children becomes almost impossible.

Failing to herd the juveniles in schools and colleges, the Viceroy sets them to work. There is no

country in the world where there are fewer idlers than in Egypt. The entire population is utilized. The babe of three emerges from the cradle only to cry "backsheech" between the knees of the traveler; the boy at five is not too small to chaperone a donkey, and at ten he is a thorough-bred coachman. To act as convoy to street animals is the highest occupation of the menial fellah. Skilled workmanship does not exist, as the American understands skilled labor; and all the evidences of civilization, found in fine mansions and large hotels, is the product of an European population reaching 85,000 souls.

In general I found the Arabs a mild, inoffensive, genial kind of people, but addicted to steering around the truth. This idiosyncrasy is not confined to the natives, but is epidemic along the entire flow of the Nile. Syria, the source of so much that is odd and peculiar, has furnished almost all of her emigrants who have settled in Egypt, with a complete outfit of cunning and mendacity; and, doubtless, these settlers have left their impress upon the common people.

The Syrian Christians are at once the most brilliant and unscrupulous men in the East.

The features of New Cairo are the "Shubrah," the "Mooski," the singing cafes, the opera, hippodrome, circus and public buildings; the profligate lazzaroni, the brazen courtesan, the ambling adventurers, who, almost innumerable, terminate their names with Bey and Pacha. It is four o'clock. We will drive to the "Shubrah," the fashionable promenade of the town. We are early for the throng, but the "harem" carriages are on the road. Taking a sharp turn from the thickly settled part of the city, and crossing the canal, in a few moments we enter a long drive completely canopied by the foliage of lofty sycamores. A few squalid Arab kiosques flank the entrance, and we are presently delighted by plaintive demands for "backsheech"

[A hundred yards further and a clarence is approaching us, containing ladies from the Viceroy's harem. They have the curiosity of their sex, for the scarlet silken curtains which conceal their persons are carefully drawn aside, and often we see the full face. An ugly looking eunuch rides on the box, or sometimes precedes, and often follows, the carriage. These avaricious Ethiopians, denuded of their manhood, are among the pitiable spectacles of Orientalism. They will be in demand as long as negro

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emigration flows northward, and until the multiplicity of wives is expunged from the Mohammedan creed.

A swift drive down the road and we pass the palace where Mr. Seward and his *suite* were entertained by the Viceroy; the chateau of the Vice-Regal children; the "*Villa de Chubrah*," where the ungodly drink by day, and gather by night to do forbidden things; and finally the stretch, winding along by the Nile shore, enters the "Shubrah" gardens—a beautiful park filled with orange trees, date trees and a wreath of tropical foliage. Returning, we catch the *mode* at high tide. There comes one of the beautiful ladies of Cairo in a furbished landaulet, awaiting the admiration of an hundred cavaliers. Behind her is a notorious woman, loaded down with jewels and mercenary longings. She, too, chats with her admirers, whose highest ambition is to be patronized by a fast-fading belle of the town. Carriage succeeds carriage. All the notables of the capital pass by, and you watch the varying spectacle of Pachas, Beys, and fashionable and unfashionable women and men, and reflect—"What a world!" As this may be taken in a

thousand senses, I will simply explain: "What an immoral world!"

Of European morality there I can say nothing in praise. Cairo is the fastest city of the world. The singing *cafés* are as much institutions of the town as the dance garden is of Paris, and the visitor is regaled by terpsichorean displays two nights in the week. These amusements are entirely distinct from the Arab quarter; and female frailty is only conspicuous among the natives when one visits the loathsome purlieus of Cairo. In this quarter, the noble Greeks and the descendants of the mighty Romans, are proud to do theft and murder for an inconsiderable recompense. "The sum of ten paras" has been named to me as the adequate amount to be paid for the taking of human life. A man may there satisfy his revenge, a miser his cupidity, for the price of a bullet. I repeat this statement, not that I have seen the business transacted, but because this is the view of a resident.

In the "Mooski," the Broadway of Egypt, the picture of Orientalism is strongest. A long, irregular thoroughfare, swarming with donkeys, donkey boys, carriages, natives, Nubians and Europeans, covered with boards to keep out the sun; unpaved,

P1 4

A SAIS

nasty and forbidding, with shops on either hand, and, possibly, vermin on either elbow; windows full of wares and eunuchs full of impudence; a gap opened for the Viceroy's carriage, which comes rushing toward the Minister of Interior's office; Nubar Pacha following in a stupor of profound reflection; a ceaseless roar of human voices; the bray of the ass; the shout of the tourist; the pitiful groan of the fatigued dromedary—a mild man's every day pandemonium, such is the resort where you leave the burden of your gold.

Cairo, as a veritable "town"—one for rumors, reports, scandal and gossip—is exceedingly plethoric. To-day it is "war has been declared by the Viceroy, or provoked by the Porte;" "the debt has been entirely paid off;" "Egypt is free;" "Baker has been shot by his own command," "A. has been promoted to a full major-generalship;" "B. goes in command of a flying brigade to Arabia;" these reports, and such as these, come from the morbid desire to gossip, and the idle tendency to slander.

There are no newspapers in Cairo, and every story which starts as a mole-hill ends in a mountain. The government being chary of information and all transactions taking place in the inner closet, it

is up-hill work to discover the intentions of his Highness.

The character of politics at the east end of the Mediterranean is curious. When the late Grand Vizier of the Turkish empire, Ali Pacha, died, a change took place in the direction of Levantine diplomacy, especially as concerns the position of Egypt. Ali Pacha was a man of great political susceptibility. His nature was as suspicious as his policy was nervous and vacillating, and hence he was surrounded by men who constantly made his ears ring with "plots," "conspiracies" and "treason." A man so delicately organized could not view the enlightened and progressive policy of the Viceroy with indifference. He thought it signified rebellion and arrogance; hence he took every occasion to humiliate and insult the wisest ruler Egypt has ever had. The reader will remember with what unparalleled splendor the Viceroy moved from capital to capital in Europe, inviting the crowned heads to be present at the Suez canal opening, and how, too, the deceased Vizier sent a Turkish agent twenty-four hours ahead, to warn the Cabinets that the Viceroy was only a vassal of the Porte. Ali Pacha, surrounded by a class of Pachas

who need not be further described than that they became so corrupt that three of them were deported to a penal island, was thus really the avowed enemy of Egypt. Constantinople became alarmed by the noise of slanderous tongues, and an artificial sentiment did more to deceive the world regarding Egypt than any independence of character that the Khedive may have possessed. In the western hemisphere it is not so easy to understand why this should be true. The reason is plain enough. The Levant is the common meeting ground of all nationalities, of Greeks, Jews, Syrians, Persians, Armenians, Italians, French, English and Americans. Where you find these and other types, where you find an aggregation of nationalities, you find the most expert forms of swindling, mendacity and trading, induced by competition. Every one nurtures suspicion; every man mistrusts his neighbor; and, think of acting according to the scriptural rules of morality, and you are assigned a place among dolts. This style of business permeates Eastern diplomacy, or did when the Grand Vizier wielded the sceptre of the Turkish empire. Those who obtained his old shoes and second-hand clothing, made him believe that Egypt was prepared to become inde-

pendent. After his death, a total change took place in the relations between the Sultan and the Viceroy; and the former, convinced that progressive Egypt is a good example, is gradually remodelling his interior policy, is encouraging railways, building hospitals, and the whole empire moves on apace. Constantinople understands Cairo. Both mean peace, because war would be ruinous to either. I do not give the Viceroy the credit of being so unselfish that he does not wish his independence, for, whatever he may be called, he owns a geographical empire by direct inheritance. Egypt is now conspicuous for her prosperity, and, snatched from the inanity of the East, has acquired the solidity and prestige of a European State. Her position is this material advancement: concord with the Porte, parliamentary government, and the well-being of the people. Upon first touching the African shore, I inquired:

“How is the army? Are you in fighting trim?”

“No!” exclaimed the man who knew; “you must not talk guns, powder and shot here; we are using plows, spades and shepherd’s crooks!”

But the future will show that the Viceroy is a monarch of triple resources -- a merchant, diplomat

THE WATER CARRIER.

and soldier. He has tried the first two. Russia and the Western powers will tell him when to use the third.

Two striking events occurred while I was in Cairo—a duel, and the first presentation of an opera.

The Capital was startled on the morning of December 21st, by the report that Gobetti, an Italian advocate, had been slain in a duel by Artim Bey, favorite equerry to the Khedive. The tragic affair occurred at nine o'clock in an obscure hall in the city; and the body of Gobetti was hardly prostrate before the news was broadcast throughout Cairo. Both gentlemen were well known in the highest circles as dashing, cultivated young men, and each had obtained the reputation of feeling a deadly hostility toward the other.

Gobetti was about twenty-five years of age, slight in figure, with a gentlemanly carriage, and fair but not handsome face. Artim Bey, heavier, broader and older, had long been in the service of the Viceroy as equerry to his Highness, and he was reputed to have an income of \$50,000 a year. Gobetti, on the contrary, had been in disgrace. He was, from all accounts, an amiable, pleasant, open-mannered young man, but dissolute and reckless.

It appears, that during the preceding season, Gobetti's brother was walking one day in the public park with a woman of questionable repute, where he met the prince to whom he was then equerry. The fact being reported to the Viceroy, the offender was dismissed from the service. By using some influence which he had at hand, he was restored, not to the service of the Prince, but to that of the Viceroy. The latter, however, never gave him any employment. The Count de Sala, and other attachés of the Court in good standing, declined to have any further association with this Gobetti, brother of the deceased, and no one was louder or more persistent in his denunciations than Artim Bey. A feud, therefore, grew up between the Gobetti brothers on the one hand, and Artim Bey on the other. Gobetti, the equerry, did not wish to fight; but the deceased did, and began the practice of fencing, in order to become an expert. Time went on; Gobetti, the advocate, trying to find reasons for a quarrel. Finally the adversaries met under the same roof, in the presence of some women from the French theatre. Artim Bey declared to Gobetti that he had been "indiscreet," whereupon Gobetti protested, and Artim followed up his assertion by calling his

antagonist "*mal élevé*." Loud and angry words followed, when Gobetti declared that he desired no quarrel in the presence of ladies; but that he would go down stairs and wait for him (Artim Bey) twenty minutes, for the purpose of slapping his face. Artim did not deem it advisable to subject his face to that insufferable alternative, so Gobetti was disappointed. The next morning I was lounging upon one of the divans in the vestibule of the "New Hotel," when Gobetti came in, and, addressing his friends in a loud voice, recounted what had happened, and said that he intended to slap Artim's face on the first occasion that might present itself. I observed then, from his manner, that he was determined to have a duel, and that revenge for a real or fancied insult was his ultimatum. Subsequently the enemies met in front of the French theatre, when Artim Bey, who was much the more powerful, assaulted Gobetti, and this, of course, only sped the *finale*.

The night before the duel, correspondence came into the possession of the Viceroy, by which it became evident that an *affaire d'honneur* had been arranged, and he ordered the police to stop it at all hazards, and to arrest the equerry. By ex-territorial

jurisdiction, the government had no right to arrest Gobetti; therefore the Italian Consul-General had his police in search of the advocate. Dogged by the authorities, the combatants, at an early hour in the morning, moved from the open ground they had selected, and finally were obliged to retire to a fencing hall near the El Dorado concert rooms, in the heart of Cairo. There the bloody work was done.

Each gentleman was supported by two seconds, those of Artim being equerries of the Court; those of Gobetti, Italians. A doctor of one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers was invited to be present, and he consented on the condition that the duel should terminate with the first blood. Thus, with four seconds and the doctor, and with foils unbuttoned, the duel began. Though Gobetti had, by sending a challenge, given the challenged one a right to select the weapons, the Italian's seconds insisted upon swords, and Artim Bey's upon pistols. The point of swords was finally yielded to Gobetti, notwithstanding that he was, in no way, entitled to the choice. The reader, in forming his judgment of the case, should remember this, as Gobetti had, for weeks, been practicing for this very duel. The antagonists

were thus armed with the deadliest weapon in the world, a foil without a button. No swords (rapiers) could be found in Cairo.

Artim Bey was stripped to the waist, as was also Gobetti. They came up at the call and went through the salute, neither, however, being good fencers. Several passes were made by both, when Gobetti drew blood upon his antagonist's left breast. The doctor declared the duel finished. Artim declared himself ready to stop, even insisting upon so doing; Artim's seconds likewise said "over." But neither Gobetti nor his seconds would listen. Gobetti now followed up his adversary and wounded him three times in all, when he (Gobetti) fell under a disadvantage, and was driven to a corner of the room. Struggling, by rapid thrusts and wild movements, to gain the centre of the room, he fell upon the firm guard of Artim Bey, the needle point of whose foil passed through his heart, and Gobetti fell dead in his own blood.

In twenty minutes, Cairo was crazy with excitement. Public opinion was variable. At first Artim Bey was declared a willful assassin, though the facts acquitted him of any murderous design.

Beyond its melancholy result, I believe that this

duel exercised a good moral influence in Cairo. There was less ostentatious swaggering, and a closer approach to real courage than had previously been current. That Gobetti had original cause for his action there can be no doubt, and that he falsely speculated upon the courage of his enemy is equally true; while, with Artim Bey, the position which he took at the outset was the only measure of his culpability. From the moment he uttered the affront, he became amenable to his enemy's code; but, from that moment, every stage of the tragedy had been forced upon him; slapped in the face, foils, four wounds and his opponent's life.

It is always the common cry to brand the victor in a duel as an assassin. In this case it was unjust. Artim Bey lay wounded in his house, and, in conscience, carried with him the ghost of the manly and brave young Gobetti, who had been among the beaux of the town.

Not always happier the live dog than the dead lion.

The second and only other positive sensation during my stay in Cairo was the first performance of "Aïda," Verdi's last and most ambitious opera. The first night (December 24th) of its presentation

to the public, and from the fact that it was written in honor of the Viceroy by one of the most eminent of living composers, its production was anticipated with anxiety by all the gathered musical talent resident and traveling in Egypt. Two weeks prior to the evening, all the seats had been taken, and steamers from the various Mediterranean ports had brought artists and amateurs, anxious to see the operatic sensation of the day. Boxes commanded as high as \$100 ; orchestra seats, \$25 ; and standing room was leased by the square foot, at sums varying from \$5 to \$10.

The excitement culminated in a brilliant success creditable to the composer, the artists and the Viceroy. Two years before, Verdi had begun work upon this masterpiece, with the co-operation of savans appointed by the Viceroy. It was his object to produce a worthy successor to "Trovatore," and particularly an opera that might illustrate the history of Egypt, even to the confines of Nubia. His selected task was national, his audience international. His patron was rich, influential and anxious, yet Verdi himself was not poor either in money or reputation. To fill an order for an opera, as your tailor fills one for your coat, and yet to do it in

the most effective manner, was Verdi's obligation. *Aïda* was accepted, generally, as an opera faithful to its historic import; as one which is, beyond question, among the most conscientious works of the century; as a spectacle with splendid and truthful scenery, princely costumes and massive music; as history written on the scale, tradition glowing on the canvass. Viewed in this light by the Egyptologist, it is utilitarian and instructive, and is the first example where poetic license has not been freely indulged by the composer. Verdi makes a spectacle and a song of wild tradition, but to Verdi does not belong all the credit of this success. It must be shared with Mariette Bey, a most eminent archæologist, who went to Paris, by special order of the Viceroy, to oversee the preparation of the costumes. To the minutest degree they reproduced the acknowledged dress of the ancients. The stage scenery too, was prepared with like fidelity. The entire cost of the opera was more than 750,000 francs.

The drop curtain was a work of art, representing old Egypt on the right, with decayed temples, pyramids, obelisks and mausoleums, and on the left its now green fields, railroads, telegraphs and modern agriculture. This alone expresses the purpose of

Aïda — to advertise the progressive works of the Khedive.

It is needless to follow the tragic story of Aïda, the lovely Ethiopian princess; the anger, hate, rage and jealousy; the situations, so full of dramatic fervor; but they fell upon the audience, drowning the salvos of applause and repeated demonstrations toward the Khedive, who, with the ladies of the harem was present in the Vice-regal boxes.

CHAPTER III.

THE START FOR THE SOUDAN.

ALARMING rumors of the death of Sir Samuel Baker and his whole party, had been freely circulated in Cairo. Among other rumors I heard a story which purported to come from Suez, stating that Sir Samuel and his whole party had perished from starvation, not many miles from Gondokoro. The authenticity of this intelligence I doubted at once, and subsequently received an emphatic denial from the Minister of the Interior. No one could tell the exact position of the distinguished traveler, because the government had received no intelligence from him for over a month. The Minister informed me that Sir Samuel exhausted all his supplies in latitude four, just off the Nile shore, in the interior, and that he had applied to the Governor-General of Soudan for assistance, and it was thought the necessary aid was immediately supplied, as this official was instructed to support the explorer in every possible way.

Such a great undertaking as the Baker expe-

dition, was regarded by many of the finest minds in Egypt as too gigantic to move successfully among the unknown wastes of Ethiopia. In the first place it is taking an army into a country foul with the unhealthiest malarias, and charred to desert sands by the fiercest of African suns. The base of supplies, running along a river course, crosses deserts and winds by devious ways through hostile tribes. To move ahead is war; to send back is to meet a fire in your rear. The loss of powder, the loss of ammunition, a determined mutiny, starvation, all tend to kill an enterprise of this kind. We had intelligence, regarded as of the most authentic character, that 700 men had perished from the heat, and that Sir Samuel and his brave lady were the only white people connected with the enterprise, and they still possessed courage and hope.

In Lower Egypt the profoundest apathy prevailed concerning this and all other enterprises to unveil the African continent. Not so, however, with the Viceroy and his intelligent ministers, but with the population, which typifies barbarism veneered with civilization.

I was of the opinion that twelve energetic, I might say reckless, Americans, each with his special, mental

and physical gifts, could bare that whole continent to the view of an anxious mankind. Therefore when news came from Khartoum that Sir Samuel Baker was in distress at some point of the Nile basin, I prepared to go to the Soudan in order to investigate his position and condition. I soon found the journey impossible to undertake alone at that stage of the season, without incurring expenses of a character that would not justify the attempt. Happily an occasion occurred which rendered solitary traveling unnecessary. General Starring, a representative of the United States government; the Consul-General, and my old friend Gouverneur Morris, decided to undertake the perils of desert travel, and, besides, General Starring had official business along the Nile.

One morning early we drove to Boulac, the port of Cairo, on the Nile, and began the inspection of that anomalous Nile squadron called "dahabeahs." What is a dahabeah? Simply, on its exterior, one of the most unsightly objects that ever floated upon water. Its shape comes from remote antiquity. It embodies the Mohammedan idea of marine beauty. Imagine the hull of a bluff-bowed, square-sterned North river coal barge; put up a bulk-head athwart-

ships, just amidships. Aft is all your cabin room, a long saloon, staterooms to starboard and port, and convenient toilet rooms. The interior is always richly upholstered, painted, furnished and embellished, and you have divans, chairs, side-boards and carpets. Above the saloon is the hurricane deck, which is reached from forward by a companionway; and here one finds sea chairs and divans, on which he can repose beneath the shade of awnings, which can be spread from sheerpole to sheerpole, or, so as to inclose the entire deck. The forward part of the dahabeah is reserved for the crew. Rowlocks are fitted on the gunwales, and thwarts are fitted for the men. In time of calms the men sit in their places the live-long day, chanting savage airs, and, working like machines, propel the dahabeah at a speed averaging from two to three knots an hour. But when there is a favorable wind, the space is decked over, and a cloud of canvas, all comprised in one sail, is spread from a long yard, hoisted to the foremast head. The galley is forward. Such, in brief terms, is the fashionable Nile boat—at once roomy and hideous, shallow but high-standing out of the water, resembling, in the dark, a captured whale suffering from too many harpoons.

It is generally about sixty feet long and fifteen feet wide.

The harbor of Boulac was thronged with these craft when, with our imposing janissary, we boarded the finest in the port. No. 1 was too odorous; No. 2 was overcrowded with self-invited guests from the family of minor insects; No. 3 was very good, but had been chartered by a body of British tourists; No. 4 belonged to a wealthy Russian, and was immediately set down as a contingent. Having inspected the whole fleet we saw one anchored in the stream in aristocratic isolation, smaller but handsomer than the rest. We boarded her, and, hardly had we entered the saloon, before one of our party exclaimed:

“This is the one!”

“How?” I demanded.

“We’ll take this one, and she shall be named ‘The Herald.’”

Of course I had nothing to do but to recognize this graceful compliment as one paid to a journal whose enterprises in Africa have been carried to the heart of the continent.

Forty-eight hours afterward the longest streamer ever floated from a Nile dahabeah was bearing out

sixty feet to leeward, with "The Herald" in great black letters.

Our dahabeah was not only the most sumptuous and elegant on the Nile, but was one whose interior space was disposed in a manner better suited to a river cruise than that of any other I have ever seen. She was built for M. de Lesseps, the distinguished engineer of the Suez canal, and had been sought after by many parties during the season. Like all dahabeahs she had the transverse bulkhead amidships; and abaft, cabin room to the sternpost, a distance of thirty feet. The saloon was aft, upholstered in green and red reps, wainscoted in satinwood, furnished with mirrors, divans, a piano, a harmonium and pendant lamps. Leaving the saloon by the passage running fore and aft, we had six staterooms, two pantries and a bathroom. On deck, sea chairs, divans, tables and settees were liberally provided. Every stateroom was luxuriously furnished; fine, clean bed linen, marble basins; and water-pipes ran fore and aft. The canteen was suitable for epicures. She was sixty feet long, fifteen feet breadth of beam, and drew three feet of water. She was felluca rigged, carried a yard thirty

feet long, was very fast, and shallow enough to pass over the first cataract.

Immediately after our first inspection a messenger was dispatched to Mr. John Abitt, a hardy Briton — the agent — and several adventurers were made unhappy by the announcement that the dahabeah had been engaged by our party. Hassan, the chief janissary of the Consulate, was commissioned to lay in supplies. - The work of preparation then began. Hardly had the contract for the boat been signed before the projected trip came to the knowledge of the Viceroy. We were soon informed that the Viceroy's government would undertake to furnish all necessary facilities for a rapid trip by the Nile to Korosko and across the desert by dromedaries, and thence by river to Khartoum. Two days afterward the Viceroy informed the Consul-General that he would be happy to see him at the palace. Upon visiting the Khedive, his Highness insisted upon giving the party a steamer at his own expense to the first cataract, where he would tender another steamer, with dromedaries at Korosko, and on the other side of the Nubian desert a dahabeah to Khartoum, with supplies and every thing necessary. We insisted upon keeping

the dahabeah, and declining the steamer save as a tow. The Viceroy was obdurate, and would not listen to our proposition. Finally, however, upon learning that it was a sincere desire not to impose upon his hospitality, he desired the day of departure to be named. Dispatches were immediately sent to the Governor-General of Soudan, to all government agents and authorities along the line to open up the routes of travel, to have every link ready for a perfect connection, and to offer every courtesy and facility in their power. The Viceroy ordered the steamer to be supplied with wines and provisions, but these were also declined. The steamer appointed as the tow was one of the swiftest on the Nile, and was elegantly fitted up for the reception of guests.


Hassan, a fearless Egyptian, when he handled his consular baton, drew up a schedule of provisions that produced grave suspicions that he must, at some time, have been a cook at Bignon's or the Trois Frères. He had, however, in deference to the expressed wish of the party, received orders to put no wine, liquor or beer, or spirituous drinks of any nature, on board; and it was agreed by every member of the party, that none should be permitted, for

travelers should not be convives — that was our belief. I confess that, in the heated discussion that preceded the adoption of this rule, I pleaded long and earnestly for a few dozen of red wine to properly digest some of Hassan's conserves; but the others pointed with significance to their much-loved champagne, and then voted against my resolution.

Preparations for a Nile trip vary. They depend upon your status. If you are the indulged son of a busy non-traveling capitalist, stop at the first cataract, and take along with you lace ties, a dress suit and linen shirt fronts originally prepared for ladies. If you are fatally afflicted with archæology, an old bag, without toilet articles, will take you happily through an hundred days; but if you intend to do serious work — to cross the desert — it requires all the forethought necessary in preparing a campaign. Guns and ammunition are very necessary, for the natives, at certain stages of the journey, are apt to require demonstrations of force. Game requires shot-guns, and the ambitious animals which stride abroad must be laid low by fine rifles. Pistols of good size are necessary for self-defense in the field, and small weapons are also indispensable. Belt-knives, battle-axes and

knives are sometimes happy expedients, and belong to an ordinary outfit. All these things we had on board in one form or another. Proposing to penetrate more than one thousand miles beyond Khartoum, I had a more elaborate outfit than the rest. It should be said, for the benefit of those who intend to go on a trip to the interior of Africa, that no man should start without guns and cylinders for the ammunition. The laws of Egypt, or rather of the Turkish empire, prohibit the importation of ammunition or arms, hence the caution mentioned. To buy fine, well-proven weapons in Egypt is impossible, save by chance; hence we were required to take with us several inferior weapons. I believe, however, that all leisurely explorers in Africa overburden themselves with too much ammunition. Large bodies move slowly.

Sanitary precautions are very necessary in preparing. As regards dress, flannels are indispensable under the fiercest sun; and the eyes must be guarded while moving across the desert. So much had the Viceroy been interested in the expedition, that he consulted his physician, and, in a lengthy conversation with General Starring, communicated the doctor's statements. He was of the opinion that total



abstinence in the Soudan would be injurious. He was alarmed at our resolution, without understanding the texture of the American frame, suited, as it is, to all climes and vicissitudes. He cautioned each gentleman to wear a flannel band around the abdomen, and to observe a prescribed regimen.

We were thus advised by Dr. Grant, of Cairo: "Avoid exposure to the rays of the sun immediately after eating or great fatigue. Food as in Europe, with less meat and more farinaceous dishes. Few stimulants need be taken; cognac should be on hand in case of sickness. The heaviest meal should be eaten at two o'clock. A free use of green fruit should be avoided. Vegetables to be well cooked. By rinsing out the mouth frequently thirst may be avoided. After marching in marshy districts half an hour should be spent under cover."

When the announcement of the Viceroy's munificent intentions became known, I was under the impression that he was opposed to encouraging the explorations of the Continent beyond Khartoum, whatever might be his sudden amiability. I therefore paid a visit to Nubar Pacha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he received me with great cordiality. I assured him that I desired to visit the equatorial

region, and travel under a firman from His Excellency.

"Soyez tranquille ! soyez tranquille ! je vous donnerai tout ce qu'il faut," continued His Excellency.

"You will find a rude country there. You go to explore ?"

"I go as a journalist, to ascertain Sir Samuel Baker's fate, and to look at the country with liberal eyes."

"It is a rare spirit of progress," said the Talleyrand of the East, "which dominates you Americans. It is the go-ahead in your people I like. I tell you frankly, that no one but an American journalist would receive the support of the Viceroy's government in going to the equatorial basin ; and no American will receive greater assistance from His Highness than one who does not come here to harass the government and advance selfish interests."

After thanking the Pacha for the friendly attitude of the Viceroy's government, I retired.

On the 28th of December, at two o'clock in the afternoon, a farewell reception was given to our friends, on board the dahabeah. The repast was spread in the saloon, and the only sadness I remarked consisted in sly shafts aimed at temperance,

while the ladies talked of nothing but widow Cliquot, the culture of the grape and fine wines.

On the morning of the 27th (no tears), our dahab moved from her moorings, and, firing a parting salute, was towed rapidly past the gorgeous palace of the Viceroy, and stood up the stream, bound to be due at Thebes in six days and at Korosko in thirteen. The first night we lay moored off shore at Kafr-el-Ayat (having made thirty miles during the day), a mud river port for the vagrant navigation of the Nile.

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CHAPTER IV.

A CHAPTER FOR THE TOURIST.

ON Saturday, December 30, our tow, the Vice-roy's steamer — Happy Bird — put into the port of Minieh for coal. Three days of the Nile above Cairo, winding through sugar plantations, passing the lazy, drone-like dahabeahs, with occasional shots at distant and unwilling game, had made us sigh for shore. But these three days had been deliciously balmy and soft, and the very air had been full of a refreshing, bracing vitality, laden with the perfumes and vapors from orange groves.

The first one hundred and fifty miles of the river to southward of Boulac are, however, comparatively barren of interest. Two hours after starting, the pyramids fade from view, and the ruins of ancient Memphis are lost beyond the horizon of the desert. The quarries of Masarah, the false pyramid, and the towns of Bedreshayn Tibbin, Kafr-el-Ayat, Rigga, Atfeeh, Goman and Benisooef are points generally visited by travelers who are making an accurate survey of the country.

The scenery between Cairo and Minieh partakes of the richly verdant and the terribly bald. No contrast can be more effective than to see the shores of the grandest of rivers lined on either side with a belt of the most productive soil in the world, of an average width of two miles, each square foot giving its certain unvarying yield; each year renewing its own fruitfulness; each century redeeming its claim to perpetual youth, and then to raise the eye and let it wander over a dreary, sandy waste, seemingly without a purpose, history or tradition. All the available territory under cultivation is a plain; and no ground in Egypt can be utilized unless it be flat. There may be one exception to this rule, in the flooding of desert basins; yet, even in such a case, the seeding of the soil would have to await the tedious uncertainty of evaporation. Thus the wealth of river scenery and travel is finely graded; the nuggers, dahabeahs, steamers, barges, and the life and animation of tacking, jibing, fishing, shooting, racing and saluting, are matters of general view along the broad belt of the lordly Nile. Touching the shores, we find the mud huts of an Arab village; the squalid streets of more pretentious habitations; the nude native hoisting water by his ancient

shadof; some frigid sheik exclaiming "backsheesh" as a tribute to his years; a score of sable urchins imploring bread; a Coptic priest crying for a small donation; a distant minaret burnished by the setting sun; the quickening vegetation on the long and narrow plains; the palm and date trees, and then the mountains of crumbling red granite; a small excavation along the slope; the entrance to the buried temples, and, as the eye speeds on, those skies which are falsely ascribed alone to Italy. Such, in brief, is Egypt; not the Egypt of the tourist, but the whole of Egypt. There is no country in the world that can be so completely inspected by the traveler. Not a square acre escapes your observation if you ascend the Nile to Khartoum, and sail along its delta branches to Alexandria, Rosetta and Damietta. You find its domestic life, its manufactures and agriculture; and, as the land knows neither rain nor snow, these are strikingly manifested in the streets and fields. You have at once the modern and the ancient, the fruitful and the barren, and the opportunity of examining the only harmless people who still retain the customs and manners of 3,000 years ago. The book is before you. You have only to read the first

page at Alexandria, and turn over leaf after leaf as you linger by the cities of Cairo, Minieh, Roda, Thebes, Esna and Assouan, finding its printed chapters in magnificent ruins and thriving industries. This is what makes the Nile travel so desirable. Amid luxury and fine companions, you can leisurely examine all that the land contains, within a few hundred yards of your "dahabeah," and there is no uncertainty about the temples. Their history is written in decipherable hieroglyphics upon their columns and panels.

One morning we visited the famous temple of Esna — now completely underground, with a city built over its roof — showing, as its surroundings do, the debris of thirty centuries. What will all that remains of the impecunious Manhattanite think, when, ages hence, in seeking a foundation for his hut, his pick shall strike the spire of Trinity church; or when some industrious farmer may sink his well into the parquet of Booth's theatre? This is putting the ancient Egyptian in modern clothes — if not recalling the familiar attitude of Macauley's famous "New Zealander."

All that is delightful in travel is found on board the Nile dahabeah. Its domesticity is neat and

inviting, its interior police of sufficient character to induce method without fatigue, and perfect order without extravagant care. Your guns are in the armory, your medicines in the dispensary, and each servant responds to his particular call of the whistle. The crew is distinct in its kind from all others I have ever seen. Our own consisted of twelve men — black Nubians — able-bodied, and, of course, indolent. They manifested great industry at meals, and singular solicitude for their stores. But, with a steamer to tow us, they had little duty put upon them, and this accounted for that soireé which commenced near sunrise on the forecastle, and continued till it became no longer a misnomer. Our Reis, the captain, was black and independent, and was constantly laying before us the wrongs of his crew. His ultimatum was, that they were entitled to a tambourine, a tom-tom and twelve sticks to beat the natives — price, all told, \$3 — which were duly provided.

The musical circle is thus formed: The twelve arrange themselves in a ring and sit forward, just abaft the galley, each squatting on his legs in true Turkish torpidity. The feast begins with the tapping of the tom-tom by any elderly man of simple,

bearded countenance, who times all his followers and gives the note to the tambourine, which, catching the fever, enlists the rest in an imitation of a hymn, something like the measure of

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand.

The languishing closing of their eyes; the swaying of their bodies in unison; the resigned manner in which they conduct the nodding of their heads; the ludicrous simplicity with which they expose their white teeth; the devout figures which they make in lifting their faces heavenward, combined with their sudden and wild climaxes and low-muttered, trembling transitions, render these fresh-water mariners and artists one of the features of the Nile. For us, and such as we, there was no rest, and we submitted to the Arabic choir as a fated necessity. But the crew is not always happy — if it always sings. Sickness prostrates its members. They have maladies and they like medicine. No man more than the Arab loves nauseous curatives, and none have greater faith in all kinds of patent poisons. *Comme on se fait son lit, on se couche*, and so it became necessary to respect this peculiarity. We, therefore, undertook to deal with the feigning

invalids who were clamorous for medicine. I find two entries in my diary, thus :

Ibrahim — General debility and sleepiness complicated with the want of employment. Two Cockles pills, two anti-bilious pills, double seidlitz, thirty drops of chlorodine.

Mohammed — Sore feet, accompanied by stealthy attacks of kleptomania. Linseed oil poultice, four Cockles.

Many other cases of debility oppress the pages of my log. At last the sick list became so extensive that the crew purloined a quantity of castor oil, when a hint was cautiously spread among the men that poison had been carelessly put in most of the bottles, whereupon the maimed were restored to health, the blind saw, and the digestion resumed its delicate machinery. Sickness became as rare as it was before amazing. The science by which the oil was removed from the dispensary was then applied to cigars and tobacco, whereupon a further hint was allowed to leak out that powder had been, by some accident, introduced into the cigars and mixed with the tobacco. Such precautions relieve the burdens of a Nile trip, and at last personal property is respected by those who dwell forward.

In the gray of the morning I landed at Minieh, for the purpose of gathering in a few ducks which, the inhabitants avowed, were to be found in the

interior. After a walk of about five miles I came upon an open field, surrounded by corn of long growth, and shot a dozen birds. The last *coup* of my gun discharged with rather too much recoil, and the shot scattered at a distance of thirty yards. I noticed nothing at the time; but, upon returning to the dahabeah, put the shot gun in the armory. My *chasseur* presently brought the weapon, and I found that a large hole had been blown out of the left-hand barrel underneath, and that the gun had become worthless. At Sioot it was cut off, and, upon arriving at Kennah, both barrels were loaded nearly to the muzzle with sand and dirt. The *chasseur* insisted on discharging the gun from the shoulder. He persisted so much that I permitted him to do it, when the same barrel again bursted, and the wretched metal was perforated by a hole of over two square inches in area. I mention this, to warn travelers that their arms must be purchased in Europe if they hope to have an agreeable, far-Southern Nile shooting season. This gun was bought in Cairo, and had eight distinct "proofs" upon the barrel; was a breech-loader and fired fixed ammunition. The name of its maker is uncertain, as he does not deign to sell it with his death

Pl. 11.

THE WATER CARRIER.

machine. Sir Samuel Baker relates an experience of his, where he had a suspicion of a Tatham rifle. He lashed it to a tree, fired it with a fishing line, and broke it into small pieces. Florian, the Atbara hunter, was killed by a bursting gun, and other numerous accidents are recorded of those who are imposed upon by spurious manufacturers.

In going through the streets of Minieh, I found it was a characteristic Egyptian town. As early as seven in the morning its inhabitants were at work. There are, perhaps, 15,000 people closely herded over twenty-five acres of ground, living, in all respects, in the native Arab style. What it is that induces the close attrition of Arab communities, I cannot say, unless it be a love of vermin, nastiness and disease. Minieh, however, is struggling out of its feculent boundaries; and here I note the real purpose of the Viceroy to elevate his large communities, and to give them healthier nuclei and wider, cleaner streets. Near the river, over five hundred young girls, varying in age from six to fifteen, were carrying dirt on their heads, whereas the same labor in other countries would be performed by able-bodied men. This is the result of the astonishing economy that rules every thing productive in Egypt

—land, labor or existence. The population was miserably clad, and, I dare say, miserably fed. Yet it took to hard work cheerfully, and there was none of that sombre melancholy which *litterateurs* have associated with the stolid sphinxes who are popularly allied to the character of the people.

Rails were being put down and telegraph wires up; houses of European construction were rising on every hand; the pottery factories were turning out their useful wares; the sugar mills grinding out income for the Viceroy, and the bazaar was thronged with tradesmen and women. Over the whole scene there hung the cheerful atmosphere of progress, and I do not exaggerate when I write that one could see Minieh grow as he surveyed it.

During the morning of the 30th of December, we received calls from other dahabeahs which had arrived from Cairo. The Earl of Charleville, the Hon. Charles Fitzhardinge, Captain N. Langford, R. N., and the Hon. Colonel Bury, of the "Rachel" and "Water Lily," sent their cards on board "with best wishes for your success," and shortly afterward called.

The Britons and Americans monopolize the Nile. The Germans are too poor or economical to make

the journey, and a Frenchman would die of its real fascinations, which he would term *dégoutant*. As a rule, the Englishman goes more profoundly into the antiquities than the American, and often carries his curiosity as far as learning to read hieroglyphics. The Americans go to Egypt more as superficial travelers, and for the purpose of enjoying the equable climate, and so much of novelty and antiquity as does not become scholastic. There are, however, exceptions in both cases — Englishmen who go to the cataracts indifferent to the ruins, and Americans who know their every stone. Both nations are well received by the natives, but the Americans have, by far, the greater attention. Their purses, if not heavier, are oftener opened.

In steaming by the ruins of Beni-Hassan, among the finest temples of the Nile, clouds of game were on every hand — the Nile geese, pigeons, snipe, crane, plover, ibis, eagles and a multitude of hawks and crows. Beni-Hassan was formerly full of thieves, but Mahomet Ali razed the village to the ground.

We moored near the town on the night of the 30th December, and we sent ashore to find out what there might be to shoot. A simple-minded fellah was brought to the quarter deck.

"What game do you have here?"

"Big animals! They eat you," said the fellah.

"Big animals! What kind?"

"Big animals — lions, wolves — come in from the desert! Great danger! Must not leave the boat!"

After a brief cross-examination, it was found that a cub of one of these marvelous beasts had been captured by the hunter, and he was forthwith directed to go ashore and bring him off. In twenty minutes the intrepid fellah appeared again, holding the terrible beast crouching in his arms. It was a rabbit. We domesticated him for the sum of ten piastres. Such is the native intelligence of that poor Egyptian, who has been painted by so many admiring romancers.

At Sioot the telegraph had anticipated us, and the United States Consular Agent was at the landing with donkeys, to conduct us in state to the city. As we afterward found out, every Egyptian official, even, had been notified to tender us the most distinguished hospitalities of the Province. A Turkish dinner was spread in the largest, and, I may add, in many respects the finest, consular apartments I have ever seen. In the evening the dahabeah was the recipient of several calls from local celebrities,

among them a native musician, who, upon being shown Mr. Morris' guitar, seized it with enthusiastic familiarity, and began to scratch a solo with a toothpick. Having endured twenty minutes of this entertainment, the musician took his seat at the piano, and rolled off a succession of horrible noises, much to the delight of his Arab auditors, and which, upon being applauded, were frequently repeated in the most exaggerated forms. The gentleman did not leave the cabin till long after midnight. The friendly and appreciative nature of the Egyptian when encouraged, makes his shortest call last during four hours. They are insufferable bores, measured by the barbarous customs of enlightened nations.

Just before arriving at Sioot, we saw a light-draught, mysterious-looking boat, half dahabeah, half nugger, which was standing along close to the shore, evidently trying to escape observation.

"What boat is that?" demanded General Star-ring of a well-informed Arab.

"That's a slaver!" And it was.

We made efforts to ascertain under what flag she was carrying on her infamous traffic, though without avail. Such instances of the trade at so low a point of the Nile are rare, and when they

become known to the Viceroy's government are suppressed, and the culprits punished. But the right of ex-territorial jurisdiction held by the wise and enlightened foreign Powers, is used by these men for the very purpose of continuing and spreading the slave trade, though by express treaty stipulations it is outlawed by every civilized nation of the globe. The Viceroy discusses the slave trade freely; and he claims that he visits upon every one engaged in selling human flesh the severest penalties of his almost absolute code.

On the morning of the 4th of January, we passed the celebrated Sheik Selim, an old man, to whom is ascribed all the powers of the magician. Our credulous Hassan asserted that he could, by the operation of his extraordinary mind, confuse machinery, stop steamers and arrest locomotives, even though going at high speed; and that so much was his power feared that no one ever dared thwart his wishes. Old Selim's mind, however, was very tranquil on the morning of January fourth, for we moved toward Kennah with the same speed with which we started. Selim is thus wise and mighty, because he never wears clothes, and because he extorts "backsheesh" and distributes it to his believers.



CHAPTER V.

THE DANCING GIRLS.

AT Dendera, opposite Kennah, we explored the temple of Venus, whose antiquity is unknown, but is traceable to over two thousand years ago. For fine sculpture, substantial architecture and imposing columns, it ranks among the first of Egypt. Traces of recent vandalism from the hands of the prurient tourists are found upon its richly embellished walls. By narrowing down all works of art to the cold etiquette of the day, the finest masterpieces of Greece and Rome would perish from the earth.

Three miles over swamp and mud brought us to the house of the British Consul, who had tendered to the party the usual courtesy offered to Nile travelers.

When we arrived at his house we found it brilliantly illuminated with candles, and the obsequious official conducted us to his grand reception room on the second floor. The apartment where we find ourselves is forty feet long by twenty wide, and broad divans extend around it, three on three sides.

We seat ourselves on the divan. A dusky servant, sustaining the weight of a huge turban on his head, approaches with *chibouques*, already lighted by his own suction, and we are soon flooding the room with the fumes of Koranie and Turkish tobacco. Coffee follows, and, these two elementary points of the Arab etiquette having been finished, we are ready to become sociable and observant. At our feet and squatting on the floor, like the segment of an Indian council of war, are four girls in the front rank, most elaborately hung with golden spangles, necklaces, and otherwise profusely adorned with quaint coins and oriental jewelry. Behind them are their counterfeit mothers, wasted into that dried-up wretchedness which arrives in tropical countries before the female reaches the age of forty. The duty of these women is to matronize the girls. Still further to the rear is the orchestra, consisting of five pieces—two performers on the “ood,” or a species of guitar, two performers on the tambourine and one on the tom-tom. Candles are disposed about the room, and several Arabs of local distinction are seated opposite, as deeply interested as we. Zoé, Fatima, Zenoba, and Ayesha are the names by which we will distinguish the four danseuses. Zoé is slender and grace-


Lith. Wood Parsons & Co Albany N.Y.

A DANCING GIRL .

ful, with a dark, colorless skin, black eyes, and a graceful, charming manner. Hung upon the wall, her portrait would be that of a madonna; but, pictured in action, she moves from the plaintive lay to her gay love song with too much facility to permit the hypothesis that she has been a persistent guardian of her virtue. She is dressed in a purple robe, reaching her neck. Her waist is encircled by a belt of strung coins, each of the value of five dollars, and her whole person is weighed down by over a thousand dollars' worth of gold, scattered through her hair and distributed all over her person. She rises and bursts into a passionate verse which Leech has rendered :—

My love passed not, but gave me sherbet of sugar to drink ;
For half the nights we will intoxicate ourselves with wine ;
I vow that if my beloved come
I will do deeds that Antar did not.

Such is the genius of the Egyptian song, and to-day it differs little from the verse of ages back. It is not coarsely lewd, and, even if it were, the European listener would be none the wiser. In half an hour after we are seated, the quartette having primed itself with araki — a beverage scarcely less potent than absinthe — Zoé and Fatima begin the dance. They take positions opposite to each other and ten feet apart. Fatima has the features of a squaw, but



the agility of a deer. Each holds in her fingers the steel castanets, and they *pose* and begin a rapid, regular movement of their bodies, swaying, settling gradually by projecting their knee joints forward, rising suddenly to a perfect upright, then advancing and retreating, and whirling as in the untimed waltz. In these movements, which to me were full of wild, original fascination, there is little that is indelicate though much that is poetical. It depends altogether upon the nature of the observer whether or not this dance is to be considered grossly immoral. There is no display of the limb or body, unless you happen to drift among the lowest classes of the dancing girls. Leech, who wrote a book upon Egypt, called "The Sentimental Idler," thus truthfully alludes to the dancing girls:

"If it be not the most immoral exhibition in the world I will only add, it is one of the sights of Upper Egypt; that its interest is warranted by its great antiquity, and furthermore that there is scarcely a layman or clergyman who makes the Nile voyage who does not witness the exhibitions."

When full of *arraki*, and worked up to a high degree of excitement, the girls sometimes become enthusiastic, and perform as ladies should not. At *Kennah* they would frequently indulge in affectionate attitudes, and assume positions susceptible

A DANCING GIRL.
(The Gahwazees)

of a variety of interpretations. But, if they receive no encouragement to become free in their movements, they rarely do any thing improper. Their immorality is a thousand degrees less than that of the ballet dancer on the New York stage. They are not virtuous, and do not pretend to be. The girls are known in the native parlance as the Ghawazee, and they claim to belong to a noble and ancient race, and despise those Arabs about them who cannot show a better ancestry than an unbroken line of a thousand years. Lane, the best authority on Egypt, states that, while they are the most abandoned courtesans, "they are the finest women in Egypt!" Even while we were witnessing the display at the house of the British Consul, his wives were glancing at the spectacle from behind a lattice-work set in windows opening to the adjoining room. Arabs are very particular about their domestic concerns, and do not allow even the ladies of their harem to witness licentious displays.

From Kennah to Thebes was a run of six hours and forty-eight miles. Upon approaching the finest existing ruins in the world, we saw the harbor filled with dahabeahs, steamers and all representatives of the Nile shipping. As we passed the lofty mansion

of Ali Morad (United States Consular Agent), standing, as it does, at the edge of a high bluff overlooking the river, twenty guns were fired in our honor, the colors were dipped and we were greeted cordially by all the boats in the vicinity. Hundreds of people were gathered on the banks; the steamer of Mr. J. Morgan, banker of New York, was lying ahead; the steamer of the Prussian Consul General was just getting under way, and afterward he kindly took our mails to Cairo. The day was soft and salubrious, and every visible object that makes Luxor famous and Thebes interesting, was unusually conspicuous against the deep blue sky. In less than an hour after the reception of the dignitaries, we were on our way to Karnak, conducted by Ali Morad and his suite. But the ruins of Thebes are found in every existing guide book to the Nile, and I will not describe them.

A Mr. Smith, an American, has been living in Thebes many years, studying the hieroglyphics in the temples and tombs, excavating relics and dealing in antiques, and acting as a cicerone. He is from New York, and professes to have solved many of the ambiguities left obscure by more learned men.

After many trials and tribulations, chiefly occasioned by sand bars and a stupid captain, we arrived at Esna late on a Sunday evening. We were immediately boarded by several officials, who bore telegrams from the Viceroy, directing that all necessary means should be taken in advance to provide camels for crossing the Nubian Desert from Korosko to Berber. The next day at the hour of ten was appointed for our reception, by the court of the province. By nine, donkeys were in waiting on shore, but we concluded to walk, and after two miles on foot, we defiled into the narrow streets of Esna. About the first spectacle I saw were some gayly-decked, coal-black Nubian girls. Leaving the avenue where these creatures swarmed, we finally arrived in the centre of the city to find that it was market day. This is a weekly event in all the settlements of Egypt. Produce of every kind is exposed for sale, and all the little articles found in the scanty economy of an Arabian household may be bought for a few piastres.

At length the solemn moment came, and we were conducted to the splendid Temple of Esna, and given seats beneath the roof which formerly covered the priests of the Roman conquerors. In a few

moments the Court, in procession, descended the grand staircase, and, preceded by Hassan, was announced to our party. The dignitaries seated themselves in a semi-circle, consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor, the son of the Governor, the gubernatorial physician and other attachés of the suite, including the Prefect of Police.

“Is your Excellency well?” we asked.

“Thanks to your Excellency. I hope God gives you good health.”

“You have a very fine temple here; one of the finest we have seen on the Nile.”

“Yes; Allah is great and has been very good to Esna, but the temple is not very old, only existing for 3,000 years.”

“Is the Governor very ill; we hope it is not dangerous?”

“Please God, no. I hope you will return from Khartoum in good health and safely by the help of God.”

“I trust that Allah will so take care of us, but we put considerable reliance in the Viceroy.”

“We have a favor to ask.”

“You are friends of the Viceroy; whatever you ask is a command and shall be obeyed.”

“Six men from the village of our Reis have been imprisoned for what we believe to be an unimportant affair; will your Excellency release them?”

“It is a small thing; consider it done (bowing low).”

“We would prefer dromedaries in crossing the desert, Your Excellency, and tins for water instead of skins.”

“If it is your desire, they shall be ready. All your wants shall be made known by telegraph; his Highness has said “Whatever they want give them.”

“How far does your jurisdiction extend?”

“Under Allah, to Korosko.”

“And shall our boat be detained at the cataract?”

“You shall be the first to go over.”

While this conversation was proceeding, coffee had been produced, according to Oriental custom. I soon became acquainted with the Doctor, and we talked about the condition of the province. He told me that the late estate of Hallim Pacha, twelve miles below, and now the property of the Viceroy, contained 72,000 acres of sugar lands alone. To me, this property is the finest on the Nile, and while possessing the advantages of a good situation, is under a

flourishing state of cultivation. The medical profession, he affirmed, was up to the European standard, while he deplored the extreme insignificance of his fees. Houses could be rented at twenty-five francs a month, and the people were extremely contented with their lot. Notwithstanding this fact, an Arab complained at Kennah that 30,000 men had just been conscripted to harvest the crops, without being paid for their services. After bows, salaams, compliments and partings, and then repeating the process three times, we departed from the temple and went on board the dahabeah, only to be persecuted by native callers, who know when to come, but never when to leave.

Getting off in the afternoon, we made about twenty-five miles, when the steamer grounded.

The dahabeah collided with her forward, producing great commotion on deck. Hassan was commanded to appear at the critical moment. The captain was in as terrible a state of excitement.

“Let the captain go overboard, but save the cook!” was the command.

Happily we got off with one boat stove in, and a sheep overboard. Standing on, we moored at Edfou for the night. Passing the quarries where the stone

for the Egyptian temples was excavated, and the imposing Temple Kom-Ombus, we made Assouan, and came to our moorings amid salutes from the surrounding dahabeahs and steamers.

And there we were, after thirteen days of the Nile, having accomplished 800 miles of our journey to Khartoum, and having expended all that is luxurious or agreeable in the undertaking. On the 14th of January we arrived on the shore of the Nubian desert at Korosko.

The time hung on me rather wearily while there, so I sat down and tried to look twenty years ahead, and produced the following fantasie, some of the wild ideas contained therein having since become substantial truths :

OFF KOROSKO, NUBIA, }
January 14, 1892. }

Yes, it is now really 1892, a year in the history of Egypt, which counts its tenth anniversary as the United Arabian Empire, and the first decade of the supreme reign of Ismaïl the first, over his population of 50,000,000 of subjects. As I descended the broad massive stair case of the House of Parliament, in Cairo, some days since, and as my eye, stretching over Boulac, rested upon the gaily painted hulls of more than fifty Mississippi steamers, I began to reflect upon what Egypt had become in twenty years. I thought how in the year 1872 I had traveled along the Nile, on what was considered a swift steamer, making only six knots an

hour; while now, thanks to American enterprise, the speed is increased to eighteen knots an hour, against the current. I walked down to the shipping office and bought a ticket to Khartoum for the sum of 200 francs, and we arrived here to-day on board the magnificent floating palace "*L'Empire De L'Egypte*." What a change has come over this truly promised land, since my visit of 1872. Cairo with its broad avenues, imposing mansions and extensive parks, is the leading capital of the world, and her native inhabitants, despising sullen servitude to ignorance, have become pliable to instruction and ready students of the progress of the age. Alexandria is the most flourishing seaport of the Eastern Hemisphere, and her million people boast that their wealth is second only to their enterprise. The Pyramids have been razed to the ground and "Cheops" alone remains in the centre of a great system of artificial public docks, where the powerful navy of the empire is now lying up in ordinary. Ever since the conquest of Constantinople by Russia, and the subsequent brief and brilliant struggle of his Majesty Ismail First, against the stolid and old fashioned Sultan, the Emperor has been occupying his time in dispatching a large squadron of light draughts to the inland seas — the Nyanzas. He also has the intention of opening the Sherman canal from Victoria Nyanza to the coast in three months. I am the first to announce that their great waterway to the Indian ocean is to be named after the general, in acknowledgment of the deep regard in which the Emperor holds the present chief magistrate of the United States. And here we have a perfect line of communication through a continent which was, but a few years ago, the most arid waste of the earth.

A territory formerly befouled by the infamous Slave Trade, valued alone for ivory, forests, and

amphibious game, it is now the blooming Empire of the East, with four and one-half times the area of France, every feddan of which blushes with the richest glow of cultivation. It seems to me a dream, and yet how real. As I write, a copy of the "*Cairo Republican*" lies before me. In its leading article recounting seventeen years of a great journalistic success, it says:

"Though we are thorough democrats, and believe that none but a republican form of government is the heritage of the nineteenth century, we cannot truthfully deny that Ismail the First is, at this time, the most desirable ruler for Egypt. Notwithstanding the eloquent appeal of Col. Purdy, in the Senate, demanding that the question of Empire or Republic be submitted to a "*plebiscite*," we believe that his premises are wrong in assuming that his Majesty has wantonly disbursed the moneys of the people. Look at the works of his reign. Formerly, the waters of the Nile came down in a great annual flood, and afforded nutrition and irrigation to the miserable patches of mire along its banks; now, by the hand of iron machinery, the wealth that comes down from the southern limits of the Empire, is checked and gradually dispersed over Lybia and Nubia; railroads and telegraphs intersect their areas, and the dirty settlement of Sioot has swollen into the grand European city of 300,000 people; while Korosko is greater even than the American city of Chicago, since her wonderful recovery from the memorable fire. Two hundred cities in the Empire devoted to cotton and woolen manufacturers; the finest sugar, silk, and tobacco mills in the world, with a national debt only £200,000,000; such is the fruit that has grown from the Imperial policy. We feel assured that Nubar Pasha will respond with dignity and truth to the interpellation

of Col. Purdy, and soon, notwithstanding his grave pre-occupancy with the late American Secretary of State. It seems that Nubar Pasha, who secured the abolition of the odious extraterritorial despotism, has been named by his Imperial Majesty as the member of the "Supreme and Holy International Senate," of which, as our readers know, Cyrus W. Field, the original projector of this highest tribunal of the earth, is the American member. We need not remind our readers that this august senate convenes in Rome, one month hence, to fix by statute the law of nations; that by its charter it is imperishable and its jurisdiction is final. When we consider that "The International Senate" is pledged to prevent war at all hazards; that it is the nucleus of 300,000,000 civilized people; that, at its preliminary sitting, it disbanded all the armies of the world and gave arms only to "The International Land and Marine Police," to protect life, limb and property, and assert the primitive principle that nations must found their prestige on living justice; that the common sense of progressive people has asserted "peace and not war," and when we remember that Egypt greatly assisted this result, by resolutely abandoning the intolerance of a faith revealed in the desert 1,200 years ago, we feel proud that the race has been reclaimed. We regard all these results as the products of this extraordinary century. The telegraph, steam engine, and later the discovery of Fields, system of air navigation, by which the journey is made from London to New York in twenty-seven hours, have all brought long discovered races into the communion of one great family. We feel proud to know that Egypt is to-day exporting bullion to all parts of Europe. When his Majesty annexed Abyssinia, he began to develop the gold mines of the Atbora."

But enough of the *Cairo Republican*. While some may disagree with its political convictions, it yet presents true pictures of the present condition of Egypt. In fact, all the statements therein made are confirmed by Field Marshal Stone, while Admiral Ward states that his fleet is now lying at anchor in Sherif Sea, formerly the Albert Nyanza. As we are about to pass through Baker's canal, on our way to Berber, I must close this letter, for the express train to the sources of the Nile is soon to start.

CHAPTER VI.

CROSSING THE NUBIAN DESERT.

ON the 15th of January we disembarked from the dahabeah and prepared to set out from Korosko to cross the Nubian Desert. Our camels were scattered along the bank of the Nile, and the entire population of Korosko seemed concerned in our advent and departure. Governor Mohamet, as we called him, and Mahomet as he called himself, represented the Viceroy, the Governor of Esna and himself — the last monopolizing more than an even third of the trinity. Packing the train was a process about which we all ardently professed an ignorance, so we deftly turned the business over to the nineteen Nubian blacks whom the Viceroy's subordinates had selected to do the minor parts. Nearly three weeks on the dahabeah had engendered an involuntary reluctance to quit its beautiful cabin and charming decks, only to wade through the scorching sands of the hottest of African deserts. Below we had smoked our long "chibouques," discussed over and over again the entire range of African travel,

entertained aged Sheiks and tiresome prefects over coffee and Koranie, and had in our humble way communicated with those engaged in the vulgar art of industry.

From our divans on deck we had seen all that was once grand and imposing in Egypt's greatness—her ruins, her green fields, and her swift river. We had succored natives at the point of death; and just above the first cataract had, by a happy accident, discovered a slave who was suffering from hunger, and a wound in the foot, received from a spear when he was captured in the Soudan. He was reduced almost to a disembodied soul. A poultice, and the most potent of medicines for these poor savages—food—were administered. Upon being given a cigar he simply ate it. Such a combination of ignorance, misery and imbecility, we had not met since leaving Cairo. A floating corpse, near Assonan, and the imminent danger of reducing two of our party to the same fate, illustrated at once the lost and the saved. Of the lost I can say no more than that the body was that of a black, of whose death even coroners' juries were profitless tribunals. Of the saved, they were General Starring and myself. We stripped, and, just

above the first cataract, dove into the deliciously cool Nile. The current was running five miles an hour, and, in endeavoring to catch the boat towing astern, we missed the object, and were borne down toward the cataract, despite our endeavors to stem the tide. We hailed the dahabeah's cutter, but the Arabs, mutely waiting for us to drown, so that "the dahabeah could sail on," paid no attention to our hail. We pitched a key higher and shouted an octave louder, when they gave us an encouraging look, but again relapsed into their cool indifference. Finally Hassan, the Consular Jannissary, who became famous by arresting John Surratt in Alexandria, appeared on deck, and soon the boat was cast loose; and, after nearly half an hour's struggling against the current, yet constantly drifting toward the ledge of the cataract, we narrowly escaped death by exhaustion or from the dangers below. Personally, the feeling that the crocodile had not yet taken lunch, made me feel a little anxious about my long presence in the water. This incident, more serious than I have made it, only serves to illustrate how little one can depend upon the Arabs in danger. Reckless of their own lives, lazy by nature, susceptible alone to that sentiment engendered by the

dollar, they will not cross the street to alleviate a pain, or expend a small exertion to save a fellow being. A man's only weapon is his nerve, and his compensation, if he survive a critical emergency, the ordinary forms of corporal indignation. From the island — Philæ — we had a pleasant race to within a few miles of Korosko, a distance of about sixty miles. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th of January, just on the Tropic of Cancer, we found two English dahabeahs, the Griffin and the Snowflake, lying to, waiting for us to come up. We all started on the line of the Tropic of Cancer (23 deg., 30 min. N.), we being to leeward, the Snowflake on our weather beam, with the Griffin to windward, the trio being under full sail. Our captain received orders to distance our competitors, commands which he did not obey; for the low, sharp, iron hull of the Griffin had been built for speed by Broadway Bey, of Cairo, while our own craft was designed as the floating parlor of M. de Lesseps. The Griffin shot ahead and easily maintained the lead, while it was a close struggle between the Snowflake and ourselves. One hour we were ahead a length; the next we were astern a length, and so it continued for three days, until

we moored by the mud huts of Korosko, winners of the contest. The race was in no sense an exhibition of the fine art of seamanship, and, as between our boat and the Snowflake, was only a contest between the helmsmen and the captains. Racing on the Nile could be made a very exciting and interesting pastime if it were properly patronized and the building of fast models were encouraged. As it is, the dahabeahs as a squadron are lumbering concerns. With such pleasant adventures as I have described, it may be imagined that we left the Nile with no joyous feelings, to submit to all the imaginary trials of a camel's back.

The blacks were smartly at work by ten on the morning of the 15th, stowing their camels' feed, durah and barley, in their plaited saddle bags; filling the skins with water, and putting the crude baggage saddles in order. A water skin is the hide of a goat, and is stripped from the animal as a man would remove a shirt from his body. The neck and other apertures are sewed up or wound with a strong string, and one leg is left in readiness to open by an easily adjusted knot. Each skin contains in the average five gallons of water. We carried eighty of them. More than one hundred

camels had been driven in from the surrounding country, by order from the Viceroy, and Mahomet Effendi told us that we could have as many as we desired. Fifty were declared to be enough, and we finally started with forty-two, three donkeys and nineteen servants. Abd-el-Wahed, the aged one-eyed cook, was the commissary of the occasion, and sedulously bestowed all his vigilance on three sheep, a coop full of chickens, and a desert range. We also took three large circular wall tents, tendered us by the Governor of Assovan. We remained at Korosko only twenty-four hours. The town is delightfully situated at the base of high rocky mountains, in a quiet valley, overgrown with luxuriant verdure. But the habitations are not less wretched than those of the humblest Nile villages. In strolling through the streets I met several Koroskoan ladies whose toilettes were neither sightly nor savory; and, upon being tendered a significant glance, I indicated that I was a misogynist, after which the ladies retired.

By two o'clock the caravan was ready to move. It had provisions for fifteen days, water for eight, and two guides who had paced the desert highway for twenty years. The Governor, the Prefect, the

telegraph operator, who is no inconsiderable personage in those parts; the Sheik of the Desert, an aged, handsome, dignified Nubian Arab, and the people of Korosko, were all at the river bank to see us off. The caravan started ahead and defiled by the narrow gorge, taking a slow, measured pace, induced by the 10,000 pounds of baggage, water and supplies.

As we were about to mount our dromedaries for the first time, a boat put off from the Griffin, and we awaited the coming of our recent rivals, who pulled ashore to bid us good-bye. After the compliments of the day, we were rail-fenced into the sky by that peculiar movement of the camel when he rises from his sprawling posture, by hinging on his six joints, beginning at the forward hip. Preceded by the Governor and Prefect, we felt our way among the ugly rocks and difficult paths which are in sight for two hours after leaving Korosko. Half a mile beyond the town we halted and said the adieux.

The scenery at the northern door of the desert is most barren and desolate. Sloping hills of dark rock form a deep ravine, which is paved with boulders, shifting sands and dead camels. The rocks are too angular, their edges evidencing too

loose a stratification, and the general features of the bluffs and crags too hard and irregular to believe that the extraordinary appearance of this section of the desert, arose from any other than remote but violent convulsions. Indeed, volcanic action is evident to the most casual observer. After three hours of travel, and none of incident or adventure, we halted eight miles from Korosko, and encamped upon a sandy plain, under the shelter of overshadowing hills. It had been our intention to make the stand as we did, in order to send back to Korosko for any articles unprovided or forgotten; but we found this unnecessary. The tents were pitched after all the practical science possessed by the Egyptian, which is by no means extensive. In matters pertaining to his own habits of life, the Egyptian is a very skillful person, but beyond, in the field of sports, with sails, guns or hardy pastimes, and in use of tools, or in amateur engineering, he is as helpless as are the parlor boys of New York. That portion of this truth which we did not know at Korosko, we had experienced at Aboo-Hanmed.

Our first night on the desert was eventful to all of us. Every member of the party had seen rough

campaigning either in Texas, Mexico, or among the mountains and plains and rivers of North and South America, although never before in the deserts of Central Africa. In the first place this trip had been made only by the most intrepid and famous travelers. If I do not err, the Nubian Desert has been crossed only by Burkhardt, Bayard Taylor, the son of Sir Robert Peel, Captains Speke and Grant, Mr. Petherick and wife, Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, the Tinnie family and suite, thirteen Austrian missionaries, Dr. Knoeblecher, Dr. Brownell, of New York, who died above Khartoum of gastric fever, and a few Greek and Italian merchants. Bayard Taylor and Dr. Brownell are the only Americans who had ever been as high as Berber.

The route of the desert, while of great antiquity, has been closed several times by the government, on account of the frequent loss of life from want of water or from the terrible simooms which, beginning at the Red Sea, sweep over its surface and bury every living thing — to say nothing of the intensity of the heat. Saïd Pacha was the last, I believe, to say “no thoroughfare !”

Trade suffered so severely when the route was

closed, that the Soudan as a province became nearly }
a foreign appendage. It is impossible to transport
ivory and gum and the other Central African pro-
ducts by the Nile from Berber to Korosko during
the entire year. The Nile is too shallow, the cata-
racts too numerous and dangerous to navigate, and
the distance almost three times longer than across }
the desert; hence this pathway was re-opened.

Our camp apparatus was quite simple. We carried eight plates, knives and forks, four glasses, a green-painted pine table, and a few of the minor articles of table furniture. We had no bedsteads of any kind — only blankets and rugs. When we bivouacked on the evening of the 15th inst., our first camp presented a very animated and picturesque appearance. The main tent, in which we were to sleep, was the pivotal figure — giving us a circular area of fifteen feet in diameter. A few yards distant was another tent, raised upon this occasion for a dining tent, but on the following evenings devoted to the culinary science of Abd-el-Wahed, who, though not actually cooking therein, used it as the repository for his stores. Two tents were thus sufficient for our household *régime*, and always formed the nucleus of the nomadic village.

A few feet distant from the canvas chateau, was the aged Abd-el-Wahed, with his range, his one eye, his tongs, his coals, his hissing mutton, scurvy pigeons, and potatoes. Abd-el-Wahed was nestled among boxes, stoves, charcoal; and gathered about him all of the third estate, who were his devoted friends and admirers. The baggage camels were disposed upon the ground a few yards distant, eating their grain and uttering those loud, yelping sounds, a compound of a grunt and a lion's roar, which were taken up, repeated by the other beasts and echoed by the hills. The camels, denuded of their loads and water, the latter having been corded upon mats, became quiet only with sleep. Add to these scenes the deafening volubility of twenty Arabs and Nubians, each shouting with the voice of wounded dignity, the seven-eighths nudity of the blacks, the elaborate wear of the upper servants and the small asperities of our menial world — all these with a refreshing desert breeze, a clear atmosphere and a full moon, gave us a novel view of this strange life, as we were launched on the burning sea.


The second day, we struck our tents at half-past six in the morning, and, breakfasting upon eggs,

mutton and potatoes, set out, unwearied by our eight miles travel of the day before. The bed of the desert began to descend as we pushed on nearly due south, through narrow defiles, opening into deep but small valleys. The mountain slopes, during the early part of the day, were covered with deposits of black, flinty stone; while the sub-strata, as shown in the section, were of a lighter sandstone hue. The general configuration reminded me of the dreary solitudes of the Franconia mountains without their green, snow and water. About nine o'clock we entered an open plain, sluiced by a shallow river bed that had evidently been a stranger to water for many years. Indeed, appearances of water-courses had been seen on the way from Korosko, all tending toward the Nile. On entering the plain, we noticed, by the sensitiveness of our compass needle, the presence of magnetic iron in the adjacent mountains to westward; and there flashed upon us pictures of possible gold mines, and a Pike's Peak in the Nubian desert. I will not attempt a feat in numeration, by endeavoring to express the loads of treasure that were discussed for the next half hour. There were not so many *châteaux en Espagne* built as the reader may imagine; for, later in the jour-

ney, we saw abundant deposits of the finest stones, and a variety of jasper, cornelian as well as all the shades of marble, agate and slate. I hazard the prophecy that all the minerals will yet be found in this region ; inasmuch as it will be an almost impossible enterprise to prove this prediction ill-based.

As the day advanced, the carcasses of decayed camels became more frequent. So often did they occur along the route, that we estimated over 10,000 between Korosko and Berber, with their frameworks crumbling into dust.

The ruin of a camel is almost the only relic of travel that one meets along the pathway, and it is, in itself, the best illustration of this painful, dangerous journey of 400 miles. Camels die less frequently from age than from fatigue and exhaustion, induced by heat and portage ; and, like all other species thus sacrificed, they die bitter deaths. As soon as one becomes unfit for duty, he lingers behind ; the camel boy endeavors to whip him along to the nearest well, but, if he is doomed, he falls by the way, and in twenty-four hours is a rich meal for the greedy African vulture. After his membrane and tissue are no more, the carcass lies upon its side, the ribs forming rafters to all that is putrid within.

Heat in a few weeks bakes the bones into an orange } yellow, and thus these melancholy remains litter the desert highway; and through deep sands, and among devious ways are s to the traveler that he may not lose his route. These carcasses, curiously enough, are the bases of all statistics that you can gather on the desert. Let us suppose that the visible remains represent the deaths occurring during two years of trade and travel, which is a fair hypothesis. Where one camel dies on the desert twenty live, the mortality being almost unknown in winter. This would make the number of camels traversing the desert annually 100,000. These figures do not, of course, imply that there are 100,000 different camels, but that 100,000 loads are transported across the desert on their backs. I estimate also, that 20,000 natives and 100 traders cross annually. The greater part of the freight is ivory; and next in importance is gum. If 40,000 camel loads of ivory go down from the Soudan every year, they represent the rise and fall of 10,000 elephants, rhinoceroses and hippopotami. What a vast treasure then has been gathered from this unknown Soudan during the many years it has been the sporting ground of such men as Bruce and Baker! A few

bold, hardy Americans, with large bore rifles, could find more extended fields of profit in this prison house of Lower Egypt, than in filibustering away their lives in the tropics of South America.

CHAPTER VII.

AMONG THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

A good desert camel is worth \$50; and this is when he is ten years of age. He is ready for riding at four years of age, when his training must begin to make him a dromedary, though blood tells with the camel as it does with man. The average life of the camel is less than forty years. The best of them can go eight days without water in winter, and four in summer, though the Sheik of the Moorad Wells expected to bait a credulous traveler by asserting that his dromedaries could live three months without water.

By noon we began to emerge upon the sublimest scenery of the desert. The route lay through the centre of grand elliptical amphitheatres, which called to mind the Coliseum at Rome and the exhumed arena at Pompeii. These natural structures, floored over by hard, gravelly sand, with lofty, semi-circular sides, and vaulted only by the blue sky, are among the grandest primitive formations I have ever seen. From the maroon shade of the sand to the dark,

craggy appearance of the terraced rocks, there is as much variety as can be found in landscape without verdure, and in solitude without civilization. These amphitheatres are linked together by narrow passages; and so perfect were the formations that four doorways, breaking the bird's-eye view into quadrants, were often seen. It required no vivid imagination to picture any kind of a structure—from a sentinel's house to a huge fortress.

We were not long in making the acquaintance of our guide, a dark black, athletic 'Ababdah, forty years of age, who preceded the caravan and was always ready to give questionable information. But strange to say, he ignored time, did not know the points of the compass and only knew the direction by the sun. Still there was an unerring way by which to regulate our watches.

The Arab when he prays, kneels toward Mecca. It is said that even the youngest never fails to bend, almost accurately, in that direction. Thus, in the form of living flesh, we had the Arab, by whom to find the variation of the compass; and, with the corrected bearing, we could find, when the sun bore due south or otherwise, the true meridian, and consequently noon.

At five o'clock on the second day we went into camp, thirty-five miles from Korosko. The weather up to this point had been very mild, and during the night a cool breeze had necessitated a generous covering to keep out the cold. We slept with a matting next to the sand, and were covered with ordinary blankets. The interior of our canvas house was a marvel of comfort. Our blankets were spread around the inner circumference, our saddle bags were at our heads, our "zamzameahs" (water pouches) within reach, and our camp trunk served as a table, while a mat supported our dinner on the sand. Clouds of tobacco smoke kept out the vicious flea, and nothing more fearful than a lizard invaded our household. As one might imagine, the topics of the day were often handled with emphatic candor, when we found it convenient to deal with all the large measures of political economy.

The next morning, the 17th of January, we saw the Southern Cross for the first time, and started again on our southward tour at half-past six A. M. The view broadened and lengthened throughout the day, and the sun grew fierce and intolerable. We began to feel the effects of the heat and fatigue, and yet, not to any degree of severity. On the third

day as on the second, we met several caravans along the route, bearing gum, ivory and slaves to the Korosko markets.

We passed two gentlemen of Korosko who had, it appeared, in a spirit of "measure for measure," purchased from a merchant of Shendy, two small negro boys of the darkest hue. They were seated on a jaded camel, and the two gentlemen were on either side, riding donkeys. We rode up to the cavalcade, the dealers stopped.

"Who have you there?"

"Slaves."

"Where from?"

"Shendy."

"How much is a man worth in that country?"

"Fifty or a hundred dollars — that depends."
(The Austrian dollar is the current money of the Soudan.)

"How much more is a woman worth than a man?"

"Considerable."

"Why?"

"Because she knows household affairs."

"How long are you from Berber?"

"One month."

“ Good-bye ! ” and, with a “ God be with you, ” the two gentlemen of Korosko turned their faces northward. They were commonly-clad Arabs, and thought nothing of the traffic in which they were engaged, which, I need not say, was unlawful, and discountenanced by the government. Still a certain form of involuntary servitude must exist for ages hence in Africa. The system of slavery is interwoven with the Moslem religion ; the precepts of the Koran teach and uphold it, and it is a part of the domestic organization of every household. That it has been mollified, and that slavery can be much more ameliorated is, I think, beyond dispute. There is not, in the average, such a vast difference between master and slave as there was in the United States, and there is no reason why the traffic should not be summarily repressed in all its brutal aspects. To put absolute freedom to the Egyptian, as a principle of human liberty, would be to state a precept which he could not understand ; to endeavor to preach it among the dealers of the Soudan is at the peril of your life. The two boys were healthy and fat — picturesque exemplars of the *genus homo*, with a heavy immobility of face characteristic of their stolid progenitors.

Under way, our caravan presented a most interesting scene. Usually preceded by the guide, we led the march on four riding dromedaries, followed closely by Hassan, the "Chasseur," and other personal servants of the party. In the morning it was our custom to start out from camp, leaving the baggage camels to be packed and follow on later. We halted at one P. M. for lunch, resting until the caravan had overtaken us and had gained an hour on the march, when we again took up the line, and by fast riding were by sundown again ahead to find camping ground. Each of the four dromedaries was caparisoned with the military saddle furnished from the citadel at Cairo and the usual red and white fringed overcloths. The presence of the saddlebags and the rider, with his hat wound round with puggery, doing his best to urge on the beast with a Koorbach, gave us an appearance which attracted the attention of every passing train. In fine, to cross the desert was, in itself, regarded as a marvelous thing for a white man, and as our journey had been made known by telegram and letter all along the route, we were everywhere treated with respect. Ten hours, day after day, in the saddle under a scorching sun, grows monotonous. We exhausted

most every subject of conversation, and, from chaffing each other, by an unhappy elision fell to chafing ourselves. It was at this point that we began to feel the tour.

With what heyday airs even the best of travelers begins his voyage! With what fresh recollections he closes a severe journey? The first day it was — “What nonsense, this camel business! Easy as riding a mule; I really enjoy it; already a camel sharp.” The second day — “Not bad; what healthy, bracing air; how little fatigue; how the books misrepresented it! I told you what Baker said was grossly exaggerated.” The third day — “Its getting hot; my face pains me; my lips are beginning to bake;” and the fourth — “The books are not so far out of the way after all; it is a hard journey;” and on the eighth day you are thankful that the long siege of sand and sun has brought you to the Nile. Grant, in his “Walk Across Africa,” expands himself on the joys of his first three days as a dromedarian, and then contracts his admiration of the remaining thirteen. The mere art of riding is not difficult. A small man is sure to be little troubled; but an extra weight does not conduce to perfect enjoyment. A few days, however, give you all the

accomplishments of the Arab, and there is no animal in the world safer or pleasanter than the camel. Although accustomed to horsemanship, I do not think that the camel is as severe for long riding as the horse. The speed of the camel, when he walks, is two and a half miles an hour; on a trot, five; and he can be beaten into ten miles an hour.

It was on the third day that we began to approach the shores of Mirage Seas. These atmospheric phenomena on the Nubian desert are not only very perfect imitations of the real lakes; but have in past times inveigled people away, to perish from heat and thirst. During the reign of Saïd Pacha, when a body of troops was crossing the desert, stricken with a terrible thirst, they beheld a few miles off an apparent lake, overshadowed with trees and bordered with verdure and shrubbery. In defiance of orders, and though told that it was an illusion, they broke ranks and scattered off in pursuit of the sheet of water, and chasing it, though it receded with the pace of their approach, they at last sank down from their ill-spent efforts and died. A mirage breaks the dreary view, and its only utility is for scenic effect. Throughout the 17th of January, we were seemingly almost encompassed by this imponderable

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A BEDOUIN.

mirror. It reflected the rocks, mountains and stray mimosa trees; and reproduced, by inverted image, every prominent object of the extended landscape. By two o'clock the mirage had the blue of polished platinum, and lay, like a motionless sea, stretching away from the craggy bluffs. As I looked ahead from the saddle of my camel, I could see the withering heat radiating from the sands, illuminated by the sun's glare, rising from the bed of the desert in rippling waves and forming this wonderful effect. Sometimes, so intense was the heat that it danced within a few yards of our camels, and gave motion to every object within its area. One line of rocks, stretching before me at a distance of 200 yards, kept common time and looked like a regiment of men marching off the field in line of battle. And thus even are the vast wastes furnished with the semblance of seas and peopled with the semblance of men. When I started from Cairo, I bought some green goggles, to break the monotony of the sandy view, but I found that there was ample diversity in the scenes I have described. The temperature during the first three days did not exceed eighty-six degrees, at two P. M., and the lowest was forty-two degrees, during the nights, which were cold. This

registered heat, however, in the desert, is far different from the same figure elsewhere. On the evening of the third day we passed through "The Gate of the Desert," — the guide shouting, "Abdl-el-Kaadr" (God save the camels), a stock ejaculation — and then passed a spurious cemetery marked by spurious graves. It was (and is now, for aught I know) the custom of the Sheik of the Desert to demand money for passing this portal; and, if it were not paid, he would frighten the traveler by digging his grave and assuring him that it would soon be his last resting place. We were not thus troubled. We passed on to the plain and stopped for the night at Bahr-bela-ma (the sea without water). Jackal tracks and the print of camel's and human feet, together with wagon tracks, were the only signs of travel. The camel path, however, was well worn by constant treading, and only over sand drifts was it partially effaced. The wagon tracks, we came to the conclusion, were those made by the transportation of the stores sent up for Sir Samuel Baker in 1870; indeed, we were so informed by the guide. During our third day's march, however, we stopped at a great rock, where Saïd Pacha had tried to sink a well, but had failed to find water. The names of several travelers

unknown to fame were written or sculptured in the rock.

On the 18th of January, we started out with a walk, as had been our custom in the mornings before. Train after train passed us on the way to Korosko, laden with ivory and gum. I counted, during the day, over ten caravans and six hundred camels. It is the custom, over this route, to leave any merchandise that cannot be further transported (because the camels break down) directly on the highways, and no one ever disturbs it. Bales of cotton and sacks of gum were often pointed out, with the assertion, "They have been there for years."

In the afternoon we sought, in vain, the shade of a rocky elevation, and had to lunch by the carcass of a dead camel. We then remounted and rode on through an appalling heat. The sun was right in our faces, and rolled slowly athwart the sky, like a great ball of fire but a few yards distant. Our boots began to tighten, and the leather at length contracted so much that they were painful to wear. Our noses began to blister, and our faces to peel, while our lips were so scorched and cracked that, even to speak, was accompanied with suffering.

We had all indulged in greasing our faces, and had, at lunch, in a spirit of economy, used the oil of a sardine box for that purpose. Add to these little trials, bad hot water and a great fatigue, and the character of the journey may be understood. A semi-blindness also clouded the eyes, and a slight dizziness was superinduced by the heat. We walked our camels through this furnace until sundown, when we applied fresh grease to our parched faces, and then slept near a range of pyramidal mountains.

The following day we set out for the Moorad Wells, which lay behind a distant range, bearing nearly south. About noon we entered a narrow valley, where many mimosa trees were growing. Among the hills, to westward of this valley, is the only rain water well yet discovered in the desert, and a portion of our baggage camels set out early in the morning to refill the water-skins. The appearance of the desert at this point indicates the presence of vast quantities of water, for trees flourish in the most arid sands. The mountains to westward look like huge sponges; and the rains which have fallen, perhaps for ages, in this vicinity have descended among these hills, and the waters have percolated into the natural reservoirs formed

by the closer stratification of the rock. Thus the whole region may be called the grand filter of Northern Africa.

What can be done with a waste that has so many ready advantages as the Nubian Desert? I have described how, by irrigation from the Nile, its dried up water-courses may be filled; and, by transverse canal systems, every one of its extensive plateau may become verdant fields. This achieved, there is abundant building stone for houses, though mud seems to satisfy the ambition of the modern Egyptian; otherwise the inhabitants might find it convenient to excavate along the side elevations of the rocky ridges, as they still do along the Loire.

There are now over forty thousand Ababdah Arabs inhabiting the desert between Korosko and Shendy. They are savage when called to arms, but peaceful under the present Viceroy. They are very black, and, in physique and formation of the head, resemble the North American Indian. They keep their hair long and flayed out (like the dancing dervishes of Cairo, particularly the Bicherines), and sustain life with a few dates, and by such nutrition as can be found in camel's milk. They are armed with spears and broad, two-

edged swords, and generally bear a shield made from the hide of rhinoceros. They are expert upon the dromedaries, and live in tents made of palm-tree matting. A more liberal spirit pervades their religion than is characteristic of the Egyptian. They do not veil their wives. I should judge they are a contented people. They are as far above our Indian in fidelity and fraternity as one race can be above another

We were, at three o'clock, on the 19th, four days from Korosko. We met, during the afternoon, a caravan bearing the ivory and gum of the American Consular Agent at Khartoum. We passed the greetings and demanded: "Where is Baker?"

"He is sixty days from Khartoum."

"Where?"

"Up the river."

"What is he doing there?"

"Building a settlement and annexing lands."

This made about the tenth person we had interrogated about Baker since leaving Cairo, and every one had told a different story—had given him a different situation, and had ascribed to him a different purpose. As to Livingstone, it were worse than idle to ask any native or trader of his where-

abouts, for his name was utterly unknown in that country.

Upon approaching Moorad, we were met by an escort, under command of the Sheik of the Wells, the venerable Mahomet Ashed. The troopers were mounted upon fleet-footed dromedaries, were bare-headed, almost bare-bodied, and were really handsome Ababdahs. Their features were generally so regular and graceful that they looked effeminate in the face. The Sheik's son was particularly attractive. His hair grew closely on his head, like the fibres of a clothes brush fastened to its body, and it was so cut as to resemble the light waterfall of an American miss. The Sheik was very proud of his boy, and boasted that his son could ride from Korosko to Aboo-hammed (240 miles) in five days, on one "Higeen." We now passed under all the rigid forms of desert etiquette. The Sheik formed his escort—twelve men—and they preceded our party, while he alternately rode with us and with his command. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we passed what Mrs. Petherick has termed "the garden of the desert," which is a painful misnomer. There are a few lofty palms—probably two hundred—stretching eastward and westward at the

foot of the mountains, behind which lies the Moorad settlement. Pushing ahead, we passed through a narrow defile cut in a slate formation. The deposits were very rich and abundant; the stratification being regular, and the slate itself of a beautiful pea green. We now rode to westward some five miles, and at nine o'clock in the evening we passed the stone huts of Moorad and bivouacked close by the natron wells, having made more than half our distance (123 miles) in forty-one riding hours.

The Sheik was a very dignified and kindly old man, and had served at Moorad, by government appointment, for twenty-three years. He wore a grayish beard, and resembled the elder Tyng, of St. George's church in New York. He brought us camel's milk to drink, and then led us to the wells. They were simply surface excavations, with the brackish water filling the reservoirs, which, when exhausted by the camels, were refilled by the natural flow. The village consisted of four stone huts, six feet high and about twenty feet long, and here the Sheik lived with his family. Old Abdl — "son of the only one" — our cook, was seriously injured by some indiscretion on the part of a camel, who

kicked him on the nose, and his place was supplied *ad interim* by Ibrahim, one of the domestics, who was always ill after reaching a town where they sold aracki. I tried to play the philanthropist on that evening, by condoling with a wretched looking prisoner, who has been sent up to the Soudan by the Governor of Sioot. It appears that the convict had been a professional proselyte, and that he had changed so often from a Mussulman to a Copt, and *vice versa*, that the authorities, regarding him as a bad exemplar of loyalty, concluded to let him drive his trade with the missionaries of Ethiopia. He was so weak in mind and body, that his story was a random tale, so I gave him a pittance, when he struggled to kiss my feet and went away. The Soudan is also the prison of political offenders.

The sixth day out, we left the plateau of Moorad and defiled through the gorge looking toward Aboo-Hamed. The morning was terribly sultry and oppressive, and drew out the exclamation "I would not return by this route for \$5,000 a mile!" We had all, by this time, become quite accustomed to our saddles, though not to the sun. A photographer would have carried away the pictures of four skinned Americans, unsightly even among the desert savages.

We had, however, learned several useful lessons — first, not to use grease on the skin in the face of further exposure, and second, not to travel by day when we could just as well perform the march by night. Do not overload your camels; do not cramp your personal baggage and imagine that you can afford to throw away all the comforts; and do not travel, as we did, without at least a flask full of brandy to freshen you after twelve hours in the saddle. I have heard many travelers describe how certain things are indispensable for this trip; but, the truth is, every thing is required which one needs in making an ordinary journey. You must not be too primitive on the one hand, nor too luxurious on the other.

We had no use for our guns whatever, until after reaching Aboo-Hamed. All the birds were confined to vultures and crows, and the beasts to unseen hyenas and jackals. As we journeyed on, we invited the guide to summon the "Afreet" from his dungeon in the mountain, where, as legend says, he is wont to make hideous rattles on the drum by night, to intimidate passers. The Arabs believe in him and his puissance. It is probable that some Abab-dah Cagliostro was imposing on the native credulity. We left him alone in his glory.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTERING THE SOUDAN.

ON the morning of the 21st we passed over a sandy plain, and observed the incipient vegetation arising from a slight rain-fall. The sands were green, as far as the eye could reach, with grass two inches high. This may be taken as an evidence that the soil only needs irrigation, to become fruitful and profitable.

While halting, during the heat of the day, under a large tree, to wait for cooler hours, a group of dromedary riders appeared, dismounted, and the chief announced himself as Achmed Husein, son of the Governor of Berber, and a Sheik of the Ababdahs. He had brought us watermelons from Aboo-Hamed, and talked to us of his tribe and people. It appears that the ex-Empress Eugénie treated him with great distinction at Assouan, during her visit up the Nile. He exhibited a double-barreled pistol presented to him by her ex-Majesty. It was a powerful, though awkward weapon, made by "Samson, London."

"What do you know of Baker?" I asked.

"He is up the White River."

"How far from Khartoum?"

"Thirty days."

"Can I go up there with facility?"

"Formerly the Governor General would permit no one to go; but he will allow you to go now."

In asking other questions, I found the same melancholy indifference to the sources of the Nile which existed among all the natives. Achmed Husein; his brother, Mahomet Husein Calipha, Sheik of all the Ababdahs, and Governor of Berber; officials representing the most powerful aggregated influence in that region, had never even heard of Speke and Grant, and, as to knowing about their discoveries, they had no more knowledge than the North American Indian.

After leaving our good friend Achmed, we met Kassali, a Greek merchant, who came with his caravans from Khartoum, bearing his menial and personal slaves, male and female. He had been in every land, and spoke all living languages. He said that he had been to Gondokoro in 1853, had been stricken with the fever while there, but otherwise had experienced good health. He was saffron yellow, about sixty years of age, and his

face was so wrapped up that all I could perceive were two small black eyes and three-quarters of a smile. Caravan after caravan passed us on our eighth march, and I was curious enough to count the tusks of one, and they amounted to 480. On this march we passed the signal stones, which are set up on the mountain tops and along the route, to mark the pathway when it is drifted over by sand. We passed several droves of cattle, without any water accompanying the train, and were amazed to find cows that go four days without water and still look healthy. That night we were happy, for on the morrow we were to see the Nile once more. Overcome with thirst, I wandered about in search of water. Eight days had drawn all the noxious matter from the leathern water-pouches, and the solution was like a decoction of warm water distilled through an old boot. Foiled, I lay down to read "Speke's Journal of the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile," and when I came to a bright woodcut representing the rippling Nile gushing out among the rocks at Ripon Falls, I felt an intense sensation of thirst. We had tented by Gebel Mokrat, about twenty miles from Aboo-Hamed, and the next morning started at daybreak

for the Nile. The heat became so overpowering (115 degrees in the shade) at noon, that we were obliged to draw under the shelter of our tent, and while engaged at lunch and perspiration, the Sheik Mahomet Husein, the noblest looking African I have ever seen, approached with his personal staff and dismounted to welcome us. He had a splendid black Arab horse, and his suite was mounted on dromedaries. He stood six feet two inches high, weighed over 250 pounds and had a beardless face, clear eye and dignified bearing. He was dressed in a long flowing robe of white lady's cloth, girded at the waist; a turban and Turkish boots completed his costume. We struck our camp and proceeded in state to Aboo-Hamed, the Sheik riding on our flank and his warriors leading with spears, bucklers, and a bold mien which defied even the intensity of the withering sun. We rode on for an hour, and it was singular to note the perfect time kept by the camel cavalry; but this was the only military feature of the squad, for no two men were uniformed alike. In fine, diversity of dress seemed the effort. Presently the doom palms flashed above the horizon,

And Aboo-Hamed's distant view
Danced o'er the mirage seas,
As on, the Ababdah's warriors flew
Before the burning breeze.

We defiled through the crowd of curious natives, and were speedily shown into the Governor's apartment, where we were offered coffee and sherbets of sugar. We then clouded the apartment with smoke from the Sheik's "chibouques." The Nile flowed by our windows, and, as far as the eye could reach, was one sweep of the greenest green. An informal conversation then took place with the Sheik, regarding our arrival in the Soudan. It was considered an extraordinary event, to have undertaken this trip, and to have actually accomplished the journey. When informed that America was 8,000 miles away, the Sheik was surprised, and inquired in what direction. The only way to make a desert Arab understand distance, is to tell him, for instance, that New York is so many days away, measured by the average pace of a camel — thirty miles a day — that is to say, New York was distant from Aboo-Hamed over nine months.

At six o'clock a squad of servants came in, bearing a large composition tray which supported the incipient dishes of a Turkish dinner.

They were uncovered, and an immense turkey submitted to the assaults of the Sheik, who with his right hand dove into the breast and dressing. We

all ate after the oriental custom — with our fingers. A sweet succeeded, and then a mutton stew, and the dinner continued, with alternate plates of sweets and meats, until forty-two courses had been served. General Starring maintained his composure up to the twenty-sixth, the Consul General only showing faintness at the thirty-second, while Mr. Morris broke down on the fortieth. I stood out to the last. It took nine slaves to serve the dinner.

We spent the 24th of January in a fruitless search for crocodiles and hippopotami, and, on the 25th, started with our escort for Berber, following the desert along the right bank of the Nile, and only making about fifteen miles. During the day we passed splendid quarries of marble, jasper, alabaster, cornelian and agate, running in a vein stretching off toward the Red Sea. The 26th, we made an easy start. We shot at several gazelles, but without effect. These pretty creatures abound wherever river and desert are found together; but it is only by skillful stalking that they can be captured.

About noon we were forced to discontinue our march, because a simoom burst over the desert, gathering up and dispersing the sands with disagreeable fury. My mouth and nostrils were filled

with earthy atoms, and my eyes were blinded with the irritating particles. The storm grew so dense and terrific that it gained the force of a tornado ; and obliterated the route of travel, so that one could not see 100 feet. Shortly before the storm arose, General Starring had become separated from the rest of the party, and great fears were entertained that he might lose his way. Deaths are very common during these simooms, for sandspouts are frequent, and they make a clean swathe of man and beast. An experienced guide finally rescued the General from his dangerous position. Sometimes a simoom blows for weeks, and under these circumstances travel is impossible.

We stopped under the shelter of some Ababdah huts and lofty palms by the bank of the Nile, while the waves were running very high. Our host was an almost nude Arab, with a large family and several naked African cherubs, remarkable for their big bodies and short legs. He told us, with an air of undoubted truth, that one of his children had been swallowed by a crocodile while playing on the bank of the river, and that he also had lost a sister years before in the same manner. His life is a fair exemplar of the existence of the riparian Ababdahs.

He had two mud huts and one matted tent, and cultivated ground on the opposite bank of the Nile. Among these people, the women work like the men, while the small infants are confided to the care of children six or seven years of age.

We dined that night by the roar of the fifth cataract, Shelal El Homar (cataract of the Wild Asses). This Shelal is simply a system of tortuous rapids, rushing through irregular, dangerous rocks. The following night, we slept at the postal village of the province, having made a march of fifty miles during the day. The only post by which letters are borne from the Soudan to Korosko is the dromedary post; thence the mail goes by foot-men, each one of whom runs with the bag for two hours and delivers it to his relief, and thus the system is continued to Roda, when the rail carries it to Cairo. The extraordinary sum of \$7. was paid for postage upon nine letters addressed from Korosko to Cairo. The same envelope bore other letters, but not of enough weight to make much difference.

On the 27th of January we met many caravans, this time household trains.

The telegraph operator of Berber was transporting his harem across the desert. It was a novel

sight to behold the women in white veils, housed over by canvas awnings, on the back of a camel; while a portion of the train had beds arranged at the same elevation, containing mothers and their infants stowed among pillows and linen, suffering the rocking motion of the beast. We passed the night in Guineyattoo, a flourishing mud village, where the construction of the huts, like that of all Arab villages, very much resembles the cabin of the Hungarian peasant. We made a late start on the 28th of January, and rode through palm groves and tropical jungles, shooting at crocodiles and grouse from the river's bank. We rode over "the plain of the hippopotamus" leading to Berber, and halted, near two o'clock, guests of the village of the Sheik's uncle. We were treated to coffee and sherbets of sugar.

There I noted a sublime phenomenon. To north-ward were five equi-distant sandspouts rising perpendicularly to a great height, and losing their swelling capitals in the clouds. They seemed to stand as columns to the vault of the sky, and the supernatural architecture was further heightened by mirage lakes, whose waters seemed to dash against the pillars, as the green of doom-palms waved

through the colonade. The whole spectacle appeared like the ruin of a supernal Pantheon, once reared by the bank of the mighty river. I saw one sandspout which assumed the form of a balloon, dragging its mouth over the plain.

One hour from Berber we met Azar, the United States Consular Agent at Khartoum, who had come out to welcome us. We found him a pleasant old Copt, ready to do every thing for our comfort. He is one of the oldest and wealthiest merchants of the Soudan. Following closely upon his heels, came the Governor of Berber with thirty natives, equerries habited in white, who assisted him to dismount from his white donkey. The Governor bade us welcome, and we then started for his palace. Thousands of the villagers gazed at us with impudent curiosity, as we rode through the streets of Berber on our camels.

Arrived at the gate of the palace, 300 soldiers, uniformed in white and armed with polished muskets, were drawn up in open ranks at present arms. They saluted us with a roll of drums and a sounding of bugles, and we then dismounted before the door of the audience chamber, among hundreds of janissaries, pages, lackeys and minor menials.

We were assured by the Governor that we had accomplished the trip from Cairo in the shortest time ever made by white men — in thirty-one days. It was, in a word, a very bitter physical experience across the desert, and we contemplated it with joy only after it had been finished. Over four hundred miles of burning sands, through regions marked by savagery and the bones of perished travelers, had glutted our mental appetites with horrors, even if one had not been totally unstrung by 104 hours in the saddle.

NOTE.— Arabic orthography is the most arbitrary of all spelling when reduced to English sounds. The few words I have ventured to use in the native tongue are all of them susceptible to at least half a dozen forms of orthography and syllabication. "Sheyk" is also spelt "sheikh," "sheik," "sheayk," etc.; and other words, generic, geographical and technical, are equally pliable.

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE CAPITAL OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

At noon on Tuesday, the 6th of February, our Soudan dahabeah was parting the dark, rippling waters of the Blue Nile from the muddy flow of its sister confluent, the White Nile, and dashing along at ten knots an hour. By one o'clock the solitary minaret of Khartoum, lifting its whited spire above the palms and acacias, was the emblem of our journey's end as companions. Thence I was to proceed alone. We sped on till nearly two o'clock, and the city of Khartoum, the capital and the metropolis of the Soudan, and the greatest monument to the fame of Mohamed Ali, was in full view. Situated on the left bank of the Blue Nile, Khartoum was first built in 1819 as a military post, and afterward grew to its present dimensions, stimulated by the commerce growing out of the rich harvests of gum and the gathering in of ivory. It now contains 40,000 people, and is by far the finest provincial city of Africa. Early in the morning we were boarded by a janissary of the Governor-General,

with telegraphic dispatches from Cairo for General Starring and myself, that of the former announcing that General Sherman and Lieutenant Grant were expected to arrive at Cairo. With Azar Abdl-Melak Effendi, the United States Consular Agent for the Soudan, on board, we approached the quay and swept rapidly along toward the Stars and Stripes, which were streaming gayly in the breeze from the consular building on the river's bank. The view of the city to westward was most charming. The regular, characteristic mud mansions ; the tropical foliage, the broad palms and the weeping dooms, the thousands upon thousands of natives who had gathered to witness our arrival, all garbed in the light costumes of the Soudan ; the boats being hauled up on the beach for repairs, the miniature blockade runner steamers, which had been brought from Lower Egypt over twelve rocky cataracts ; the bales of cotton heaped up on the banks ; the sacks of gum, the tusks of ivory, and the stevedore population, who brave crocodiles to earn their paltry paras, were but a few of the scenes in this, to us, welcome spectacle. We dashed through the water, and passing these curious scenes in review, finally dropped anchor abreast of the ugly looking palace of the

Governor-General. Simultaneously the Consul saluted the American flag with twenty-one guns; a park of artillery on the public square responded with twelve guns, and two bands of music struck up military airs, and soon the tread of 1,500 black soldiers echoed over the bosom of the Nile. Defiling by the narrow streets leading to the quay, the battalions formed in line of battle on the bank. The escorts, consisting of two companies, formed a line perpendicular to the Nile's flow, and presented arms. Twelve helmeted and casqued negroes, armed with battle-axes, spears and shields, led the escort, and were the most remarkable warriors I had ever seen. The entire force was uniformed in white and armed with muskets. Adam Pacha, a coal black general, then boarded our dahabeah, accompanied by Mons. Varsel, Ali Effendi and Ismail Bey, a favorite official of the Viceroy. We passed the compliments of the day, and were warmly greeted to the Soudan. We were immediately offered our choice between the Governor's Palace, the telegraph building, or the house we subsequently occupied. Having made the selection, we were escorted to our quarters amid the firing of cannon, the playing of bands, and the manœuvring of troops.

Great excitement overspread the town, and we were besieged by intruders, alias "interviewers," sent by the aracki and beer circles to pick up the gossip and retail it over their evening pipes. A formal call at the palace, further displays by the soldiery, and we were allowed to rest for the remainder of the day.

Ali Effendi, the telegraph operator, responded to a summons to appear. He spoke English admirably. Indeed, this accomplishment cost him his liberty, for, having been accused of betraying the Egyptian interests during the Abyssinian war because of his English fluency, he was sent to the Soudan in chains to practice his profession as a telegraph operator in the quality of a political felon. I afterward learned that his offense was in discarding the tarbouch — emblem of Moslemism — and substituting therefor a rejected "beaver" of some English gentleman. Revolutionary movements of this character constitute a crime in the eyes of the Koran. At my dictation, he there wrote in Arabic the first telegraphic dispatch ever sent from Khartoum to America, and the first ever sent to any newspaper in the world.

Before glancing at life in the Soudan, let us make a hasty review of life on board our second dahabeah.

Leaving Berber at one P. M. on the 3d of January, we stood up once more against the swift current of the Nile. We had laid in a heavy cargo of water-melons, purchased for the sum of \$1.

Crocodiles swarmed the banks of the Nile for the first time, and we amused ourselves by frequent essays at Saurian murder — always without success, because the crocodile is not an animal that courts intimacy. Azar, the Consul, visited us every night, and we learned from him much about Africa — of the section in which he has lived for sixty years (Berber). The province pays 12,000 purses taxes every year, while Dongola pays 14,000, making a total of over \$650,000, derived alone from the land. The taxes are imposed in a most curious manner. Every farmer has a "sikeah" (a water-wheel which revolves by a modification of horse power, generally by employing oxen), and each "sikeah" irrigates eight acres of land. The "sikeah" and not the land is the unit of taxation. The land in the Soudan is very productive, yielding, probably, the largest crop of any soil in Africa, and yet two acres can be purchased for a dollar. On the 31st of January, we passed the mouth of the Atbara river, and saw the stream that Baker declares is the source of all Egypt's fertility.

The Shygeahs who live about this country are primitive and immoral in their habits. A more accurate observer of their habits and customs than myself has put them in coventry on account of their duplicity and indolence. The application of this same test throughout the Orient would outlaw nine-tenths of the people.

Azar, our worthy Coptic patriarch and Consul, was taken ill on the same evening, and my *confrères* gave him quinine. Poor Azar, unaccustomed to the use of medicines, was so weakened that seven days were necessary to restore his energies. On the night of the 1st of February we laid up at Shendy. Two slave boats loaded with miserable captives, and commanded by Greeks, if I did not mistake their brutal physiognomies, passed us on the following day. On February 3d, we passed the sixth cataract, which is an irregular, rocky obstruction in the Nile, extending along a distance of five miles. The pigeons slain by the shooting through the acacia, cactus and thorny jungles, all gave us ample activity. At four in the afternoon we sighted a stranded Greek, who, by frantic appeals through the medium of gunpowder, had induced us to haul up and rescue him. "Another Robinson Crusoe!"

was the talk; but he assured us that he fired a salute for the purpose alone of welcoming us to the Soudan. Generous Greek! We left the stranded gum trader, and that night moored among a squadron of about thirty boats lying on the left bank, taking in cargoes. It was here that a midnight hippopotamus ploughed up the waters about the dahabeah, and drew our furious but unsuccessful fire. The next morning we were induced to put in shore for our domestic comfort, and this lost twenty-four hours on the run. The mosquitos became very annoying. My face was lumped with poisonous bites, and I suffered from the voracity of the entire insect family. We had, up to this point, been very unfortunate in breeze, but on the morning of the 6th inst., a gale blew from the northward, and we stood southward through glowing fields, and with happy hearts, for the city of Khartoum. To travel through this district of Africa and not to be interested in the types and customs of the native women, is to ignore maternity in its most promiscuous but fruitful forms.

The Soudan infant is an atomic creature, and being thus minute, comes very often to bless the matron's pride. The mother, however, so pro-

lific of human life, possesses a physique and temperament which belong to her particular tribe of negroes. She may be very small and very pretty, if beauty can glisten over the dark features of an Abyssinian maid; or she may be very gross, very thickly barked, very densely dyed and very coarsely cut in nose, lip and chin, like the Nubians. At Berber, I spent as much time as I could with profit and cleanliness among the huts and hovels, in order to have a close view of the rising and setting generation.

The children that you see in such meanderings are mostly boys, though it would be impossible to distinguish the sexes were not all the children uncovered. The family provider does not believe in wear for his offspring; and if he did, there are no children's furnishing stores to supply them with even the garb of Eden. The cunning little specks of humanity thus toddle about the barren hut, the only furniture therein being an *angareb* (bed), and a few odds and ends, such as a Soudan sword, a water pouch and two or three crude dishes wherewith to cook the durah.

I think a young Berber negro, say at four years of age, has the most perfect symmetry I have ever

seen in nature. The infant seems to develop from the germ into a hard, unpliable, gutta-percha blackness and rigidity of texture, which gives one the thought that he might be moulded upon a block of wood. His skin is as tight as a heated drumhead. his flesh is seamless, and, according to his hue, resembles polished ebony or boxwood.

The development of the child, at four years, to obese proportions, is most extraordinary throughout the whole country. Among some tribes it amounts to deformity. The obesity must, I believe, be the result of dates and camel's milk and the exceeding quantities of grain which the infant consumes at pleasure. Curiously enough, corpulency arrives in the Soudan during the period of childhood, and diminishes with advancing age. There are some exceptions, but not many. The tender African Cupid is early utilized. The lad is appointed to nurse his next younger of kin, and he bears his newly-arrived foundling around in his arms with the pride of a father. He then graduates from the huts, and is promoted to the field, or, if his family would be aristocratic, he is higher caste if he follow the river. There are no trades in the Soudan, and the boy is a novice in every branch of industry

and art, and an expert alone in indolence. The males — distinct from the Bazaar classes — from ten years of age to sixty, do not average one hour's work a day. The Copts, Greeks, Italians and Lower Egyptians perform nearly all the labor in the Soudan.

At thirty the native begins to grow old — and when I say native, I mean the thousand and one classes of black men who inhabit the banks of the Nile. Race is almost obliterated southward of Khartoum, and the different tribes are no longer gregarious. Walk through the Bazaar of Berber! You will find that nearly every face presents a different type, a different shade, a different intellectuality. This salmagundi has resulted from an intermingling of the races which have come in contact with each other in the relation of master and servant, or by a promiscuous commingling which is restrained by no moral obligation.

You cannot there, as you can in Europe, demand, "you are of such a nationality!" and be pretty sure you have made no mistake. There you have to put your doubt in the form of "direct interrogation." I was greatly puzzled to tell how far a man had claims to be called an Arab. In some cases the Sheiks have the features and marks of Ethiopian

birth, coupled with the authority and wealth of princes. The Arabs, of course, rule to the farthest reaches of the Nile and its tributaries. The women, the villagers of Berber, are Arab, negro and Abyssinian. The Arabs come mostly from the lower Nile, or belong to the dusky Fellahline of the Soudan, while the negroes and Abyssinians are the product of slave-trading in the Soudan.

Being anxious to see Berber just as it was, I caused it to be reported that I wished to buy a female slave. There were no public markets ; so I became acquainted with a Syrian merchant, who had been one month a resident of Berber.

“Of course I can sell you a slave,” said he in French.

“Where are they ? ”

The merchant was seated in his store, the most elegant in town, drinking a sherbet and smoking a chibouque. He rose to accompany me. The counter loafers had in the meantime gathered from all the other shops in the bazaar, and had, *una voce*, opened a fire of complaints against the government. I listened patiently to the story of their woes — oppressive taxation, police restraints, high interests, no money, flat trade — with only that importance which

a person can assume who has no real power to redress a grievous wrong. I told them significantly that I would reflect upon their petitions. Conscious of being mighty in their midst — rather in the midst of their imaginations — I passed out of the shop defiling by their reverential salaams. Probably not one man in the knot knew where America was. The merchant, who was a sleek Syrian, arrogating to himself the nationality of Greek for the purpose of an ephemeral respectability, then conducted me a few yards distant, down a narrow lane, knocked at a tumble-down gate and we walked into the midst of his harem.

The first object I saw was a monkey. Chained near him was a beautiful desert gazelle, which we afterward bought for the sum of \$2. An Ekhnin dog — which afterward cut his incisors on the leg of Mr. Morris — a large, shaggy, ferocious beast, entertained the harem with his hideous yells. This was a portion of the scenery, in a double court of a mud palace in the city of Berber at two o'clock in the afternoon.

“What kind of a slave do you want?” asked the merchant.

“That depends.”

"But a male or female?"

"A female!" I replied promptly, wishing to see the merchandize.

While this colloquy was proceeding we neared the second court, and there I saw a handsome, dark-haired, lovely woman of about twenty surrounded by four coal-black negresses.

"What is your price for this one!" I said, pointing to the beauty.

"She? That's my wife."

After making the due oriental apologies for my *contre-temps*, I was presented to the madame. She was an Egyptian, but ignored the veil, rather liking than otherwise to expose her face to the admiring gaze of men. The merchant and his lady then called out the slaves to be inspected. But they were timid, and had scattered in all directions, standing with their faces to the wall. They would not come. Finally the madame persuaded the youngest, a small thirteen year-old Abyssinian, to present herself. She was covered with but a single loose garment. She was directed to denude herself of this; but I instantly interposed, not wishing to allow even a traveler's curiosity to insult the child's purity of person.

A TYPICAL SLAVE MERCHANT.
of Khartoum

"How much for her?"

"Four hundred francs."

"That's too high!" (temporizing).

"I'll show you another!" — and, with this, a second was led out by the madame. No. 2 was a bright, pretty Abyssinian girl of eighteen years of age, piquant in expression and graceful and womanly in figure. The price of this girl was 500 francs. After looking over the other slaves I left the house, full of loathing for the monster who was engaged in the accursed traffic. I had seen the foul system by which intelligent children are taken away from their native tribes, miserably clad and fed, thrust into the pens of an irresponsible Levantine, and sold into whatever wretchedness will pay the profit of 100 francs. Such is but the everyday, common domestic scenery of a Berber hearth.

Explorers have sought to deprecate the minds and persons of these helpless people in different parts of the African continent, and have been ostentatious in proclaiming their uselessness as human factors. Even if what they say be true elsewhere, that view does not hold good in the Soudan. I have been amazed at the keen intelligence and native wisdom of all the people along the banks of the

Nile, as high up as Khartoum. They need only the ordinary agents of civilization to render them among the thrifty peoples of the earth, and before all other measures, they should have relief from the thralldom of their religion (the Koran), and better irrigation for their lands. If you ask a native to do a piece of work which he is under contract to perform, he will reply, if his comfort does not permit him to do it at once, "*Maleech, bookrah, inshallah!*" (never mind; to-morrow please God). And to-morrow, it is still to-morrow. Moslemism — a religion constructed for the tropics — does not require or teach industry, save with the spear and other warlike weapons.

CHAPTER X.

DARFOUR AND ITS KING.

WHILE at Khartoum, I found no subject of greater interest than the Kingdom of Darfour. It has been the cemetery of almost every traveler who has ever visited its capital; and its Sultan, Mohammed el Hussein (since reported killed by Colonel Sparrow Purdy, during the battle which resulted in the conquest of the oasis), was about the only ruler who has enjoyed the untaxed privilege of putting Europeans to death without intermission or remorse. In justice to his majesty, I should add that there is no direct proof of his crimes, only that explorers who have penetrated his country have mysteriously disappeared. With no desire to slander even the memory of so remote a magnate, I addressed to his majesty the following letter, translated in Arabic by an accomplished officer of the Egyptian army. It is written in the usual phraseology employed by those who address the throne of the East. It was sent by a merchant trading by way of Kordofan:

FROM SOUTHWORTH, CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA,

To the Servitor of God; the Prince of Believers;
the Sultan Mohammed el Hussein, surnamed the
Mahdi; the Victorious Amin by the grace of
God; Son of the blessed Sultan Mohammed el
Fahal; Son of the Sultan Abdurrahman, the
Just; Son of the Sultan Ahmed Bekr; lumina-
ries of God whose tombs are pure, salute:

I beg permission of your puissant majesty to visit
the kingdom of Darfour. Your fame, as a great
monarch, is known in many lands. I write letters
to a great man in America, who has a big machine
with which he prints, every morning, 100,000 copies
of his opinions, and the opinions and writings of
many correspondents in various parts of the world.
He sends these opinions all over the world by boys,
and steamers, and railroads, in order to inform the
people about what passes — good and bad each day.
He wishes me to go to you and ask about your
health and your people, and see if you need any
thing that he has. He is very rich, and wishes to
make your acquaintance.

Will you, O mighty Sultan, permit me, a Chris-
tian, to go near you, even as the Sultan of the
United States will permit any of your subjects to
visit him. I tell you frankly I wish to write about
my voyage, and speak of you and your proud
people.

Send an answer care of

MR. HANSEL,

Austrian Consul.

Being uncertain as to whether I could ascend the
White Nile that season, I tried to enlist the coöper-
ation of the authorities to facilitate a voyage to

Darfour. I first broached the project at the divan of Aboo-Sinn, in presence of all the notables of the province. The proposition was received with surprise. Aboo-Sinn said that a colonel was present, who had made the voyage as an Envoy of the Viceroy, bearing presents and tribute. I was then presented to the ex-Ambassador, Nady-Bey, a tall, handsome, powerful *militaire*.

“And would you really go to Darfour?”

“Certainly.

“For what purpose? The journey is almost impossible.”

“To see and write about the country.”

“You would have to remain in and about Kordofan for a year to learn the language and the people. The merchants would not allow you to go now. They are jealous and would hinder you. The Sultan of Darfour is very suspicious too.”

“How did he treat you, Bey?”

“With caution and suspicion, and I visited him as an Envoy of Egypt, carrying him gifts of fabulous value. I was there seven months; never allowed to go into the streets of the capital during the day time; and, in the night time, I was escorted to the Divan by eighty soldiers to talk to Mahom-

med el Hussein, the Sultan — always by the same street, for fear I might see the country.”

“Why is the Sultan thus rigorous?”

“Because the people are very fanatical and he is blind. They believe that Darfour is the finest country in the world, that Christians are devils, and that all travelers will go away and describe their country. Then a bad people will come and rob them of their lands and products. You will be able perhaps, to go there, but not to get away.”

“What do they fear from a simple traveler?”

“The Sultan doesn't care so much, but he is blind, his ministers stuff him with tales, and the merchants from Kordofan have access to his credulity. Not being able to see, he is the victim of many impositions.”

“How many people has this excellent monarch?”

“About 3,000,000, it is supposed. They live in straw huts, and their manner of existence is as primitive as that of the Nubians and other black people. They are brave and fanatical.”

The more I pressed my intention to visit Darfour, the more I was discouraged, and even Aboo-Sin with a grave movement of the hand, exclaimed “*La!*” (no), and I succumbed to the wisdom of

the Arab patriarch, the wisdom of a man 125 years of age.

I knew enough to perceive, that to move against the wishes and advice of the Egyptian authorities would be folly. The following evening we were dining at the house of Azar, the American Consular Agent. Aboo-Sinn, the Governor-General, Moontaz Pacha, the Austrian Consul, and others were present. At the close the dancing girls were brought in and then a young boy from Darfour, the property of Ismail Bey, was placed in the centre of the room to dance. Though a slave and subject to his master, he utterly declined, and stood, with the wounded pride of a Darfourian, saying that "he could not make property of his person," meaning that it was a shame for a Darfourian to belittle himself before the curious gaze of foreigners. A half an hour's persuasion did not suffice to induce him to lower his standard of dignity. Such is the Darfour character. It yet remains for some person, fonder of adventure than vitality, to become the Gibbon of the Romans of Ethiopia. It was because I had read with great amusement and curiosity the letter which follows (received from the King by Mr. Natterer, the former Austrian Consul at Khartoum), that I per-

sisted in my desire to go to the capital of Hussein the Blind. The two gentlemen who sought to visit the Sultan's dominions were Messrs. Munzinger and Kinzelback, German Savans and friends of Dr. Cuny; but they declined the conditions of the uncivilized bigot, putting more value upon their lives than confidence in that goodness of heart which he so glowingly expresses. Dr. Cuny left the lower Nile in 1858, proceeding by a caravan route *via* Kordofan, with the idea of exploring the mysterious Darfour kingdom. As will be seen below, he succeeded in reaching the capital, when, according to the Sultan, "he staid five days among us; then he returned to God," after having embraced the religion of Mahomet. His son was afterward held two years, and was rescued through the instrumentality of Saïd Pacha, then Viceroy of Egypt. The case of Dr. Cuny is the same as that of almost all travelers who have ever visited Darfour—they never return, and according to the Sultan, they always embrace Moslemism and then die. The reader need not be assured either of the absurdity or the falsity of the Sultan's statement. All travelers and explorers who visit Central Africa, are forced to move among the tribes and savage nations, and to adopt both the

dress and manners of the natives. More than that, they assume indigenous names and arrogate to themselves a princely ancestry, and, when a purpose is at stake, they change their religion with the same facility that they do their linen. The murdered Vogel was *Abal el Wahed* (son of the only one), but even that august designation did not save him from the ferocity of Hussein's neighbors of Wadai.

THE SULTAN'S LETTER.

By the grace of the Word, in the name of God, Good and Omnipotent, praise be to God, Master of the solar system, the indulgent, the Dispenser of graces, whose goodness is eternal, and who is pure of all blemishes, salute to our Lord Mahomet, the seal of prophet, the chief of the seat of God, the Savior of sinners, the King of all men, who has placed his people above all other people; salute also to the prophets of God, the joyful of the race of Mahomet and of all true believers;

From the servant of God, the Prince of Believers, the Sultan MOHAMMED EL HUSSEIN, surnamed the Mahdi, the victorious Emir by the grace of God; the son of the blessed Sultan Mohammed el Fadhe, the son of the Sultan Abdurrahman the Just; the son of the Sultan Ahmed Bekr, luminaries of God,

whose tombs are pure. Amen. Salute to the much-honored Consul JOSEPH, the representative of the Sultan of Austria :

Know that we have received your letter, and we have seen in it that two among the number of your doctors have the desire to visit us, to see our country, according to their ancient custom. You know that the relations of the Mohammedans with the Christians have been for a long time neither encouraged nor seen with displeasure. If, magnetized with grace, these last adopt the faith of Islam, we will count it a great joy, and our dearest desires will have been gratified. However, if they retain their belief in the Evangel we will by no means disturb them. Commerce is done without any shackles binding the Christians to the Mohamedans. But you know, also, that our nation, which is situated in the Occident, is a country whose air is unhealthy and whose water is undrinkable.

It is thus that it is now, since a brief time, that Dr. Cuny, the Frenchman, came to our nation. He became converted to the faith of Islam, and stayed five days among us. Then he returned to God. He left a young son, whose faith was very strong, and he was also converted. We have since heard it said

that our employes were the cause of his death. However, the Governor of Egypt, Mohamed Said, has demanded the child in the name of his mother, and, when the boy arrives at his parent's house, we will be discharged of all suspicion.

Further, we are incapable of doing such actions, and as long as we participate in the alliance of God with his Prophet, never, Christians, will we do treason toward you and molest you in your belief; and in this respect we only act as our ancestors in the faith of Islam have always acted.

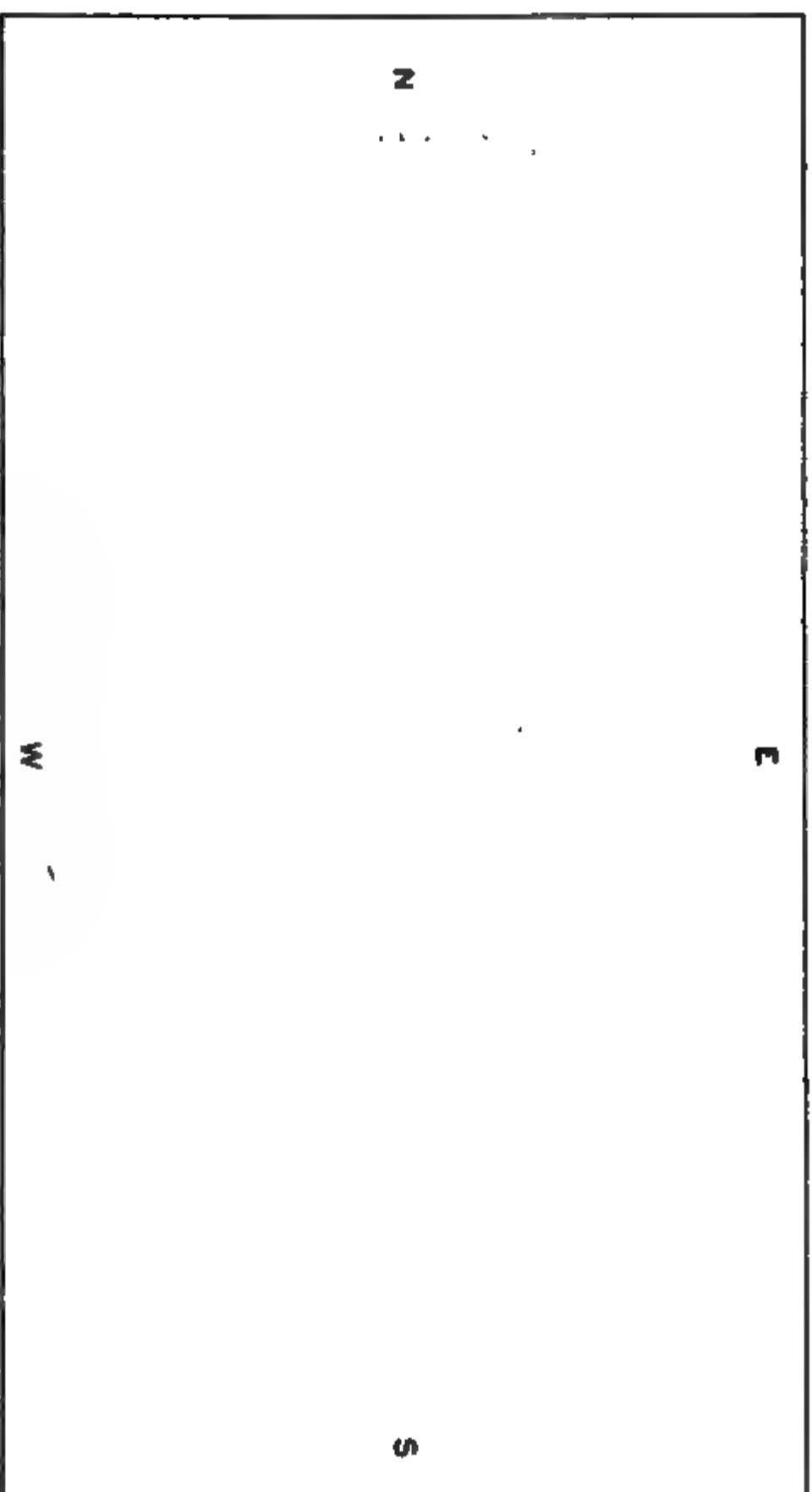
Commerce between you and us is entirely free, and we object not to this liberty; but that which we cannot suffer is this suspicion and accusation, propagated by the evil intentioned, that the Sultan of Darfour puts to death strangers who visit his country. Such is not our will, and we would only pity ourselves if we followed such a line of conduct. But you know well that the all-powerful God should be praised; that this God has placed in the body of man a soul and determines the time of its sojourn on earth, and no one can change the decrees of Providence. How many Mahomedans have died in Christian Empires? and how many

Christians have died in Moslem countries, each in his religion, without constraint or calumny?

If you believe there is nothing to fear from the climate, send us promptly a response, in fine, so that we can give you the permission which you solicit for the two travelers to enter our country; and if God spares our life they will be able to come near us, to see our divan, our administration, etc. As to a voyage in the different countries which are under our jurisdiction, it is impossible." * * * *

Journeys, therefore, across the Mahommedan belt of Africa, from Khartoum to the Atlantic, have ever been dangerous to the white man.

THE CANADIAN COMMISSION OF ENQUIRY



CITY OF OUÂRAH CAPITAL OF WADAI.

Sketch by Sheikh Mohammed-Jbu-Omar-el-Tounsy Chief of the Medical School of Cairo. 1851.

Enslaved by Wood Johnson & Co. Albany, N.Y.

CHAPTER XI.

UP THE WHITE NILE.

To the Governors and Mooders of the Soudan :

Mr. Southworth, an American citizen, travels in the countries under your jurisdiction. You are to show to this gentleman all the assistance and benevolence required during his journey among you. You are also to facilitate his transportation, and whenever he calls for any thing, you are requested to attend to it accordingly.

Given at the Ministry of Interior }
this 4th day of Elkady, 1288. }
[L. S.]

The Minister,
MOHAMMED SHERIF.

It was a sunny morning in March when Achmed, the favorite Kevasse of the Governor-General, came to my divan and told me that his lord and master would like to see me. I did not make undue haste to obey the summons, as I was in the habit of receiving such invitations every day from several of the dignitaries of Khartoum; but, resolving to keep within the bounds of courtesy, I finished my breakfast and walked over to the Governor-General's palace. As often before, he assigned me to a place of unusual honor, and then formally invited me to accompany him on a tour of inspection up the White Nile. I accepted, although a solitary visit at that time would have been more to my taste. His dahabeah was to be ready on the morrow, and Dr. Demetri and myself were to be the guests.

Military pageantry, the parasitical followers of authority, and those glad to see the Executive yoke removed for a brief interval, lined the banks of the Blue Nile, at noon, on the 14th day of March. The dahabeah of the Governor-General lay anchored off the Monderieh (Governor's palace), just astern of the steamer which was to tow us up the White Nile. The Racoba (express) was a splendid Nile boat, in every way worthy of Lower Egypt. Besides the long saloon, there were two finely furnished staterooms — one to starboard, the other to port — and a cabin astern. It also had a hurricane deck, a long forecastle and toilet and staterooms. The saloon itself was a beautiful apartment, filled with divans in damask, mirrors, and six cabin windows. The galley was forward, as in all Nile boats. The steamer was one of the most powerful in the Soudan, and was called the Saffia (transparent).

Reaching the Racoba's decks, I found in the saloon Aboo-Sin, Adam Pasha, Mr. Hansell, the Austrian Consul — in fine all the celebrities of the Soudan.

The bank was crowded with natives, Arabs, Dinkas, Nubas, Shillooks and all the various black nations north of the equator. Coffee and cigarettes

were served, and at one o'clock the Racoba swung to the tide, was "tracked" down the Blue Nile, and we had begun our journey. The sole passengers were His Excellency Moontaz Pacha, El Hakim George, Medical Director of the Soudan, and myself. He believed in making the Soudan known to the world, and for that reason was courteous to all travelers.

The attentions of Moontaz Pacha I did not dislike, because he was a man of unusual enthusiasm for reform and the amelioration of the condition of the people. But he was after all a mere enthusiast, who having seized the crude forms of grand but unwieldy ideas, imagined that he could carry them out almost instantaneously. He brings to mind the Japanese Savans who traveled over Europe in search of a modern religion for their people, adapted to the demands of progress; but who returned homeward wiser than they went, assured by the German philosophers that the religion of ages could not be replaced in a day by an Imperial edict. Moontaz Pacha was subsequently removed from his post because he tried to defy all the inherent prejudices of the Moslem faith.

Here is an estimate of the resources and population of the Soudan, not including the immense tribes

of blacks who have not yet submitted to Egyptian rule. What, then, are the resources of the Soudan, with which the Viceroy begins to develop Central Africa? As follows:

Two productive States, each larger than France.

Two hundred million acres of cotton lands.

A civilized population of 6,000,000 of souls.

A semi-civilized population of probably 30,000,000.

A climate unequaled during eight months of the year.

The Nile, with its contents, for transportation.

A railway to Cairo — already surveyed.

Blasting out the cataracts — already begun.

A telegraph to Cairo in working order.

One million five hundred thousand camels.

Six millions of beeves and numberless sheep.

Ten steamers.

Four hundred barks.

A navy yard on Arbah Island, near the twelfth parallel of north latitude.

Six thousand soldiers, infantry; two thousand five hundred cavalry.

All the trades and industries represented by foreign mechanics.

The port of Suakin and camel routes to Suakin and Lower Egypt via Korosko.

Two million acres already under cultivation with durah, corn, melons, etc.

Now let me name the popular fallacies concerning the Soudan :

First—That it is unhealthy ; that it is a deadly climate. I saw as many old men there, in proportion to the population, as I have seen in New York, Paris or London, and Aboo Sinn had already completed his century. Egyptians and Europeans suffer more from the climate than natives ; but it is often because they indulge extravagant tastes, and are intemperate in eating and drinking. Nearly all the foreigners who go there drink inordinately, and then expose themselves to the sun. This climate has its rules of health, the same as that of New York. It is very easy to freeze to death during the terrible cold in America ; it is likewise possible to be charred into a corpse by the blazing sun of Africa, if you do not take the proper precaution. Khar-toum needs a sanitary police. All its fever arises from miasma, after the rains, and it is positively unhealthy only during two months. The small-pox prevails to some extent ; but this arises from the

superstition of the Arabs, who refuse vaccination. The government alone is occupied with the health of the population. I repeat that Soudan, all considered, is as healthy a country as there is in the tropics.

Second—That it is an arid waste, when it has soil, to the extent of 141,000,000 acres, of the utmost fertility, situated in the following provinces:

Dongola, 5,000,000 acres; very fertile.

Between Dongola and Khartoum (proposed route of the railway), 14,000,000 acres, very fertile (canal necessary).

Between Khartoum and Berber, right bank of the Nile to the Atbara, 20,000,000 acres, very fertile.

Peninsular, between the White and Blue Nile, 40,000,000 acres, rich soil.

East of the Blue Nile, 12,000,000 acres, rich soil.

Province of Fachoda, 8,000,000 acres, splendid land.

Kordofan, 16,000,000 acres, not so fertile.

Takka, 20,000,000 acres.

Massowah, 4,000,000 acres.

Suakin, 2,000,000 acres.

Footing up a total of 141,000,000 acres.

Such is the territory of Central Africa, utterly neglected, the richest I have ever seen, though a traveler in many lands. This is the known soil; how much may there be, then, yet unexplored, which one day may form the outlying provinces of a vast nation !

Third—That the Soudan is a savage country, and that there are none of the comforts of civilization. Before leaving Cairo I heard, even from the ministers themselves, that this was a miserable, forsaken country. I never had such a mountain of evil forebodings piled up in my eyes before. Such an idea of the Soudan is entirely false.

What must Lower Egypt do, in order to develop her India ?

First—She must remove from the Soudan the stigma of calling it the prison of lower Egypt. Delinquents must be sent to some other quarter.

Second—There must be a good administration.

Third—The population must be made to work. It will work without coercion, for the Arab loves money and so does the black.

Fourth—Transportation must be had by rail, or the cataracts of the Nile must be excavated and destroyed. Both are proposed. The rail running

along the bank of the Nile, is to cut across from Dongola to Khartoum, as already surveyed. The *renaissance* of the Soudan, however, can begin at once. The reader should remember that the Soudan is an island of great fertility, surrounded by three seas of sand, and that which has kept back the progress of the country has been the difficult, dangerous and expensive transportation. Shortening to four days the trip from Cairo to Khartoum might yield to Egypt \$100,000,000 annually.

As the Racoba ascended the White Nile, we passed through the tribes of the Hassanea, who are accredited with showing a wonderful disregard of the family tie. The banks of the White Nile are constantly thronged with these Arabs, or their cattle coming down to the shore to drink. They occupy a vast and fertile tract, but prefer the occupation of raising camels to that of producing cotton.* The consequence is that much of their land is a waste. But the avarice of this tribe is as great as that of any other in Africa. Hence they readily follow any road to gain, opened by their superiors.

The soil for thirty miles above the junction of the Blue and White Niles is of surprising richness. It is almost black, soft, and resembles the finest

quality of artificial earth. Its proprietors know not its priceless value. At Uad Challi, thirty miles from Khartoum, we disembarked and inspected 200,000 acres of land, which during the rain produce durah and corn. The government desires to turn this territory into cotton lands, and for that purpose it is only necessary to dig a canal several hundred feet long, and, by such a conduit, irrigate an immense tract which could alone produce crops of the value of \$1,000,000 per year. This is an example of the many pieces of territory not utilized. Outlying from Uad Challi, is a vast plain stretching away to the Blue Nile and to the southward, and, the further you penetrate to the eastward, the richer the soil becomes. With what pride did we behold this country, but yesterday the sporting ground of savagery, to-day undergoing inspection for the seeds of a lasting prosperity.

"Tell the American people," said the Governor-General of the Soudan to me, "that I have found a new America in the heart of Africa." Let us take these words for a text, and see really, as we sail up the White Nile, the extent and opulence of a territory which, far back in the night of time, was perhaps the garden spot of millions of blacks. Fifteen

years have alone sufficed to bring 30,000,000 of people within the circle of semi-civilization, and 1,000,000 of them are the Shillooks, described by Bayard Taylor twenty years ago as a tribe of savages who were wont to commit murder and theft. Now they are engaged in the cultivation of cotton, and their production is abundant and of a superior quality.' Not alone in this Nile Region, but in every quarter of the water shed inclining toward the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, is to be found a youthful, energetic progress — a progress which points to the future of Central and Northern Africa as one extensive garden of sugar, cotton and grapes. Lest it might be thought that the Governor was indulging in a spirit of enthusiastic exaggeration, and that I was duped by an infectious credulity, I shall state, with unqualified candor, the prejudices which must be buried in a deep grave, and the customs which must be abolished, before such a political and commercial structure as the African Empire can dominate those tropics. These impediments are physical, social and financial, and it requires no superhuman aid to level them in the course of a decade. They are the bigotry and ignorance of the larger portion of the Mussulmans and the disincli-

nation of the people to break away from their agreeable stagnation. From what I observed during a five months' residence in Khartoum, and from the average sentiment of foreigners there, it seems that the Christians are much better liked than in former years. They open stores, create a commerce and live in a semi-European, semi-Turkish fashion. One of the greatest evils of the country is the want of money.

The proprietorial value of the Soudan was estimated at \$50,000,000, but there was not in this whole country the sum of \$2,000,000 in coin, therefore lenders thrive and loan money on good security at four to five per cent a month—mark well, sixty per centum per annum. Of course they become rich.

The country is sadly in need of a banking system which will protect and succor the small merchants. Profits on sale are, however, enormous, and almost every man of small means is a speculator. Labor is not well or even justly compensated. The government is most liberal with salaries, and the European is always paid more than the Arab.

In order to express more exactly the condition of the Soudan, I carefully prepared the following table

which gives the compensation of employes and the price of staple articles, as an average : Doctor, \$75 per month ; engineer, \$75 per month ; clerk (writer of Arabic), \$60 per month ; mechanic, \$75 per month ; captain of steamer, \$40 per month ; captain of bark, \$7.50 per month ; sailor, \$3 per month ; cook, \$2 per month ; doorkeeper, \$3 per month ; kevasse (policeman), \$15 per month ; tailor (Arab), \$15 per month ; carpenter (Arab or European), \$50 per month ; joiner, \$50 per month ; shoemaker, \$30 per month ; tinmaker, \$15 per month ; worker of ground, \$2.50 per month ; commercial servant, \$5 per month ; house servant, \$4 per month ; slave (to buy), male, \$80 ; slave to buy (female), \$90.

Average price of an Abyssinian horse, \$45 ; average price of a horse (Arab), \$100 ; camel, \$12 ; dromedary, \$40 ; donkey, \$5 ; donkey to ride, \$40 ; sheep, \$1 ; cow, \$5.

To buy a house (African style), \$500 ; the ground of the country, \$1 (two acres) ; an elephant's tusk (the average), \$100 ; for 100 pounds of gum, first quality, \$10 ; for 100 pounds of gum, second quality, \$2.50.

The Soudan is one of the most fertile countries

in the East. One acre of soil, prepared in the rudest manner, will produce more than the same area of blooming Italy; and it is already known how cotton and sugar, raised in the dominions of the Viceroy, now come into the markets of the world. The reason why this immense tract called the Soudan has been so long ignored, lies in the fact that Egypt has, during her later years of prosperity, been embarrassed by debt and political dead weight. Mohammed Ali pushed his army nearly to the borders of the Nyanzas, and the complete conquest of the territory to Fachoda was achieved under Ibrahim Pacha. Its entire submission and its semi-civilization have been somewhat slow, and it is only during a few years that perfect tranquillity and obedience have reigned. During the rule of several preceding Pachas at Khartoum, the people were oppressed by maladministration; the taxes were applied to satisfy the personal greed of officials, and vast tracts of land, designed by God to produce the most abundant crops, have lain fallow. Mohammed Ali proposed erecting, upon this very territory, an empire whose agricultural prestige should dominate the East; but he had too much to do in Lower Egypt, where he planted the seeds of

her present wealth. Moreover, communication was difficult; it took several months to reach the southern bounds of the Soudan, and he knew not when his soldiery might be called upon to repel a Turkish invasion. Ibrahim Pacha wasted time and money in warring in Syria, which, had it been devoted to the development of the Soudan, would have reclaimed one-third of the African Continent, and the shores of the Albert and Victoria Nyanzas might have been planted with flourishing cities of the size and opulence of Khartoum. Moosa Pacha, a ruler who exaggerated his power to the limits of cruelty and his religion to the verge of fanaticism, while gifted with many statesmanlike qualities, was far from being a Governor-General fully adapted to the requirements of the people. He was a man of war. He loved to kill the blacks. He was ever ready to put on his high boots and wade with his soldiers through the swamps of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, or sleep on his arms amidst the burning sands of the desert. He regarded the negro as the sportsman does his game. His gift to the Soudan was three years of turbulence. He lies interred in an imposing mausoleum, within the limits of Khartoum.

Achmed Pacha enriched the country by erecting

250 "sikeahs" to irrigate the soil, and he constructed ten mills which produced immense quantities of indigo. He fell a victim to the political intrigues of Lower Egypt, and, in losing him, Central Africa lost a ruler, energetic, honest, intelligent and loyal.

Jaffa Pacha, the immediate predecessor of Moontaz Pacha, was in power during five years. He was sadly deficient in energy, though permeated with atrocious bigotry. Feeble to a degree which excited ridicule, he was strong enough to assail the colors of the United States, and tear our national escutcheon from the house of Azar, the American agent, who had prematurely exposed his badge of authority, before he was recognized at Constantinople. After reigning five years, and leaving the country three years behind in her taxes, he was replaced by Moontaz Pacha, and the Soudan was divided up as follows:

THE DIVISION OF THE SOUDAN.

Khartoum, Sennar and Fachoda; Governor, Moontaz Pacha.

Kardofan, governed by Abdel Wahed Bey.

Berber and Dongola, governed by Hussein Bey.

Takka, governed by Ali deen Bey.

+ Suakin, Governor, Achmed Effendi.

Massowah, governed by Munzinger Bey (Swiss).

The population of these countries I estimate as follows, although I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the figures :

1. Khartoum	500,000
2. Sennar	1,000,000
3. Fachoda	1,100,000
4. Kardofan	2,000,000
5. Berber	150,000
6. Dongola	200,000
7. Takka	1,000,000
+ 8. Suakin	5,000
9. Massowah	60,000
Total	<u>6,015,000</u>

It is not the custom in the East to number the people, hence one cannot be exact. These estimates, and others in this chapter, I obtained from the Governor-General, and from Il Hakem George, who had traveled in every province of Northern Africa.

Moontaz Pacha, who had been there but four months and a half, had done more work than all his predecessors combined. He was the first man who appreciated the resources of this country ; who formulated plans to utilize them, and who, with a resolute hand, begun what I am firmly convinced will eventually

come to be a prosperous empire, reaching from the Equator to the tropic of Capricorn, and from the Indian Ocean to the Desert of Sahara.

Moontaz Pacha, like Mohammed Ali, is a native of Mesopotamia. Though a Mussulman, he is the happy possessor of a liberal mind, which does not sacrifice the interests of trade and progress to religious fanaticism. In fine, I found him no bigot. He was ever ready to listen to and embrace new ideas and new inventions. He preferred to see men with coats on their backs and well fed, rather than to behold the squalid Shillook murmuring feeble petitions, which came not from his educated conscience, but ignorant superstition. For eight years he was the Governor-General of Suakim, where he began the cultivation of cotton for Effendini, and put over 400,000 acres under immediate tillage. The Viceroy, for his distinguished administrative talents, made Moontaz Pacha a present of 25,000 francs, raised him to the grade of Brigadier-General, and presented him with 600 acres of fine cotton lands in Lower Egypt, which produced an income of \$1,500 per year in gold. His first official act after arrival, was to ascend the Blue Nile as far as Sennar, where he found over 60,000,000 acres of superb soil,

only awaiting seed and laborers; he afterward visited the cataract between Berber and Khartoum, and began to blast out the rocks which impede the navigation of the Nile at that point, and in two months one of the highest clusters of rocks in the Nile were put out of the way.

His experience as a cotton producer at Suakin taught him to appreciate the lands of the Sudan; and his knowledge of cotton cultivation placed him above the mediocrity of his predecessors. He was to that region what the Viceroy is to Lower Egypt — an executive of justice, energy and prudence. When sent to Suakin by the Viceroy to buy 40,000 head of cattle, he obtained 800 pounds of cotton seed which he put in the ground, and its success was so amazing that he demanded more seed, and received 23,000 pounds with which, in two years, he produced over 800,000 pounds of seed. He demanded and received 2,500,000 pounds of seed for the province of Takka. So immense was the production that machines to clean and press the cotton could not be obtained, and it was necessary to send the crop in gross to Suez. I am convinced that an immense factory for the fabrication of cotton gins, and all the implements used in cotton cul-

ture, erected at Suakin by some enterprising Americans, or at Khartoum, would yield a large revenue. It was from Suakin that Moontaz Pacha first perceived the value of the Soudan territory, and, even before he saw it, wrote to the Viceroy that he could produce untold quantities of cotton; and in doing such a work he could unify and civilize the barbarians from the thirteenth to the ninth degree of north latitude. Shortly after his arrival he sent to Cairo for seed and machines, 2,500,000 pounds of seed were then at Korosko awaiting transportation to Khartoum.

CHAPTER XII.

VIVID AFRICAN SCENES.

THE doctors are not in demand. If a Mussulman be ill he sends for the Kadi, who recites the Koran to him; he puts a substance over the portion recited, then anoints water with this spiritualized body, drinks the water and the cure proceeds. A man who lived next to my house was afflicted with a disease. He sent to me, knowing I was a white, and applied for remedies. I judged gin to be the best; at least it went as far as my knowledge of his symptoms. But the invalid would not take it, because it is prohibited by the Koran.

A word about ivory. The elephant's tusk I have put down at \$100. This is the average price. Curiously enough, the race of elephants have been pushing southward each year, chased by the ivory traders, wars and civilization. The traders from Zanzibar have likewise driven the monsters into the interior, and it is thought that a few years more will suffice to extinguish the last vestige of the African colossi. They are no more at the Bahr-el-

Gahzal, but are now hovering near the Equator. I tried to discover how many of the beasts exist—that is, the elephantine population—and, as near as I can estimate, there remain in Central Africa 100,000, more or less. It is but a few years ago that elephants were found as high as the fourteenth degree of north latitude.

On the 15th of March we found that we could not reach Fachoda, because of the shallows on the route. During the day we sailed through a lovely country; low, flat banks, covered with a growth of durah, corn, onions, radishes, melons and tropical vegetables; immense herds of beeves drinking at the shore, often thousands in a body; small cone-topped huts, sheltering a family of twelve for instance, and camels, camels, camels! I was enchanted. The Nile* of lower Egypt has a dull, monotonous shore, compared with the bright, smiling green banks of the Bahr-el-Abbiat (White Nile).

* Miami in a MSS. sent to the Geographical Society by Mr. Howells, then (in 1864) United States Consul to Venice, thus explains his view of the word Nile (in French, *Nil*):

"A curious accident made known to me the true etymology of this wonderful river. Traveling in Lower Egypt on horseback, among the ruins and monuments I sought the shade of a hospitable tree. I saw some Arabs digging an herb. I asked them, 'What do you do with that herb?' They replied, 'We make Nile' (*Nil*) and they further explained that they manufactured indigo.

I think that in Sanscrit, Nile (*Nil*) means blue, and that, by consequence, indigo must have been transported from India to Egypt, knowing that if you question an Arab, and ask him, 'Where is the Nile?' he does not understand unless your question is preceded by the word *bahr* (sea). I believe that the word Nile (*Nil*) comes from a misunderstanding between the ancient travelers and the ancient cultivators of indigo."

You have before you a river, extending away to the southward, white as the sheen of silver, embosomed in a grotto of green. The boats of that curious people, the Shillooks (small dug-outs), lie up against the banks. Behind the trees you detect here and there a modest habitation, and then, in the open, a bed of velvet verdure. The natives, naked, come down to the shore and cry out to the Pacha to stop. The Governor is just; the steamer slows down, the gig pulls off to the shore, and a man is brought on board. He turns out to be an Arab, living on the borders of Kordofan. He is very handsome, and speaks Arabic with purity. The tax gatherer has tried to get two levies from the Arab — one for Khartoum, the other for Kordofan. This is the price of being a border State man. The steamer goes ahead a few miles. There is another cry; again we stop. An old man — an Arab — protests against paying \$4 taxes, because he is aged and has four sons. The Governor refuses his petition, for the petitioner is rich, and can well afford to divert \$4 to the State. We remain here for half a day taking in wood, while the Pacha is attending to official business. The old man has taken up his position abreast the cabin window on shore, and at intervals

utters loud cries, "Mos-loom, mos-loom, mos-loom!" "They have done me injustice." "Such," said His Excellency, "is the way they present petitions in the Soudan."

More than a dozen times the steamer was called from the banks to stop, so that His Excellency could be petitioned to repair some injustice, real or imaginary. The Shillooks, a unit of savagery twenty years ago, have now submitted to the government, though, in the transition, thousands have perished. They are robust, fine-looking, thrifty negroes, and their condition is much ameliorated.

On the morning of the 16th we were in the thick of the duck country—about eighty miles from Khartoum. His Excellency stopped the steamer, and the dahabeah hove to. I then invaded a flock of 200, with a small boat and a double-barreled gun, and easily slaughtered ten in half an hour. They were magnificent specimens of their kind. Ducks for a week's consumption were provided, after which we stood up the Nile.

On the afternoon of the 16th, a violent storm suddenly burst over the Nile; the waters rose, lofty columns of sand from the distant desert swept across the southern vista, the winds howled through the for-

ests and snapped and cracked the dry branches, and the maiden rain of the year began to fall; but in a few moments it was over. This violent phenomenon occurs frequently. Often the moorings are torn from their fastenings, and other serious damage supervenes.

Later in the day, we met six boats on their way to Sir Samuel Baker's expedition, laden with stores and supplies. This flotilla, however, went only to Fachoda, where it remained until the high Nile.

On the 17th we saw two hippopotami sporting in the Nile; the trees on the bank were lined with the white-breasted, black-faced, gray-backed tribe of monkeys. The river grew very wide at points, sometimes averaging four miles between the perpendicular masses of foliage which grow down to the water's edge.

The *Racoba* arrived off Arbah Island, near the twelfth degree of north latitude, after a journey of 300 miles, accomplished in four days and a fraction. These 300 miles were one continued field of fertility, of rich islands, and vast herds of beeves and mutton.

I had traversed the heart of the future empire. Beyond, as I looked to southward, were the still unconquered lands of the Kitch, Dinka, Barei and

Madi; and, further yet, the Nile itself, which has never been followed by man to its very source.

Arbah Island is a lonely spot, and is now the navy yard of the Soudan. On the morning of our arrival I went on shore, in company with Dr. George, to see the natives and the building in progress. The name of the settlement is Gaffel Harous (the nymph's hand). It consists of yellow straw houses, built under the shade of immense trees, and some of these habitations are very neat and enticing. Woe be to that man, however, who smokes during a high wind; for the straw is very dry, and hundreds of houses are consumed in the flames, almost before one is aware of a fire. A house is built one-storied, without windows, sometimes round, often square. When square, one whole side is left open, and the owner sits in the alcove, smoking and drinking coffee.

The scenes about this rude life were positively fascinating. The immense trees, with thousands of gay monkeys leaping from branch to branch; yonder lofty mimosa, with more than 100 black African eagles perched upon its topmost branches; camels at the water's edge; Shillooks riding cows; Arabs spiking the streaks to the ribs of a bark in

embryo; the air black with pigeons and the river swarming with ducks; Baker's boats lying by the shore filling for the coming season; two steamers anchored in the stream, flying the red flag and crescent of Effendini; the sound of chopping, of monkeys gurgling, and the compound made up from the throats of cows, camels and donkeys, all remind one that he is in a hermaphrodite land — half savage, half civilized.

Going far back into the interior we came upon the species of monkeys who rule the trees of the White Nile. Wishing to trap a monkey, the native places a dish of marissa at the foot of a tree. Marissa is an intoxicating beverage made from durah. He goes away, and presently the monkey descends to drink. At first Co-co is shy and drinks cautiously. Appetized, he indulges freely and becomes drunk. In this condition he is seized without difficulty, and when he emerges from the debauch he is a prisoner with a cord about his body. All of the tame monkeys from the White Nile have been intoxicated at least once. The island of Arbah produces the finest wood in Northern Africa, and dozens of boats are built for the White Nile trade annually. But the very spot where the settlement of Gaffel Harous

exists is covered at high Nile, when the Arabs and Shillocks retire into the interior.

It is not to be supposed that in a week's voyage with the Governor-General, His Excellency did not speak often and clearly of the country.

"I am gratified," said he one night as we smoked our long chibouques and watched the slow burning of the forest fires, which kept us from retiring long after our companions had gone to sleep, "that you have come among us. The world has forgotten Africa, and the name of the Soudan is not known beyond Egypt; and even there its fertility is disbelieved. You have seen for yourself what there is, and you can write what our future must be. Do you see that splendid soil (pointing to the plain stretching back to the interior)? There are more than 200,000,000 acres of such soil. I shall begin at once to cultivate. I have no machines; but, when they are sent, I am positive that, with the support of Lower Egypt, I can produce a revenue in a few years amounting to \$25,000,000 annually; and the Soudan, developed to its fullest extent, thoroughly irrigated, with a good administration, is susceptible of producing 4,000,000 bales of cotton of the American size."

“And will the population work?”

“Certainly. There is a great greed for money here; you know that is the lever which moves all people, the most barbaric or the most enlightened. I wish to clothe the naked races, to consolidate and civilize them and render them comfortable and happy.”

“What is their condition now?”

“They are nude, savage, dying from disease, starvation and exposure. They have no religion, and each tribe wars against its neighbor and demands tribute of beef and mutton. Their condition is horrible. They must be made to submit to the government by force, and be divided into distinct populations. The Shillooks were easily subjugated and are now good cultivators. All the savage tribes worship their cows; they do not eat them, and if you demand a cow from a mother or a father they prefer to give you their child. In some provinces the inhabitants sell their children for a handful of durah. These miserable negroes live like monkeys, on fruits and herbs, and are in a sad way.”

“But it is easy to gain a living here?”

“Yes, when durah is cheap, a laborer can live on six francs a year (\$1.25); that is, his eating.”

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"Then I suppose for \$5 a year a man could live in the Soudan?"

"Yes, rudely."

"How did you discover the wealth of Central Africa?"

"I inquired of every traveler who had been here, and then I had studied America closely. I saw and envied your sudden rise and progress; your marvelous rapidity of growth; your agricultural greatness, and I felt that the same resources were present here. I said, I shall imitate America, and that is what I am trying to do. Even now, one man can cultivate forty acres of cotton and three crops a year. The same plant is good for four years. For instance, a man plants ten acres. While he is gathering in the crop, ten more adjoining acres are growing, and while the second ten are being gathered a third is maturing, and so a man can work forty acres, and labor the year round."

Dr. Demetrie, who was on the journey with the Governor and myself, deserves a place among African travelers. He was born in Egypt, of Greek parents. His father was the Chief Surgeon to Mohammed Ali and Abbas Pacha, and rendered distinguished medical services to the Court

up to the time of Ismaïl Pacha. His son was educated at the expense of the government, at Pisa, Italy, where he learned French and Italian. He had occupied many places of distinction in Lower Egypt, and, from his thorough knowledge of Arabic, Turkish, French, Italian and English, received rapid advancement. For twelve years he had been the best known European of the Soudan, and had been in every province and knew the country thoroughly.

The Soudan is the recruiting ground for menageries and zoological gardens. It may be called the proudest Empire of the beasts of all families. For 15° of latitude and 20° of longitude, there is immunity for any quadruped or biped, who can escape the paltry range of the rifle or shot gun. Arab habitations, Egyptian progress, and the greed of the world's museums, have very naturally diminished the numbers of the animals, and have also narrowed their limits. Of whatever class, however, mankind need not mourn the paucity of African colossi; and in the jungles, on the broad breast of the desert, by the river's bank, or in the mountains of Abyssinia, they still flourish in quantity and quality.

Keeping in mind the abundance of game, I asked the Governor what would be his action in case the

city of New York should desire to make an extensive collection of all kinds of animals, birds and fish in the Soudan?

“Write to the Central Park commissioners,” said he, “that they shall have full coöperation, and, if not mine, that of my successor.”

“An agent charged to make a collection might have need of many things which he could only obtain from the government, such as lumber, boats, etc.”

“Never mind,” continued the Pacha, “you have only to ask and they shall be given.”

In this extended area peopled with gross game — with elephants, lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, the means at the disposition of a writer are few, to photograph the country as relating to those beasts.

Let us ascend skyward, directly over the Nile, at latitude 10° north. Suspended there, let us survey the landscape. Every living thing is beneath our eye, from the hugest elephant to the tiniest insect, for we have also associated with ourselves a telescope, compared with which, in power of magnifying, the glass of Lord Ross were spectacles. What do we see? The first idea that strikes us is the waste everywhere — the rolling waves of desert,

and then the living things. Man, in this view, is in a paltry minority. For the first time in our lives we comprehend our own human solitude; here a few men, there a few, huddled under the shadow of a mountain, clustered on the Nile or grouped on some small oasis. But our physical superiors — the elephant, the lion, the panther, hyena, the leopard, the gross monkey, and their associates — are in masses, in herds, in caravans, in empires — if you please — living in close community. Below us, even straight as the drop of the plummet, is the little settlement of Fachoda; but on its flanks, extending eastward and westward, the animals make clouds on the dark back-ground of the desert. We are astonished at the domestic animals, cows, camels and asses — 100 to every man; but how much more are we amazed at the preponderance of wild beasts. While we see mankind dispersed in thin settlements, on cultivated ground, we behold the sand, the bluff, the swamp and the jungle alive with quadrupeds. The men are stationary and seldom; the beasts are nomadic and general. Our ears, too, are filled with sounds. Crack! crack! crack! They are rifles, speaking at Kordofan, at Gondar, in Abyssinia, and at Khartoum. Birds are falling;

elephants are burning in the midst of a vast plain of dry grass, in flames; a few Greeks and needy Jews are seen to westward pursuing ostriches, and, among the little villages, we behold children trying to domesticate monkeys and antelopes. If we consult the river — beyond crocodiles, hippopotami and the rhinoceros — there are myriads of fish; but, alas, few that are fit to eat. The river for five degrees of latitude is little else than a habitation of ducks. In this great animal world of the Soudan, man is not one to a thousand; and each human inhabitant could, if he desired, own a menagerie recruited near his own door, scarcely inferior to the splendid collections of Paris and London. It is almost utterly impossible to express the quantities of game there. As the reader, however, can best judge by figures, I will make some, in lieu of having them from census takers. It is estimated that there are about 30,000,000 of people in the territory I have described, and on this area there are, at least —

For every human being 100 monkeys	3,000,000,000
For every human being 50 lions.....	1,500,000,000
For every human being 50 antelopes.....	1,500,000,000
For every human being 1 elephant.....	30,000,000
For every 10 human beings 1 crocodile.....	3,000,000

But I forbear; the figures are large enough for a modest imagination; and the millions of hyenas, lynxes, ostriches, panthers, giraffes, zebras and hippopotami need not think they are forgotten because they are omitted. From such a vast population, it is not too much to hope that the Central Park of New York may profit in some small degree.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE IN KHARTOUM.

FIVE months in Khartoum were, to me, longer than any period I had ever remained stationary before in my life. Those months seemed years, for there was little society, little activity, little to change the current of daily existence. I looked forward to but one day, and that the one which should bring the high Nile and a north wind. Azar, the Consul who at first took me under his patriarchal care, obtained for me a house in the densely populated portion of the city, but it did not suit me. The Nile was too far away; the governmental people with whom I had to deal were not my neighbors, and without sociability there was nothing to support the dreary hours of the long African day. I therefore sent my *chasseur* Giovanni to search for other and more eligible quarters. He hit the mark; and in twenty-four hours, at the risk of offending Azar, I had moved into the mud mansion formerly occupied by the Poncet brothers — ivory traders — who, in their way, had

contributed to the literature of African travel. The house was, in reality, two houses in the same yard, and, in some respects, was the finest in Khartoum. The high Turkish wall ran around on all sides, and separated me from the harems of my neighbors; but, from my *racoba*, did not prevent me from witnessing many scenes of domestic strife, which convinced me that plurality of wives is not productive of harmony. Indeed, the marriage relation, even where it is held as between a single pair, is rarely a happy one. The husband and wife have no domestic property in common. The former is "my lord and master," the latter an obedient slave.

It was soon made known that I was to become a resident of Khartoum, and, for various reasons, I became an object of many attentions. This necessitated a well-appointed household, and, as I had ample room, I did not hesitate to take numerous domestics, ranging in wages from \$2 to \$5 per month. With the aid and advice of Azar, I completed the roll by employing fourteen, among whom were two cooks, two water carriers, a *boab* (door-keeper), two market men, and a personal servant. Thus situated, my life was a simple one. My daily occupation was studying Arabic, and the people

A CONJUGAL JOURNAL

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A CONSULAR JANNISARY.

who visited my divan ; going frequently to see the officials ; arranging details for the expedition ; and, in the evening, a chat with the Governor-General and his friends.

One afternoon in June, I was summoned to the Governor's palace. His son had just died after a fearful and lingering illness. The Mahommedan custom is immediate burial after death, followed by three days of cessation from actual employment. The affliction fell upon the Pacha not suddenly, yet with great severity of suffering. On entering the palace, I passed through the crowds of people who, in obedience to personal and official sympathy, had gathered to attend the obsequies, and made my way to the divan. There I found many of the magnates of the Soudan. The inevitable black coffee and cigarettes were served us, as if the visit were one of ordinary courtesy. It was not polite to allude to the domestic sorrow, but to suggest other themes calculated to divert his mind to far-off channels. Soon the announcement came from the harem — which is attached to the palace — that the remains were about to be committed to the earth. We all passed out to the garden and witnessed the closing ceremony, which was brief and without effect.

Hardly had the last spadeful of earth been deposited on the rude coffin-lid, before the appalling yells of the howling dervishes broke over the tranquil bosom of the Blue Nile. During the three succeeding nights the hoarse shrieks of women and men, joined in a chorus — expressing to me terror and madness — disturbed the usual quiet of Khartoum. The Pacha, in the meanwhile, received visits of condolence from men of all grades, suspending the executive business of the provinces. I think that this sad event preyed upon his mind; for he became soured in disposition, ordered the extreme and even cruel use of the bastinado, and exhibited a general disregard for the prejudices of his subjects. His unfortunate perversity grew to become a disease. His answers to official questions became rude and ill-considered. To a party of devout sheiks who visited him, to petition him on religious matters, he replied: "Bother you! I will flog your religion!"

This, and other injudicious language, subsequently cost him his place.

Shooting is the chief sport in the Soudan, and, as far south as the equator, elephants are the grand game and are captured by various devices. The latest is among the equatorial tribes, who, when

they find a herd of elephants, frighten them into a solid band, and drive them into the midst of high grass. The negroes surround the spot, simultaneously fire the grass from many directions, after which the young and old perish in the flames. The ivory is then gathered without having suffered a great deal of injury. Elephants are sometimes trapped by artfully constructed pit-falls, or hacked to death by the sword-hunters of Abyssinia, but the most effective method is the unerring rifle in the hands of a man like Sir Samuel Baker. His career as a *chasseur*, is above that of all other African travelers, and without example when we consider the companionship of his noble wife, Lady Baker. In the field and among the jungles of Africa, she exhibits an adaptability not inferior to her graces in the drawing room. A lady who met her during the whirl of the London season, has given me this appreciation of her beauty — a beauty not impaired by African suns and fevers. “In stature neither tall nor short, slightly inclined to embonpoint, Lady Baker receives her visitors with a sweet smile showing her beautiful little white teeth, and with an outstretched hand gracefully presents those who do not know her husband, to him. On the day

I had the pleasure of seeing her, she wore a silken dress of dusky gold color, and as her hair is of the same rich hue, as are also her eyes, the effect was very harmonious. She is distinguished looking in appearance and very much handsomer than her portrait. Her complexion is white, pure and smooth, and the features delicate and regular; her manner is engaging. Although free from empressement, you instinctively feel that a life of greater freedom from etiquette and restraint would be more to her taste — possibly from the distant look in her eyes, like that acquired by such as live on the sea shore. She expressed herself as very much afraid of the sea, but you realized from her calm, self-contained manners, that she was by nature the heroine Sir Samuel depicts as his guardian angel in his *Albert Nyanza*. She has the power to quell savage nature; her clear, golden eyes lock you directly in the face, as does the lioness or the leopard.

Several little incidents — and not so little either — have left their impression; and when I come to reflect upon my life in Khartoum, the most distinct was in connection with my *chasseur* Giovanni. I had engaged him at what I consider liberal compensation, as he brought to me letters indicative of his

valorous service among the Italian legions who fought to release the plains of Lombardy and the Lagoons of Venice, from the heel of the Austrian despot. He was forty-eight years of age, but withal a battered soldier, scarred on the battle-field, although, as I afterward discovered, worst scarred from indulgence in the social pleasures of the idle soldier. Before I started up the Nile, I had bought a quart bottle of an astringent, for stories had been told me of the frequent wounds to which I might be subject. I placed this bottle in the hands of Giovanni. It was of the color of red wine. When we arrived at the serious stage of our desert journey, and while I was suffering from an abrasion of the skin, I called for the bottle. The *chasseur* exhibited confusion but brought me the medicine, seven-eighths of which had been consumed. Rigid cross-examination revealed the fact that Giovanni had taken this medicine for American wine. That circumstance was enough. Thereafter I had the measure of my *chasseur*. My domestic life in Khartoum all "of which he saw, and part of which he was," hinged upon that astringent article—for he became an admirer of araki, a potent Egyptian beverage. Frequently he would pass the *boab*, enter the garden at a late hour and

with uncertain tread would struggle toward his couch. One night he entered in this condition and while I was in no amiable frame of mind. He was glib of speech, and so voluble that I resolved that his services were no longer necessary. The next morning I discharged him. This gave rise to a difference between myself and the Governor-General, which, however, was of short duration. I was, therefore, left in the Soudan without a single lieutenant, without in fact one man in whom I could trust.

I had with me no stimulants. Reduced by the fever to the ebbing point, I saw my mistake in making no provision of this kind, previous to my departure from Lower Egypt. My *chasseur* with his indefatigable talent for inquiry, had learned that there were three bottles of rum, and I felt at liberty to buy them, as they were brought to Khartoum by a missionary. Giovanni produced them one morning at my divan. Not having paid for them, the corks were drawn, and, finding that a glass of rum had been diluted into three bottles, I refused to pay the bill and sent back the merchandize. The reply of the Greek merchant was, "your money or your life."

My answer was, "you can have my life if you can get it, but not my money."

This enraged him and he told the *chasseur* that the transaction would end in a fight. The next day I learned that the Greeks and Syrians had combined, and were to attack my house that night. I inspected the armory and ascertained that I could discharge thirty-seven shots at a time; but no one except Giovanni and myself would undertake to resist. It was about ten o'clock when the Greeks and Syrians began to gather in the narrow street, before my door. Every thing was prepared for an assault, and I had resolved to kill them without mercy, and the resolution was made known to them. At midnight they had made no hostile demonstration; excited by their promise of a campaign, I grew tired of the procrastination. I therefore discharged six shots rapidly in the air, and that was the last of the Greeks and Syrians.

The domestic institutions of the Soudan exhibit great looseness of morals. In fact, there is no such relation as the family tie, wherever the Koran is the civil law. This was illustrated in an official trip of Moosa Pacha, who made frequent journeys among the people. One day he stopped at a small Arab village in the desert, when a handsome young girl in the tribe approached him.

"Oh, my lord and master, I have a petition to make."

"Speak," said the Governor.

"Two men are in love with me," responded the girl.

"And who are they?" inquired the Pacha.

"They are my father and my brother," she said.

"What would you have me do?" he asked.

"They are both quarreling about me, and I wish Your Excellency would give me one of them."

"Which do you prefer?" the Governor demanded.

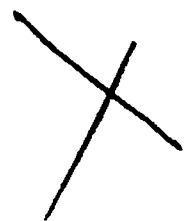
"My brother," she answered.

The Governor called for the father, and by his orders he was shot before sundown.

A great sheik died while I was in Khartoum. Sheiks are of two kinds—religious and political. The sheik who died was a religious sheik, therefore he had a grand funeral. Some weeks after his burial, a devout Mohammedan presented a petition to the Governor-General, recounting some spiritual phenomena connected with his re-appearance on earth. Among other singular things which the petition recited was, that the sheik, coffin and all, had risen from his grave instantaneously, ascended into the air, and had flown like a bird before his

door. The petitioner, therefore, requested that the remains of this divine personage might be permitted to repose beneath his sill, because they guaranteed a passport to one of the loftier heavens; and, beyond that, the pecuniary contributions of the passers by. In other words, the piety of the sheik and his spiritual preëminence after death were the petitioner's bread and butter.

The effect of the African climate upon the mind is not salutary, nearly every European who had remained in Africa, and whom I knew, was positively eccentric. This I attributed to disorders of the stomach and other organs connected with digestion, and which give bent to thought and purpose. The evil begins with physical decay, ending in mental disorganization. No more powerful proof can be adduced than the fact that the natives themselves have ever remained in a pitiable state of intellectual inferiority. It has been said that religion, customs and political institutions are based upon climate. If this be not true as a general maxim, it is, at least, proven among African peoples.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

SLAVERY is legally dead in the Soudan. One held in servitude can always obtain his freedom by applying to the Governor-General. Such is the law of the land. The brood of White Nile slave traders is scattered to the four quarters. All who amassed wealth and obloquy, and tortured, slaughtered and tyrannized, have left the Soudan. Voluntary slavery alone remains, perhaps with exceptions which cannot be easily defined; and, until the Koran is amended and the religion of the Ottoman empire changed, perfect freedom like our own in America cannot be. You can go to A. and say, "Here are \$100, give me your servant Mahomet." The contract is made; but, if Mahomet chooses, he is free. Selling to the highest bidder does not exist.

In the month of August, the traders begin to prepare for their departure in November. They have no great sums of money on hand, so they borrow, paying from 5 to 12 per cent a month, or 60 to 144 per annum. All the salaried clerks who get

above £40 a month are enabled to lend in this manner, and, in a year's time, they find they have a snug profit. The traders, most of whom are mild, inoffensive appearing men, with their river boats, ascend in a regular squadron before the north wind. Every expedition means war, and, according to its magnitude, is provided with 100 to 1,000 armed men. The soldiers employed consist of the intrepid Dongolowie, who carry knives and double-barreled shot-guns, and are chiefly noted for their huge appetites and love of marissa (beer). Each large dealer has his own territory, and he resents, promptly, any attempt of another trader to trespass thereon. For instance, Agate, the most famous of all African slave traders, knew of, and his men frequently visited, the Victoria Nyanza long before Speke ever dreamed of it. When asked why he did not report the circumstance officially, he demanded, very simply, "What for?" Neither Agate nor any of the other traders were aware of the tons of manuscript which have been written upon "The Sources of the Nile," and, if they did know, it would boot nothing. Agate's station was near the Nyanzas, and he kept up a heavy force there, as indeed he did at all his stations.

When the expedition is ready, it moves slowly up to the Neam-Neam country. For example, if one tribe is hostile to another, the trader joins with the stronger and takes his compensation in slaves. Active spies are kept, in liberal pay, to inform him of the number and quality of the young children; and, when the chief believes he can steal 100, he settles down to work, for that figure means \$4,000. He makes a landing with his human hounds, after having reconnoitred the positions, generally in the night-time. At dawn he moves forward on the village, and the alarm is spread among the negroes, who herd together behind their aboriginal breastplates and deliver clouds of poisoned arrows. The trader opens with musketry, and then begins a general massacre of men, women and children. The settlement, surrounded by inflammable grass, is given to the flames, and the entire habitation is laid in ashes. Probably out of the wreck of 1,000 charred and slaughtered people, his reserves have caught the 100 coveted women and children, who are flying from death, in wild despair. They are yoked together by a long pole and marched off from their homes forever. One-third of them may have the small-pox, and then, with his infected cargo, he proceeds to the

nearest station. Thence the negroes are clandestinely sent across the desert to Kordofan, whence they are dispersed over Lower Egypt, and other markets. It not unfrequently happens that the negroes succeed in killing their adversaries in these combats; but, as a rule, the blacks are not brave. They generally fly after a loss of several killed, except with the Neam-Neams, who always fight with a bravery commensurate with their renown as cannibals.

The statistics of the Northern African slave trade are, unhappily, the most perplexing portions of the history of this atrocious traffic. Yet, from many sources, I think I may be safe in saying that the export of slaves from the country lying between the Red Sea and the Great Desert, is 25,000 annually, distributed as follows: From Abyssinia, carried to Jaffa or Gallabat, 10,000; issuing by other routes of Abyssinia, 5,000; by the Blue Nile, 3,000; by the White Nile, 7,000.

To obtain these 25,000 slaves and sell them in market, more than 15,000 are annually killed, and often the mortality reaches the terrible figure of 50,000. It is a fair estimate to say that 50,000 children are stolen from their parents every year by

persons who have the names and reputations of being civilized and educated. I cannot stop here. The horrible figures must march on. The abduction of these 50,000 causes heartburnings at home, and great mental suffering is, in Africa, the most potent cause of death. Need we again go forward and inquire to what extent these slaves spread contagion, as to how far they are an unhealthy element in the country? If we extend the bounds of inquiry to the northern and western coasts, and wherever the sailing craft carry off their cargoes in defiance of law—if I include all Africa—more than 1,000,000 souls will be comprised in the number annually carried away, killed or made broken-hearted by the slave trade.

A half century must, therefore, have witnessed the enslavement or spoliation of more than 50,000,000 Africans, and I leave it to other pens to describe what residue of the commerce remained to America after its humanity outlawed the traffic. The activity of the dealers, their murderous policy of assaulting and exterminating all tribes which they could not easily reduce, have driven the people in vast herds to the great central plateaux of the Continent. The game has flown from the hound. The arrow, unable

to repress the rifle, has been turned upon the huge beasts frequenting the zone of the Equator. The occupancy, then, of these plateaux by embittered savages in closely packed masses has postponed the civilization of the continent, rendered travel hazardous in the middle tropics, and depleted a territory which needed all the industry which God had supplied to it. Happily the slave traders are relaxing, and the momentous evils which I have traced to a summation of their offspring, will ere long have been greatly ameliorated by the noble efforts of Sir Samuel Baker, and by those of his successor Col. Gordon, and the American officers under his command. The loss of great markets like Brazil and the United States, has stopped the clandestine traffic on the western coast, while Egypt is doing the best she can under her unchristian institutions.

Of the 25,000 negroes annually forced into slavery, their futures may be thus tabulated, 15,000 being boys and 10,000 girls :

Go to Lower Egypt.....	6,000
Finally are made soldiers.....	2,000
Finally become concubines (nearly all the women)...	9,000
After leaving state of concubinage are married.....	5,000
Become cooks and servants.....	5,000
Die from the climate..... ..	10,000
Are made eunuchs..... ..	500

Finally become educated.....	1,000
Obtain a competency.....	10
Obtain their papers of freedom.....	3,000
Become Christians.....	None
Are contented with their final lot, because ignorant of a better existence.....	20,000

I have thus attempted to show by what channels the poor slaves are borne out upon the stormy ocean of life. They are dispersed over 3,000,000 square miles of territory, and their blood finally mingles with that of the Turk, the Arab and the European. Thousands upon thousands go to Persia, where they are better cared for than in Africa, and some of them ultimately reach distinction through the dark intrigues of the Eastern courts

The ablest black soldiers are recruited from the Dinkas, who are strong, handsome negroes, the finest of the White Nile. The other races are heavily built and clumsy, and are never ornamental; the Abyssinians, for whatever service and of whatever class, excel all their rival victims in slavery. They are quiet and subdued, and seldom treacherous or insubordinate. They prefer slavery, many of them, to freedom, because they have no aspirations that are inordinate. The girls are delicate, and not built for severe labor. They are tender, sentimental

A CHIEF EUNUCH.

beings, who, in another atmosphere, would adorn the loftiest ideal of womanhood. Though born and bred in a country where concubines are as legitimate and as much honored as wives, they revolt against the terrors of polygamy. They are never happy when their place in the affections of their master is duplicated in another. As a testimony of their gentleness and purity, I will mention that Peney, Hansel, La Farque, De Bono and others, purchased young Abyssinian girls, and afterward married * them. Ibrahim Peney came to see me one day at my house in Khartoum, and we discussed the question, and he told me:

“Am I not an example? My mother was an Abyssinian slave, and my father married her?” Young Peney, and his brothers as well, are highly educated, speak French and Italian, and are respected by all who know them. Theirs is no uncommon example. Few ladies I have ever met could equal the refinement, intelligence and natural grace of Madame La Farque.

Slaves vary in price according to age, beauty and accomplishments, and I submit the following table as nearly exact, the standard being in Austrian dollars (about the value of a Mexican dollar):

* Also Munsiger, and Emin.

For raw negro boys from the White Nile, eight years of age.....	\$40
For raw negro girls from the White Nile, eight years of age.....	60
For men taught to work, twenty-five years of age.....	150
For women, negroes, twenty-five years of age.....	100
For Abyssinian girl, ten years old.....	60
For Abyssinian girl, twelve years old, ordinary looking.	100
For Abyssinian girl, fourteen years old, fine looking...	150
For Abyssinian girl, fourteen years old, beautiful.....	200
For Abyssinian girl, fourteen years old, beautiful (white)	300
Women beyond seventeen are not in demand, but when sold, if concubines, bring.....	100
Old slaves, seldom sold, it being a point of honor not to send an aged servitor adrift.....	50
For eunuch, ordinary, coal black.....	250
For eunuchs of the first class.....	300

There are slave brokers in the Soudan who make regular commissions upon the buying and selling of slaves; but there are not great slave marts there as in olden times. Every transaction must be done with secrecy. There is great competition for handsome slave girls, who are used as wives.

I repeat here my belief that the Viceroy's government will ultimately suppress slavery, and all commerce relating to it. I am convinced that His Highness is determined to arrest the traffic, not only because it constantly involves him with the civilized Powers and deprives him of the world's sympathy, but because he believes its abolition will

be the swiftest mode of reviving the material prospects of his Central African domains. From my journal I quote as follows, for has not time justified the entry?

“March 28. — Sir Samuel Baker has been in that region its only vigorous European combatant, and more to him than any other man will be due the praise of its utter eradication, if the day ever arrives. The consignatories of the treaties by which Egypt maintains her almost imperial independence, could require the Viceroy to maintain the closest surveillance upon the actions of notorious traders. Sir Samuel Baker has done nobly. He throttled the monster. He hates the slave trade as Wendell Phillips hated slavery. Though he has been overwhelmed by Turkish distinctions, he first esteems the good opinions of the Anglo-Saxons, and the world may not be surprised to learn, at the conclusion of his expedition, that he has punished with generous allowance all the rascals who have fattened on their kind. He believes in the lash, and, wherever necessary, in summary executions. His name justly deserves to be enrolled upon the brightest page of the benefactors of his country. The more I hear of Sir Samuel Baker, the more I like to write about him in a vein of deserved praise. Compared with the feebleness and indecision of almost all other African explorers, his career here has inspired a respect which comes at once from fear and admiration. He has written and fought and diplomatized against the slave trade, and now, to his eternal honor, he goes to strangle it, as the Governor of one of the largest sections of territory on the earth. Lady Baker, with her great Hungarian heart, is a noble companion for the liberator of Africa.”

Under date of April 23d, there appears in my journal:

“Rather fresh news from Fachoda. Seventy-five Egyptian officers and soldiers butchered. Nice time in Baker's rear. How is he going to get supplies? Soudan getting warm.”

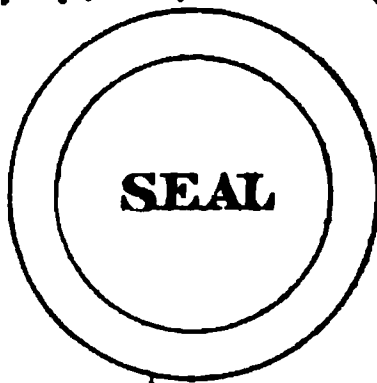
The detail indicates that all the negroes are not easy victims. The Governor of Fachoda is in the habit of making annual levies upon the beeves and muttons of that great negro people, the Shillooks; and, of course, without invitation or permission, but in defiance of their aboriginal ideas of rights. A troop of 100 soldiers therefore prepared for a foray. They marched gallantly from their camp a mile into the interior. The Shillooks heard of the approach; they massed their cattle far back from the stream; 5,000 of the blacks formed in rude lines of battle, each rebel behind his ample rhinoceros hide shield, with lances, bows and arrows. The troops advanced, little dreaming of the strength of the demonstration. They were suddenly assailed by the negro army, and the soldiers began to fall, pierced by arrows and lances. In great glee the Shillooks, following up their success, precipitated themselves upon the unfortunate band and slaughtered seventy-five officers and soldiers. The rest, dismayed, threw down their

arms, took to flight and hurried in panic to Fachoda, only to find that the Egyptian military post was besieged by a co-operating negro army ; that ingress and egress were impossible, and that a successful revolt had placed Egyptian interests and lives at the mercy of the natives. The Governor of the post, it seems, was not in hot haste to encourage his subordinates, and so from a general laxity and pusillanimous fear, Sir Samuel Baker was for the moment cut off in his rear. Immediate steps were taken by the Governor at Khartoum ; troops were dispatched and orders given to deal swiftly and surely. Kordofan was, also, in certain portions, in opposition to the government and in fierce revolt. Let it be noted that this massacre came from untaught savages, and that it was the arrow against the leaden ball. What must result when the blacks become better armed ? What compensation will they demand for ruined fields and slaughtered populations ? What indemnity for immemorial oppressions and bondage ? What will the stout negro ask, when he remembers the hundreds of his race that he saw dead on the banks of the White Nile — still manacled with the irons of the Arab traders, having perished from starvation or contagion ?

As long as Baker remained a Pacha at Gondokora (now Ismalia), there was no danger of a direct White Nile slave trade. Indeed the traffic may be said to have been closed. Ivory alone was the object, but, rest assured, that if a trader went inland far enough and could grab a few villagers, he would do it. When I say "direct slave trade," I mean no slaves could be made to descend within the reach or knowledge of Baker Pacha. But unhappily he could not cover a whole continent.

As the slaves caught are not only of the negro races, but also of the lighter colored people of Abyssinia, men and women of the white races are thus brought into the market and sold. I cannot better give the horror of this part of the traffic, than by telling the story of an Abyssinian slave girl.

صورة غناقه بالانكليزي بخط المظفر بسند وراث الامركاني السباع المظفر
 سجله سجل المظفر عازر وكيل قضاة دولة الامركاني المظفر
 انه في يوم الثلاثاء ٢٤ محرم ١٢٧٢ الموافق ٢٢ كرم ١٢٧٢ قاضيًا غير هذا بيد
 الادبيه نطقنا المساربه المكاديه ووصافها اوسط القامة عمره
 ثمانين سنة ممدود به وجه طويل بيوت سود عمره ثمانين سنة
 تقريباً وقد عطية لها هذا الورقة بفرقتنا بسادة المظفر عازر
 اعتاد بخبرها ولا يكون عليها شخص ان كان في المستقبل وصافه
 حرة تفر من مفرقه لوجه الله سبحانه وثقالي وشرر زدين نسخة صورة
 بعض خدام هذا احدكم بيد ربه والثانيه بيد وكيل القضاة وهذا
 بيد المظفر سوده وراث في
 ١٩
 ٢٤ محرم



TRANSLATION.

KHARTOUM, March 26, 1870.

This is to certify that I have this day purchased the liberty
 of Barilla, a slave girl, born in Abyssinia. Barilla has no
 family name. She is sixteen years of age, round head, Abye-
 sinian type of features, small boned, black, clear eyes, and has
 a simple childish manner. The authorities of the United
 States are respectfully invited to guarantee her liberty, and to
 prevent any person or persons from holding her to involuntary
 servitude.

She is free from this date.

ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH,

American Citizen.

[illegible]

1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Lichtenthaler and Whistler (1972).

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Journal of Management Studies, 19(1), 67-80.

1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971) using a Shimadzu 1601 UV-Visible Spectrophotometer.

1990

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 250 million to 450 million. The number of people aged 15-64 is expected to increase from 2.5 billion to 3.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 250 million to 450 million. The number of people aged 15-64 is expected to increase from 2.5 billion to 3.5 billion.

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[illegible]

1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971).

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

1. The first is that the Commission has no

... and the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) has been the most influential journal in the field of medicine for over a century.

... ..

... ..

[illegible][illegible]

1. The first group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the United States are the people who are interested in the history of the United States.

1. The first group of people who are not in the majority are those who are not in the majority in the majority. This group is the largest and is the most important. It is the group that is the most difficult to reach and the most difficult to change. It is the group that is the most resistant to change and the most resistant to persuasion. It is the group that is the most difficult to reach and the most difficult to change. It is the group that is the most resistant to change and the most resistant to persuasion.

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CHAPTER XV.

BARILLA, THE ABYSSINIAN SLAVE GIRL.

IN my rambles about Khartoum, it came to my knowledge that a most extraordinary case of kidnapping had brought there the person of a young slave girl, stolen from her home in Abyssinia. I succeeded in seeing her, and after many difficulties, had the pleasure of placing in her hand a deed of freedom, under the seal of the United States. For her liberty I paid the sum of \$155, Egyptian dollars.

So childish, so innocent, so beautiful, and withal so noble-minded and pure-hearted was Barilla, that I determined to obtain her history in full, and, for this purpose, saw much of her, and learned from many artless conversations how she had been stolen from a bright home and sold into bondage.

Barilla was one of nine children. She was the only daughter of the Faki or Moslem priest of her native village. She was fond of telling that her father was (abbiat) white, and a Turk — one of those few who, either personally or in the blood of

his ancestors, penetrated to Abyssinia to carry the Koran of Mahomet. These propagandists were all men of fine talents, finished education, and easy, gentle manners. Fanatical, they yet manifested a devotion to "faith, hope, and charity," that one may not always find among the teachers of Christianity. Barilla's father was a kindly, handsome man, who believed and preached that Mahomet was born in the Garden of Eden and that he existed in a pencil of light until the sixth century, when, by the especial favor of God, the Angel Gabriel was appointed to deliver him his commission as the only prophet. Fervid and sincere in his religion, he taught his children the hourly utterance of that phrase which is constantly repeated in the Ottoman Empire:

"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

His eight sons were all instructed in the Koran, and this is the beginning and end of Moslem education. They were devout, honest, frugal and industrious. Barilla, an only daughter in a large family, was the pet of the household. Her early years were flush with happiness, amid the tender caresses of all who gazed upon her childish, marvelous

beauty. She was not sent to school—girls are never educated in Abyssinia. She was not betrothed in marriage, for she was only six years of age when stolen from her home. Her father's house was to her a paradise, and when she spoke of it a tear gathered in her eye. But a few days' ride from Gallabat, by camel, her native village, was one of those charming, picturesque, but rude settlements, which are the happiest portions of those tropical lands. The home consisted of four houses, built of golden-colored straw, neat and clean, as is every thing that pertains to the Abyssinians. I may be excused, perhaps, if I say that they are the noblest semi-aboriginal race living. Gifted with natural manliness of character, they excel also in industry, fidelity and regularity. The man who sits down to write their history, will find that the bloodless history of Magdala did not represent the degradation of a worthless race after all. I have met thousands at a time who cherish no bitterness against the white man, and I have become convinced that they have the spirit of a hardy nationality. A whole people must not be judged from the wild doings of a crazy king. The real property of Howajji Ga Garzoz—this was Barilla's family

name — was extensive. He owned a coffee plantation, sheep in abundance : and was a rich farmer, as we would say in America. His four houses were situated each in the corner of a square, and the interior space was a meadow where trees and shrubs were bright with foliage. The property was, in fine, a pretty glen in a grand valley, purified by swift mountain streams ; and a retreat as far beyond the miseries of civilization as it was from the din and sin of large capitals. It was a home where domestic sweetness, household tranquillity and family harmony were seldom disturbed. Barilla grew up in this benign atmosphere, a laughing toy beloved by all.

“How was it they took you off, Barilla !”

“On the bright summer day, nearly ten years ago, when those dreadful men came,” she said ; “my father had gone to market to get the day’s provision ; all of my eight brothers had gone to the mosque to read the Koran, and my mother was in the plantation gathering coffee.”

“Do you remember all these particulars so exactly ?”

“Yes, *yabah* (father) ; all, all, all ; every tiny, tiny, little thing ; I was then six years old.”

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE TYPICAL ABYSSINIAN SLAVE GIRL.



RECEIVED BY SLAVE GIRL

It is marvelous how powerful is the memory of the young of that country. It may be because it is the only mental quality developed. Barilla at six years of age was of riper experience and growth than the American girls of twelve. Race and climate make the difference, and thus she remembered even the minutest particulars of her earliest childhood.

“So you were alone in the house?”

“Yes, I was playing with the sheep near the door of the house; my back was toward the entrance. Suddenly I was grabbed by two big hands. A piece of iron was thrust into my mouth like a horse's bit. I felt very sick and very frightened. I was carried out of the house covered up with clothing, so that no one could see me. Then I was put in a hut and tied up and kept until night time. I sobbed bitterly. I was crushed with grief. My father! My father! My brothers! My mother! My home! My sheep! My dresses! My happiness! I knew nothing! I became bewildered and prayed to heaven. The men came in the night time and took me away and put me on the back of a camel. They did not meet any one. When they saw a caravan coming they moved out of the way, because

they knew my father would come in search of me. I was all alone and the only girl they stole at that time. When I got out in the desert the iron was removed from my mouth. I was given to eat. I saw no one before my arrival at Khartoum, and when I came here I was sold to a young captain by the name of Abdel Messiah (slave of Christ). He was a Christian and a young man. I was very young. After that — a few months after — I was sold to Yusef, the man at whose house you found me.”

“ You always traveled in the night ? ”

“ Always.”

Such was the recital of Barilla — her story of a downward march from what was a heaven to her to a hell upon earth.

Barilla's fate is not different from that of many others ; it only illustrates the horrors of the Central African slave trade. Perhaps other children abducted from their homes have dwelt with their parents under less happy circumstances. Perhaps the child was a poor negro and his father and mother were possessed alone of human hearts. But was the grief or the wrong less ? Were the pains diminished ? Yet in Abyssinia there is a feature of the commerce which does not exist in other lands. The natives

themselves enslave their own countrymen and countrywomen. Since the death of Theodorus, the country has been the scene of complex civil war. Each tribe wars against its neighbor, and, when the issue comes to a decisive battle, the victor despoils his antagonist of all his property, makes merchandize of the children and forwards them to the Egyptian post of Gallabat, where they find a ready and active market. All along the frontier there is no attempt to prevent slavery. It exists with the sanction of the officials and by their direct co-operation. Another profession is that of secret kidnappers. The world little knows how much *finesse*, depravity and duplicity are required in this business. The impression is abroad that the slave trade provokes nothing more than murder, theft, arson. But when it is known that traders go and dwell in communities and households, as professed benefactors of the population; that they there register each desirable boy and girl, and afterward conspire to kidnap or kill, I think it is just to say that it was left to that country to prove the fathomless baseness of man.

Barilla was not happy when she went to the house of the Syrian merchant Yusef. She moved from

the roof of a sympathetic young captain who tried to soften her unhappy lot, to the companionship of an elderly sensualist. Barilla went to this house to be destroyed. He saw her fair, young, childish face, her yet joyous, mobile countenance and her almost perfect figure, and he bought her to await the earliest moment when he could brutalize her childhood and extinguish the purity of her innocence. She was unconscious of her coming fate; so her heart was buoyant. She found in her new retreat a slave woman — Zafar — who, many years ago, was likewise kidnapped from Abyssinia. But Zafar was a negress. She was a kind, tender woman, with a heart "as big as the earth," as Barilla said, and she soon became fond of the young child. She kindly cared for her, and for several years screened her from the brutality of Yusef. Barilla matured rapidly, and at twelve years was a marvel of grace and beauty. When she first came under my notice she had become one of the most perfectly beautiful women I had ever seen. She lived with Yusef until I was in a position to effect her rescue and place her under Christian instruction.

Opposite to my house, in the immense harem of Abou-Sin, there were 100 Barillas with like beauty,

history and fate. Some of the girls are white, and when white, they are fascinating beyond expression. All of these are the product of Abyssinia. Many of them go to Cairo with their master, who goes to the Egyptian capital, invited by the Viceroy, to present himself before the Vice-Regal throne. It is his custom then to present a large number of Abyssinian girls to His Highness. With few exceptions, these girls possess the soft, pliable disposition of Barilla. They are never treacherous or faithless as wives, and they never dream of infidelity. They are not mercenary; they are capable of achieving the highest honors that women can receive upon earth. I asked Barilla if she would like to return to her father's house. She was delighted.

"Yes," said she, "but I am afraid those men might come and steal me again. They are very wicked!"

Thus this unfortunate girl stood, knowing perfectly her home, her parents and her country, but unable to go there with safety. I have understated, not overdrawn, her sad history. It must arouse the indignation of the world, not alone as an individual wrong, but as an example of the 10,000 cases that disgrace Abyssinia and Northern Africa, in the eyes of all mankind.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEAVING THE SOUDAN.

I QUOTE from my journal an entry after having crossed an African desert in mid-summer :

July 15th—Adieu Soudan ! Adieu to your flames that men call winds, to your burning coals that men call sands ! Adieu to your malarial zephyrs, your poisoned streamlets, your corrupted pools, your polluted flowers ! Adieu to all your complex infamies ; to your extortion, your extravagance, your commerce in slaves, your poisoned cup, your strangler's wrist, and your cruel *bastinado* ! Adieu to the sudden chill, the wasting fever, the enfeebled stomach, and to vaporizing vitality ! Adieu to all these unbridled forces which prostrate, diminish and kill ! How few, like myself, have been able to make this last adieu ; have been able to stand by the shores of a wholesome sea and thank God " That I, too, am not a victim ! " No one pillowed upon silk and down can appreciate my joy in thus escaping with life. It is like being born into a new world — like having stood on the frontier of life and death, with the menace of the dark voyage constantly urging you into the eternal abyss — and at the last moment to have been snatched from the mortal perils and dropped into some indescribable Elysium ! This is not tinting or coloring, but simply stating how I feel — fascinated with life in three-fourths of its phases, and deeply grateful for a fresh inheritance of its joys, for I am truly born again.

Ninety per cent of all the Europeans perish from the climate — the majority from sudden deaths during the first month in the country! This is worse than war, plague or famine.

After six months of travel on the White and Blue Niles, I left Khartoum on the 17th of June, on board the handsome dahabeah of Ameen Bey, kindly furnished by the Governor-General of the Soudan. I owe many thanks to him for timely favors and courtesies, for, among his manifold plans to purge, elevate and develop the Soudan, he never begrudged me an hour.

Ismail Bey, who had spent eight years in the Soudan, since Pacha and Governor-General,* and Mr. Varsal, the *Besch Mehendiz* (chief engineer) of the telegraphs of the Soudan, were *en route* for

* After my return to America I received this letter from my old friend, then Ismail Bey, containing the gratifying intelligence that the Sudd had been removed.

KHARTOUM, JUNCTION OF THE BLUE AND {
WHITE NILES, March 18, 1874. }

ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH, *Secretary of the American Geographical Society*:

DEAR SIR — When I received your last communication, informing me that the honor of being elected a Fellow of the American Geographical Society had been conferred upon me, you desired me to contribute toward the Society such information as might be of interest. I am happy to say that an opportunity presents itself already to fulfill my duty to the Society. I dare say you will be acquainted with the fact that one of the principal obstructions which explorers and merchants bound for Central Africa, who chose to go by way of the White Nile, had to encounter was the "Sudd," a great mass of vegetation which, in the course of ten years, obstructed the navigation of the White Nile entirely, so that only in the rainy season small vessels could reach the Gondokoro by way of the Bahr-el-Gerrafe, and in the remainder of the year all communication with the Upper Nile was interrupted. It has been my constant aim to have this obstruction cleared away. I had sent a report of the possibility to achieve this to His Highness the Khedive, and His Highness, in his indefatigable activity for the welfare, happiness and civilization of his countries, immediately ordered me to proceed up the White Nile, inspect the places myself, and suggest the best means of executing the work. I left Khartoum accordingly in February, last year, with 800 soldiers, one steamer and five sailing ships; and, the river being low then, I immediately commenced to work with my men. We carried on the works for about two months, from morning till night. We

Cairo ; the first having been called to Lower Egypt by the Viceroy, and the second retiring voluntarily from a climate which had all but wrecked his health. Both of the gentlemen had been my friends at Khartoum, and it was, therefore, with great pleasure that we joined forces for the journey down the Nile. Thus, in their company, after a voyage of nearly five hundred miles, by river and desert, through mountain gorges, over perilous steeps and burning plains, I reached the coral strands of Suakin in twenty-three days. Let us begin with the beginning, and briefly survey this line of travel, which ultimately must become one of the grand commercial highways of the world. To leave the Soudan little preparation is necessary, because little

encountered a serious accident: an enormous portion of the Sudd gave way and surprised us in the middle of the night; five ships were lost and the steamer was upset. In fact so sudden and so terrible was the approach of the fast mass of Sudd and water that we only escaped by a miracle; many of my people were wounded, but fortunately no lives were lost. As a curiosity, I may mention that an enormous hippopotamus was crushed to death against our steamer. It supplied several excellent meals for my soldiers, who seemed to relish it very much.

After we had been working for two months, the Nile rose, and I had to abandon the work until the next season. I consequently returned to Khartoum, with the intention of recommencing the work as soon as the Nile was down again. His Highness, however, having appointed me since to the Governor-Generalship of Soudan, I was so much engaged with the organization of my new provinces that, to my regret, I had to leave it to somebody else to conduct the work. I sent 800 men again up the White Nile, and one of the large steamers we had here in December, last year; and, after three months more hard work, the Sudd was entirely cut through and a passage opened for our large steamer, so that even now, when the Nile is down, it passed the whole distance from the point where the Bahr-el-Gazzal commences to the point where the Bahr-el-Gerrafe rejoins the Nile, the distance the Sudd extended to; thus communication from Khartoum to Gondokoro in the main river is opened again after an obstruction of ten years' duration. Any vessel will reach Gondokoro now at any time of the year. It was the best news with which we could possibly welcome the new Governor of the new provinces situated on the White Nile, Col. Gordon, who arrived here last week.

I remain, dear sir, etc., the Governor-General of the Soudan.

ISMAIL PACHA AYOUB.

is possible. You are not in the midst of an oasis of canned meats and potted dainties, nor is there any convenience of the housewife. You have only to gather up your shreds and fragments, your guns and ammunition, and embark with a quantity of rice, beans, bread, coffee and tobacco. Sheep you find on the way.

I hastily prepared and in two days was ready and on board. Giovanni, the Piedmont Chasseur, had been given an indefinite congé on account of his love of rum and had been in high spirits (cognac), from the hour of his discharge. I had, therefore, to take another domestic. This time it was to be a prince — nothing below royal blood. Zibehr was a Dongola prince. His father was a king among the Dongolowie, that hardy and wicked people living in the great bend of the Nile, and who have, time out of mind, furnished nine-tenths of the infamous soldiery by whom the slave trade has been nurtured and sustained. Zibehr was a boy of adventure and a man of travel. But alas! his royal blood could not stand as a substitute for the imperial dollars of Austria, current in the Soudan, and so Zibehr sullied his quality as a prince by soliciting employment. He came recommended by himself, named his quali-

fications as a White Nile soldier, as the only man, in fine, who could suit me. I saw that he was a wag, given, perhaps, slightly to the sequestration of his neighbor's goods; but as the latter is a national trait, from the scullery to the imperial throne, it perplexed me little. I finally engaged him at \$8 per month, and paid him an advance. To recite the hourly discourses of the prince, and to recount all his adventures with the world in Khartoum, would be an endless task. The prince was a fine specimen of a man, above six feet in height, broad-shouldered, bare-breasted always, and had three courage marks upon each cheek — that is to say, three gashes, after the usages of the country. Zibehr was a friend of the famous Dongoloween, the Emperor Mohammed Kehr, who, about the year 1860, established an empire on the White Nile, and succeeded in banding together several formidable peoples. The Egyptian government became frightened at the strength and insolence of the *parvenu* King, and Moosa Pacha, with or without orders, dispatched an ambassador to his court to offer the homages of Egypt at his feet. The ambassador was received with a great feast, and, having established a close intimacy with the King, the two rose from

the *fête* together, when, in the solitude and darkness of the night, the conspirator turned upon the King and foully assassinated him upon the spot.

Early on the morning of the 17th of June, Zibehr went to pay his last adieux to his three wives in Khartoum. They despoiled him of nearly all his money. Suddenly the tax gatherer appeared and levied upon the Prince, for his government arrears, the sum of \$5. The Prince tried to shelter himself under the American flag, but I tersely informed him that I would father none of his villainies. Accompanied by a soldier, he was consequently conducted to the Sheik of the tribe, who in turn required him to produce his "*felluce*" (money). The Prince set out to find his wives, who for obvious reasons did not live together. His discourses to the Sheik, to the mob which had gathered in the *grand place* of Khartoum, his hot entreaties to his wives, his threats of vengeance against the government, his wild gestures and soaring voice, together with his indignation and princely attitude, formed a splendid scene.

In the meantime Moontaz Pacha, attended by his suite, came down to the river to say *bon voyage*. We soon cast off from the shore, put for the middle of the stream just in time to catch the Prince — a

fugitive from the clutches of the Sheik. We rounded the sharp angle of the Blue Nile with our oars, set our leg-of-mutton sail and bade an eternal farewell to Khartoum — a city which, were its history truly written in all the horrible details that exist to-day, would present the foulest picture of human rottenness in the East. The curse of God seems to be upon the town. He visits it with plague and pestilence. The very day I prepared to leave, a terrible simoon swept over the city, and enveloped it in total darkness at three o'clock in the afternoon. I was sitting writing at my table in the midst of the glorious sunshine of Africa. Slowly the southern horizon began to grow obscure. I went out upon the "racoba" and observed a huge mountain of sand, growing grander and grander and advancing rapidly upon Khartoum. It was a splendid sight — the sun at full blaze in another quarter of the heavens, the doom palms and date trees frosted with clouds of white birds, the spires and minarets slowly losing their outlines in the dense obscurity. The rude shipping of the Blue Nile, with bare masts and yards trembling for their own security, and, with this spectacle in view, the population excited, closing their houses, running hither and thither, and

preparing for a phenomenon which had occurred but twice in the history of the past.

A sharp wind, a tornado, a hurricane, in succession announced the advance of that sparkling, burnished red mountain which was to fill the air, the lungs, and our little world with darkness. It came nearer and nearer. Its front was absolutely perpendicular, and once enveloped, every thing was in darkness. It spread over the city. To breathe was difficult and oppressive, and it was darker than the darkest night I ever knew. Sand covered the ground to the thickness of an inch, and the whole effect reminded me of Pliny's description of the fall of Pompeii at the beginning of the Christian era. It was an absolute inundation of sand. A similar phenomenon had occurred seven years before, and also the great simoon forty-eight years ago. Abdel Kareem, the veteran son of Aboo-Sin, described the latter inundation as the most terrible that has ever been known. No one knows how many were buried in the desert; no one knows how many Bedouins were overwhelmed by the sand, and no one will ever know. A simoon requires no undertaker; it kills, digs and fills your grave at the same time. This incident is only one of the many evanescent

plagues of the Soudan. First came small insects, which attacked the eyes and rendered lights intolerable ; then followed the deadly scorpions, then more than a dozen foul and indigenous species of bugs, each of which seemed to have its appointed season ; geccos, lizards and " Nile buttons," which last are aggravating pimples on the skin.

Can any one imagine that, notwithstanding the thermometer at 115 degrees in the shade, with contrary winds and constant rowing, the trip to Berber was not the most enjoyable of my life ?

At Berber I found the Governor. Hussein Bey, with his two provinces, had made wonderful progress. The town was stored with many thousand bales of cotton, the product of an experiment, which made all the many-tailed Pachas of Egypt smile with incredulity. Hussein Bey should not be forgotten. He must have an important future in the development of Northern and Central Africa. From the feared and puissant Sheik of the Ababdahs, he became, with the submission of his tribe, an energetic and faithful subordinate of the Viceroy, who raised him to the grade of Bey and to the Governorship of two of his richest provinces. He was proof against bribes, and was remarkable for being an honest man.

After the usual cigars, coffee and salutations, I asked His Excellency how his territory was getting along.

"I have made about 100 miles of canals; one 20 miles long. They are all for the culture of cotton."

"Will the population work?"

"Yes, and with avidity. The Arab loves money; and, above all, loves to work off his taxes in lieu of paying them in hard cash. For example, if an Arab cultivates such a quantity of cotton or works on a canal for such a length of time his taxes are considered paid. As soon as the people begin to amass money emigration will pour in from the Hedjaz, and the wandering nomads will cluster about the cultivated fields. But we do not intend to let the cotton fever despoil us of durrah."

What a change for the Arab Sheik! Two years ago a Sheik, with a turban and a fadah, he was now in a position as proud as that of the Governor of an American State; and in ten years he may have made of his country more than a Georgia or an Alabama.

On the 26th of June we had gathered the camels, thirty-five in number; thirty girbehs, holding 300 gallons of water, and all was put in readiness for the long march from the Nile to the Red Sea, ordina-

rily made by caravan in twenty-four days. Sheik Mohammed, a dapper little Arab Chief, was directed to select the camels, and the Governor-General provided me with a comfortable makloofah, a fine Hygeen saddle. Soliman Agar, a Turk, of many years' residence, showed us many kind attentions in Berber, sending us each day rich Turkish dinners. Mme. La Farque, widow of the late French Consul, and an Abyssinian of remarkable grace and beauty, was also Kentuckian in her hospitality.

We now found much difficulty in securing the charges and loading the camels. The Bicherinel Arabs, who perform the office of camel men, work when they please, and their pleasure is fitful and peevish. To be a good camel man, one must be first a sailor, to knot, splice, lash and secure; then a camel sharp, then a porter, then industrious and attentive. These lazy fellows, recruited from the mountains, rarely answer to any one of these qualifications; hence delay, confusion and often blows.

While the camels were sprawled out upon the great open place near the Governor's palace, my servant, the Prince, came running to me in hot haste, announcing that a Christian had become a Mussul-

man. He was much rejoiced, adding, that I should follow the example, as the Christians in the future world would light the fires in the infernal regions wherewith to roast recreant followers of Mohammed. While he was at the acme of his discourse, I heard a fearful noise in the streets, and throwing open the clumsy wooden shutter, set into the mud and manure wall, I beheld the proselyte pageant. Over 5,000 *gamins*, canaille, half-nude Arabs, women, donkeys, and dogs were formed in irregular procession, moving at a slow pace, rendering the day hideous with their yells. The convert (rather the recreant) was seated upon a horse, borne by the people upon a platform, and he was gorgeously dressed in Syrian silks. All about him were the flags of the Church and State of Egypt, Turkey and Mecca, with banners inscribed with fragments from the Koran. Two Fakis flanked him on either side, and the first citizens of Berber were grouped about him. The mob shouted his praises, cried, "*La illah ila Allah Moammed Rossool Allah!*" and "*Nacer illa e Salaam.*" (God has made him victorious.) He was a great lion. The name of the convert was Abd'l Saïd (Slave of the Happy), and his conversion was due entirely to worldly aims. He is but an example of

the many Christians or Copts who sell their consciences for less than a mess of pottage. No one of broad views will stop long to lament the proselytism of such men ; but when each conversion is attended by a *fête*, it is impossible to estimate the influence on the Moslem mind. The fanatical son of Moham-med believes that a new era has opened, and that soon all Christianity must succumb to the posthumous puissance of the impostor of Mecca. Each proselyte throws back the wheels of progress, because the ceremony intensifies and fanaticizes the Moslem people. Cases are frequent where converts are directly bought by an offer of a public position, and others change to propitiate a favorite female slave or wife. There is no counter-compensation. During nearly a year in the country I never heard of a convert to Christianity ; to make that transition is to insure assassination. The Mussulmans tell you that themselves. The Catholic mission at Khartoum, possessing the finest property on the Upper Nile, valued at \$50,000, have never made one proselyte. The mission has succeeded in collecting a few negro boys from the White Nile, whom it holds by filling their stomachs and not their souls.

Abd'l Saïd, after having been conducted to the mosque by the Governor, was again paraded through the streets, the people shouting, "You will now enter Paradise!"

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE WAY TO THE RED SEA.

AT three P. M. our *ham-layh* (caravan) filed into the great Nubian Desert, and taking a course east-north-east, quitted the town of Berber. We followed at four P. M., leaving the Nile, the Arsenal and the great mountain to southward, distorted by a trembling mirage. After an hour *en route*, the sun began to sink below the western hills, and the glowing sky and burnished clouds vaulted all that was visible within our vast horizon of sand, withering shrubs and moving caravans. It is, indeed, a grand sight — the desert at sunset. It is more impressive than the sea, more than the prairie, more than the deep gorge or lofty mountain — it is a plain of undulating gold, set in a chain of coral mountains. The noise of day is hushed; the camels themselves cease to groan, and you are in a vast unwallled, silent solitude. During the months I spent in the deserts of Africa, I came to feel — rejecting what might be termed moonlight sentimentality and youthful romance — that the life of

an Arab in those distant wilds is, perhaps, the happiest on earth. His house has no roof, his soil no boundaries, his bed no feathers, his whereof to eat, no wines, sauces or salads. Rarely ill, his only dish is a tinful of *lugma*, made of corn pounded into flour with a stone ; his only garment five yards of rough cotton cloth thrown about the body after the fashion of the ancient Romans ; his only weapons a lance and a shield, his only bed the sand. Thus, bare-headed, bare-footed, he endures the flaming winds of day or chilling breezes by night. He supports a change of fifty degrees of temperature, without inconvenience or suffering. He has no aspirations for official honors, fortune or social distinction, but only wishes "to be let alone," and, with his pretty bronzed wife, his high-bred dromedary, his dozen sheep and his children, he can select his own oasis for a home, his own sheik for a chief. Such privileges are seldom enjoyed by the dwellers in cities.

We arrived at the first well, Moorkbey, two hours after sunset, and there we began to experience the attention of the Sheik Mohammed. He had given us several head of camels. The servant, Saïd, of M. Versal had been thrown from his camel and had nearly broken his neck. We feared he would die

during the night. Another domestic had also been laid horizontally.

The camel men were very unconcerned. We found, to our surprise, that most of our water skins were leaky, and that half the water had been lost in a march of three hours. We were dismayed, and the more so because the deaths from this source are very frequent along the route, as many as fifty having perished at a time. Twelve hours is the longest period that an adult can survive without drinking during the terrible heat of this desert.

Our water skins were replenished from the brackish waters of the Natron wells, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, during a hot sand tempest, we set out for El Bok, distant three days. The road continued to lie along a broad plain, being clearly defined by a beaten track, with two great mountains bearing north-east by east. It was for the cut between these two elevations that we steered our course. On either side were frequent patches of the African reed grass, found on all the steppes of the continent, and now and then a leafless mimosa, a species extending from the equator to Lower Egypt. The thermometer showed 110° in

the shade, and the heat was insufferable. After a ride of six hours we dismounted for the night, to await the caravan, and when we had fairly bivouacked it was midnight. Again we experienced fresh fears that the water would not last, because all the *girbehs* leaked copiously. We had many attendants and camel men and all our throats were dry. Despite all that could be done the next morning found us with half our water gone.

Up to this point the ground had taken a gentle slope toward the Red Sea, and it was everywhere in excellent condition for a railroad, telegraph or perfect camel route. As I afterward found, there is nothing to prevent the Viceroy from building a railroad from Berber to Suakin. The distance is 270 miles, the grades easy and gentle, and he would be obliged to make but two cuts along this, the shortest route. But the government seems to vacillate upon this point. The Viceroy wants a railroad to the Soudan, but he is not settled upon the route it must take. Years hence, when that grand future which awaits the development of these mines of agricultural wealth shall have arrived, there will be an internal system of rails and wires.

Let the Viceroy pursue the only sensible course

and build his railroad along the Nile — upon the very banks of the river. If he tries to span valleys and deserts of extreme size he will build a line for an express train, but not for way travel and transportation. The great hope and need of Egypt is in accumulating populations upon the banks of the main Nile, the Blue Nile, the White Nile, the Atbara, the Sobat, and in settling the province of Takka, which is washed for ninety days by Abyssinian torrents. The rail, therefore, should not cross from Assouan to Berber; neither from Wady Halfa to Shendy. There is much talk of the former, because several mines of gold have been discovered near latitude 20 North, longitude 82 East. Yet their value is unknown; and it is not probable that the fortune seeker will wait for a train of cars to conduct him to the spot. Gold has been worked at Sennar, on the Blue Nile, since the time of Mohammed Ali, all by the blacks; but, as yet, it has made no one rich. The people in Lower Egypt seem to know, in a vague way, of the amazing wealth of the Soudan, but they have no idea how, in what manner, and where to begin its development.

Wherever the wire is up the rail should follow. This is a general and in Africa a special maxim.

The Viceroy has sent many people to the Soudan to inspect and report upon the country, and their researches have produced nothing; but from what reason I am unable to say. The truth is the Soudan is grossly misgoverned. There is not, with European exceptions, a capable engineer; there is not a pioneer genius; there is not a practical man in the whole country. This is broad, but true. The energy, the hardihood and boldness by means of which a vast empire has been hewn out of the forests of America are utterly unknown there. There are some good men, honest men, but when they advance a new idea, one in the interest of the country, they are ridiculed by the stagnant voice of the people. What then must the Khedive do for his India? Can he do any thing? Certainly. In twenty years, with vigorous and honest administration, the cotton products of the Soudan would exceed those of the United States. I was very careful to observe the officials there, who had capacity and integrity and some idea of progress. I studied their administration, and know almost every instance of individual or official corruption in the Soudan, preceding my visit and during the last few years.

What should be done?

First — Consolidate the nine provinces of the Soudan under a central government at Khartoum.

Second — Instead of confiding the power to one Pacha, vest it in a council composed of several officials who have been tried and found faithful, capable and zealous : A European railroad engineer, with a sub-bureau in each province ; a European telegraph engineer, with a sub-bureau in each province ; an American cotton cultivator and sugar planter of great experience, with several assistants and a sub-bureau in each province. Let this commission assemble and organize a tribunal of justice, and a bureau of military and civil engineering.

Third — The Viceroy should formulate a code of laws for this commission. Robbing the government and people should be severely punished.

Fourth — The Viceroy should appoint an eminent Minister for the Soudan, one who would go and inspect the country and return to Cairo and organize a department there. The commission and the Minister for the Soudan should always be of accord, and no officer deposed in Khartoum should be employed in the department at Cairo. This is different now. The consequence is that all plans for progress are frustrated.

Fifth — The local government of each province should be well organized, but in no case should an officer above the grade of major be appointed Governor, and upon the slightest incapacity he should be removed, and for dishonesty, be shot. Pachas are personages, and it is difficult to remove a personage.

Sixth — Five out of seven should decide a question, with the right of appeal to the Viceroy.

Seventh — Under this government the development of the Soudan could begin at once and upon a gigantic scale.

Eighth — Complete the telegraph lines now contemplated — one from Kordofan to Khartoum, one from Berber to Kassala, one from Massowah to Suakin, one from Sennar to Khartoum — then Cairo can talk with any province. Lay the rail up the Nile and begin at once to put down a track between Suakin and Kassala. The route for the latter is level; the steepest grade is 1,800 feet in forty miles; the route runs through a fertile valley to the frontier of Abyssinia; it will drain Abyssinia of all its products, make Suakin a great city, become the highway for millions of bales of cotton. Cairo would then be seven days from Kassala. The road would cost about £4,000,000. Afterward the rail

could be laid to Berber. This road would induce an immense emigration from Arabia, and the mother country of the Orient would seek her fortunes in the new world, precisely as our fathers did in America.

Ninth — Turkish officials should be employed before Egyptians, because they are much more energetic, manlier and better taught. I can say nothing for the Egyptian official. He is a zero.

Tenth — The caravan routes should not be forgotten. Each route should be organized, with cisterns every twenty-four hours of march, with camels, attendants, water-skins and relays. Such a system does not exist on any one of the twenty different routes in the Soudan

Were such a plan carried out the Red Sea would become white with canvas; Suakin and Massowah would take rank among the most important ports in the world; the great steamships instead of steering by this coast, in contempt, to find harbor on the coast of India, would eagerly demand a cargo of cotton or sugar, and the blood of prosperity would flow through all the arteries of the Egyptian territory.

On the following day we were up at sunrise, a rule from which no one deviates in the Soudan.

We started from El Bok at an easy trot and passed into the mountain road, leaving the hills to northward. At noon we dismounted, spread our tent in the middle of the desert and lay down for repose. We happened to have near us the camp of a pack of Mecca mendicants, which proved a nuisance of the most aggravating character. Pilgrims we saw all along the route. They came from Senegal, the western coast of Africa, from Darfour, Wadai, and Tunis. Some of these unhappy travelers are two years in crossing the Continent, and many perish by the way. They ultimately breed pestilence in Mecca, at their grand *fêtes*, by leaving the flesh of sheep to decompose upon the heights of the sacred mountain; and subsequently, cholera and epidemic diseases are disseminated over Europe by these malarial propagandists, notwithstanding medical reports to the contrary, and Christians thus pay the Mohammedan piper. It may well be doubted if ages will overcome the superstitious fever which annually carries to Mecca 200,000 pilgrims.

Unhappily, the Viceroy does not believe in delivering his people from the twin yoke of the Fakis and the Koran, but prefers to rule them by the despotism of their religion. The moment you whisper

in the ear of the Egyptian, the Arab or the black, "that you, the people, have rights," it will only need some fresh oppression to make them revolt. "Oh," they tell me, "the Egyptians are poltroons — don't you believe they will ever rise." There is truth in the statement; but the mere force of numbers must overwhelm the Khedive and his whole government, if he does not undertake a radical change of policy. He is absolute. He is responsible to no one, because he purchases the indorsement of Constantinople by a large tribute. He personally is the commerce and wealth of the country, and as for the Assembly, it is a mere imposition. There is no voice of the people. The Viceroy means well, but his political economy is artificial. He is a student of Napoleon III, and an ardent admirer of the policy which brought France to the deepest pit of humiliation. Of course Egypt will go on and prosper all the same under his government. He is an able and a skillful man, and will, I believe, avert the coming danger by timely measures. There is much that is admirable in his administration, ill-founded and wretchedly conceived as most of it is in its fundamental principles.

While we were sprawled out under the tent, try-

ing to cramp ourselves into the narrow shade, a large negro from Darfour, on his return from Mecca, presented himself for alms. We all feigned sleep. The rascal, undaunted, knelt down by my side and, fingering a string of beads, began to recite a prayer from the Koran in a high key, beseeching Providence to provide the best abode in Paradise for us all, in consideration of which he demanded money and bread. He went away without rendering a receipted bill. Many humbugs adopt the profession of the Faki; and the charlatans, for money, will preach to the mob over the tomb of Mohammed, change into a pander for a few piasters, or become a barber, or drink mixer with equal facility.

At three P. M. we were again under way. Patches of verdure now began to embellish the route, and occasionally a mimosa, or a small shrub. I was not surprised to find vast deposits of remarkable stones; all the hues of marble, all the deposits of slate and great boulders of granite. A mile from the route, a wonderful stone rose perpendicularly from the sand to a height of about fifty feet. It resembled an obelisk. This caprice of nature was surrounded by other clean-shaven rocks, which gave the *tout ensemble* the appearance of a primitive ruin,

reminding me of the costellated forms of Colorado, produced by the erosive action of water. It may provoke a smile to talk of the treasures of the desert, the porphyry, the marble, the slate, all of which the Orient needs so badly ; but one forgets often that these valuable elements of the desert formation are easily accessible to the commerce of the world.

Occasionally Bicherine Arabs, mounted upon dromedaries, bearing merchandise to their tribe, crossed our path, on an average one caravan a day, like a sail at sea, reminding us that an outer world still breathed and moved ; but beyond that there was no life on the grand desert. Water alone was our constant solicitude, and there being some forty people in our party did not augment our feelings of security. Four years ago, nearly half way between Berber and Suakin, sixty soldiers perished from thirst. A battalion had been sent by the Viceroy for the garrison of Khartoum. Arrived at Suakin, detachments were sent across the desert. It was to one of these the fatal accident occurred. It seems that the Colonel was in command. A dispute arose between him and the guides, and, of course, the Colonel acted with military decision — which was

wrong. He assumed the responsibility, acting on his own judgment against their advice. Each soldier had but one water-skin, and, not knowing that water in the desert is blood, they wasted it extravagantly. They approached the mountains of El Bok, and refusing to be checked by the guides they drank all their water, confident of their ability to reach the well. The heat was consuming. The camels broke down one by one. There was a terrible, general thirst. The men became prostrated. In a few hours the majority had died in horrible agony, after killing the camels for milk, blood and water; but in vain. It is, perhaps, the most frightful of all ends — to perish with your tongue inflamed, your body on fire, your brain gone! one exhausting delirium!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ARABS OF NORTHERN AFRICA.

NEAR noon, on the 29th, much to our surprise, we arrived at a great rain-water basin formed in the rock, four days from Berber. This point is a god-send to the traveler. During the day more than two thousand camels were watered there, and great herds of beeves and flocks of sheep. That evening we arrived at the sand cliffs overshadowing El Bok. We were obliged to ascend and descend four distinct ridges. At the summit of the loftiest I obtained a view I had rarely seen equaled in Africa. Many hundred feet below, and to westward, was the plain we had just crossed, stretching away to one of those gorgeous skies that can only be seen in that clear air; then the caravan, with its motley people, slowly winding up the incline, lost now in a deep shadow, anon tinged by the setting sun; the veins of colored marble taking a softer tint from the mellow twilight, and the whole face of nature subdued by prodigious space, peopled only by an ardent imagination. The evening is poetry and joy, the

day toil and rage. That night we arrived at the well.

El Bok is a specimen of an Arab camp of twenty scattered families. The habitation for shelter is simply a mat made of palm leaves, staked to the ground and shored up by a centre pole, making the height about three feet. The family crawl under this shelter during rains. All the family property is generally kept thereunder, consisting of a bottle of grease, a pack of amulets, several gourds (bowls) for milk, and skins of animals. We had many visitors at El Bok. Our principal guests were the members of the Napoleon family, so named because of the resemblance of its scion to the Little Corporal. He always brought with him his two sisters, Fatima and another, whose name I forget. Fatima was exceedingly beautiful, with the face of the Madonna, and was very neatly attired in the long cotton robe of the Bicherines. But with all her clothes her person was not more concealed than a slightly veiled Venus. She was bare-footed and bare-headed, and certainly, withal, the most beautiful Arab girl I had ever seen. Her teeth were pearls. All of the Arabs, men and women, have fine teeth. They occupy about two hours every day in cleansing

— them with racki wood — abundant there — and they eat and drink nothing injurious to them. Fatima admired a bottle which I had in the tent, and which formerly had been in the service of "mixed pickles." Of course I gave it to her, and nothing could exceed her joy. A bottle is money. You can buy any thing with one; and, so highly is the article esteemed further south, that the pride of the family is always named after the word "glass," whatever the translation may be in the numerous dialects.

The condition of the nomadic Arab tribes, taken as a unit, is not good. They have been robbed by their sheiks and by the government officers, and now they complain bitterly. Each tribe, besides its chief sheik, has hundreds of sub-sheiks, who govern the villages and roving squads. The rule is cruel and oppressive — the authority almost absolute. The Arabs still kick secretly against the government; cut down its telegraphs, attack travelers, and then escape to the mountains. From the best native authorities I have tried to tabulate the population of the Arabs, and the results I give are only approximate. No census, or even estimate, has ever been made.

Among all the Arabs of Upper Egypt, the Schur-

DESERT ARABS.

keriehs are the most famous for their dromedaries; the Hadendowas for their camels and cattle; the Bicherines for swift hygeens also; while the Ababdahs are accomplished in almost all the Arab arts. The Hadendowas are the richest, for it is among them that the cotton has begun to grow, while money is now flowing into their country. The peoples are estimated to number —

Hadendowa Arabs (latitude 15°)	250,000
Bicherine.....	100,000
Schurkerieh	100,000
Ababdah	40,000
Berta	100,000
Irdi Adlan.....	150,000
Hamran (Baker's sword hunters).....	20,000
Basen, Barea, Marea	100,000
Kababisch	180,000
Bagora	200,000
Refaha el Hooch	150,000
Refaha ah Shak	100,000
Gahanah	100,000
Dobin-i-nah	60,000
How-was-mah	10,000
La How-wi-cene.....	100,000
The tribes scattered near Kordofan, White Nile and elsewhere, not counted	300,000

In addition, the Dongolowie probably count 300,000. This curious people are neither negroes, nor Egyptians, nor Arabs. The best proofs indicate that they come from the neighborhood of Tunis. They are

strong, cunning and avaricious. They, however, claim their parentage in Yemen.

An Arab tribe changes its numbers but slowly. Since the flood of Arabs from Asia began to flow into Africa, few have returned, save on a pilgrimage to Medina or Mecca. The Soudan has been recruited from the Hedjaz, Yemen, Aden and Bagdad. Of course, the Arab aristocracy comes from the Hedjaz, and it is not rare to find a sheik claiming direct descent from Mohomet. The Hadendowa Arabs resemble Jews, both in person and character. Formerly Abyssinia extended into the country they now occupy, and it is certain that some Jewish blood exists among the people.

The oldest living sheik I knew was Aboo-Sinn,* of the Schurkerieh (over one hundred years old), and the wisest; Aboo-Rof, of the Rajah El Hoo, the richest and *plus canaille*; Sheik Moosa, of the Hadendowa, the finest camel rider, who was reported to have ridden from Cassala to Cairo — over 1,500 miles — in thirteen days; Sheik Wadzida, of the Dobin-i-nah, in Sennar, the boldest and bravest; Sheik Mahomet, of the Ababdahs, the most epicu-

* Aboo-Sinn died after an exhausting journey across the Nubian desert, leaving behind him more than one hundred children and grandchildren.

rean, suave and *bon-vivant*. The family of Aboo-Sinn was the most numerous and rapacious.

Upon the territory occupied by these Arabs are found gold, all kinds of building stones; hard woods, from mimosa to ebony; coffee, cotton, grapes, twenty different kinds of vegetables, beeves and sheep in abundance, indigo, quantities of rare medicinal herbs, even to a kind of tree which yields an inferior quinine; fine lands abound, drained by several of the most important rivers in the world; lovely oases and almost absolute independence. What have they done with this inheritance? Nothing.

Among these provinces Sennar has the brightest future. There, can be produced all the marvels of India. Already the population work gold into the exquisite jewelry of Paris and Geneva and straw in mats, hats and house furniture of great beauty and durability. The 30,000,000 negroes who inhabit the shores of the White Nile and outlying territory are, however, far superior in their workmanship to those tribes in close contact with civilization.

We stayed at El Bok a day and a half enjoying the society of the Napoleon family, the members of which were very civil in supplying us with good

milk; and at three o'clock, July 1st, started for Awy-Yan, situated in the mountains, one day's march from Kokreb. Near midnight, and while we were still under way, a storm came up and we lost our way. We set fire to the patches of dry grass and soon an immense sheet of flame shot up to the skies, and before an hour's time the caravan had found us. In hunting, this precaution often becomes necessary to frighten the Arabs who might attack the camp. Our guides were always on foot, and though we offered to mount them they refused from motives of pride. Hussein, who accompanied our advance, always had a severe and tedious journey. He supported fatigue with extraordinary good nature. The mercury stood in the shade at 115 degrees; the scorching sun beat down upon his bare head, and yet he seldom fell behind our camels on a trot. These men are vastly superior to the lazy fellows on the Korosko desert, and are true children of the desert. All the Bicherines have a contempt for the white man, whom they say is "uncooked when born."

On July 2d, we entered a most beautiful country, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, situated in the bosom of a cluster of stupendous basalt cliffs. The

verdure was fresh from recent rains, and the air was deliciously soft and balmy. From that hour until the day before arriving at Suakin the climate was charming. At sundown on the 2d we began to penetrate the mountains, to reach the third *beeher* (well) along the route. The path was rocky and dangerous, and after a serpentine course of an hour, climbing with our camels into strangely out-of-the-way positions, we sought repose on a bed of sharp stones situated on a plateau 1,000 yards from the well. The following day we had another steep and dangerous ascent to make, after which we emerged upon a plain leading to the great mountain of Kokreb in the distance. Of Kokreb I had formed an extravagant idea. From all the descriptions I expected to find a paradise, fit alone for angels. We were sadly disappointed. The approach to Kokreb is by a vast plain to a high promontory, throwing a deep shadow over a great extent of country to southward. After rains and high winds, we again camped during the heat of noon in a beautiful patch of verdure, where we found Arabs and sheep. It struck me that this country would be a most valuable ground whereon to prosecute a series of meteorological observations. In the course

of an hour the wind blows from all points of the compass; terrible cyclones gather up the sand and form lofty sand spouts, which sail over the desert like an interminable mast. To eastward there may be rain; to westward there may be rain, and yet you may occupy a square mile untouched by the storm — *an island in the tempest*. Away on the mountain tops, streaks of water corrugate the skies; black clouds settle like storm gods to guard the irrigation, and the torrents swell into streams, and the streams into rivers, which in a week's time leave but a dried water-course and a stagnant pool as relics of the storm. These mountains form the sources of no rivers; the thirsty sands swallow all before a stream can cut a pathway either to the Nile or to the Red Sea.

At Kokreb we found no Arabs — nothing. It is here that the route enters a narrow gorge, sometimes following a torrent bed, sometimes piercing a thicket of thorns, sometimes pushing over bare, rocky ground. Such is the camel way to the resting place by the Red Sea. Passing through countries where we saw hundreds of horses, gazelles, antelopes and wild asses, some of which afterward burdened our modest table, we reached Fecca Treek

on July 6, where we again sat down to rest. Our dog, Daboose (Needle), here amused himself by endeavoring to tear an aged Arab woman to pieces, which made some little excitement among the Arabs who had come to visit our camp. The next day we continued our march to the Suakin, travelling as much as possible in the night time. Going through this ravine is very annoying. Thorns tear what small fragments of clothing you may have left after a long African voyage, and your skin, peeled by the sun, is rent also by the shrubs. At the end of the journey my whole body was burned through my linen clothes and underwear, and at Suakin I was undergoing the charming experience of being "barked."

On July 9th, the Red Sea came suddenly in view, a narrow sheet of silver appearing to border the sandhills of the coast. We were happy. The sainted family of pilgrims who had accompanied us from Berber were more exhausted, particularly the women. The husband, with admirable self-negation, had ridden the camel the whole 270 miles, while his wife and daughter had walked every step. This eccentricity of the Egyptian caused several little disputes, in which the wife would strike the husband, but

which he always decided by mounting and riding off. We entered Suakin at sunrise on the 11th of July after a painful voyage.


The view of Suakin from a distance is exceedingly beautiful. The town is built upon an island, and was a Turkish possession in the last century. The Viceroy purchased it from the Sultan for \$125,000, and it is now the chief port of the Soudan. Its future must be great. Already the wharves and piers are loaded with cotton; a telegraph runs down to Kassala, and the Bicherene and Hadendowa Arabs are settling a large city on the continent. The houses built of coral, are lofty and creditable to the commerce of the port. The heat is terrible, the thermometer standing at 120 degrees, and sometimes running higher.

Captain Rugeby, an English electrician, showed us many kind attentions, where everyday comfort and a glass of "pale ale" are worth more to the tired traveler, than "the freedom of the city in a gold box."

Suakin sustains a petty commerce with Jeddah, Suez and Massowah, and the Viceroy has sent colossal engines and boilers to be moved to the banks of the Atbara for the degrainage of cotton.

A few more seasons, and it is believed that all the steamers plying the Red Sea will touch for goods; and passengers, who are now obliged to hazard the transit to Suez on the deck of an Egyptian sarcophagus.

As a final word, let me say that no one should visit the Soudan as a traveler without a stout heart, a definite purpose, and a rigid self-control. He should be able to laugh at dangers and disappointments, to smile under exhausting sickness, and be perfectly easy under delays of months or years. If he be an hunter, better the sport in Abyssinia; if aspiring to discover the Nile's sources, better follow Speke and Grant and leave from Zanzibar; if willing to risk his all for the pleasure and reputation that years of wandering in Africa will gain him, there is no better land for search or contemplation. But to those who start for the Upper Nile with vague ideas, I would say, "you will rue the day of your departure."



CHAPTER XIX.

A WAR-LIKE DEMONSTRATION AGAINST ABYSSINIA.

AFTER I reached Suakin, I determined to visit Massowah. The Egyptian steamer Hedjaz touched at Suakin on the 17th of July, and I embarked for Massowah the following day. The run of over 300 miles to southward was through a sea of flame, whose influence had no soothing effect upon skin and bones already peeling and aching from my recent tortures. In Suakin I had been informed that Massowah was "within a quarter of an hour of h—l;" but long before I reached that molten harbor I perceived that my friend's watch must have been fifteen minutes too slow; and there I made up my mind that the East India officers are right when they say, "Bombay is a stove, Aden a furnace, and Massowah, h—l fire."

I had no sooner touched shore than I passed into the Mouderieh of Munzinger Bey, and asked to see His Excellency.

"He is not here," said the Wakeel, inviting me coldly to a seat.

I sat down, and the personage handed me the mouth-piece of his hubble-bubble, and then I supported, from all sides, the volume of interrogatories which are always a part of the traveler's misery; for the sitters around were aware that I had been traveling in the Soudan, though I did not think it proper to state to these excellent persons for what reason I had visited that part of Abyssinia. I told the Wakeel, after he had accorded me a second of repose, that I was very anxious to see the Governor, and would leave Massowah for his camp at once if he would indicate the means. He then failed to respond to any further questions, and behaved in such an uncivil manner that I rose, and, with a faint bow, left the room. I perceived that there was "something in the wind." Nettled by the slight and oppressed by the terrible heat, I walked about chewing the cud of my disappointment, when I overheard some ships' hands discussing the departure of troops in vague terms of war, conquest and annexation of Abyssinia. I had heard enough. I went on board ship, and resolved to find out the names of several Europeans in Massowah, and to visit them the following day. In the meantime I had gathered a few general details, carefully ar-

ranged them and assimilated them, until I had the outlines of a story. My informant shall be nameless, for, on the morrow, I was supplied with the fullest particulars. Armed with my little mental stock I called upon one of the gentlemen, and immediately broke the ice by saying —

“I am charmed to make your acquaintance, sir. I called particularly to discuss with you this important invasion of Abyssinia. The movement must alarm the Christian Powers. It is, sir, in the light of all particulars, a most extraordinary affair.”

The gentleman was astonished. Where could I have learned any thing? He hesitated. “Yes,” I repeated, “I feel assured that the news will make a profound sensation in the Christian world.”

He closed his doors, and then with him and other authorities, whose credibility was beyond all dispute, I went over the whole plot that was to reduce Abyssinia to Mohammedan vassalage, and her fine race to piratical bondage.

Let us make a retrospect. Since the time of Loyala, the Jesuit Fathers have ever held a footing of more or less security in Abyssinia. At times their spiritual influence has waned and again it has overshadowed the throne of the descendants of

Sheba. The ductility of the Abyssinian chiefs to the subtleties of Europeans has long been both unfortunate and famed, and the powerful sway upon the civil doctrines of the State, so often exercised by the company of Jesus, has been dangerous to its homogeneity, productive of civil wars and weakening to the energies of the people. Protestant missionaries, fascinated by the same temptations, but without the same skill in execution, have likewise done their share for the misery of Abyssinia. Consuls, merchants, traders and adventurers, have been equally culpable; and it was with some pride that I found myself at Massowah — the seaport, the New York of Abyssinia — affirming that I had never experienced the slightest fever to wear the crown so rudely torn from the brow of Theodorus. It is a land of wretchedness, because it is the theatre of vain ambitions — a country where every man is an aspirant for the throne, and every motive in favor of a conspicuous chief ready to rush to arms to scatter plunder to his followers. If it be the Switzerland, it is also the Mexico of Africa.

When a resolute, priest-hating man like Theodorus came into power, he was an easy victim to the German who became the chief of the executive

power. It was this statesman who informed the dead despot that they had prisons and guillotines in Europe, and that they were used there as they should be among the African hills — to make dungeons and cut off men's heads. The minister was an exemplar. His infamy produced Magdala and accomplished the disruption of the country, and therefore I doubt if the English victory bore such good fruits after all. It taught the Abyssinians to respect, fear and listen to the European, and that signifies being victimized to the last degree. From what I heard at Massowah, it seems to me that Theodorus would have administered military justice if he had shot several of his most unscrupulous prisoners and had set the rest at liberty. His death left Abyssinia in the direst confusion, and the British triumph inspired the plotters and counterplotters with a sudden hope that the royal purple might sanctify a thousand ardent aspirations for the crown. The choice was narrowed down to two men — General Goubasse who reigned in Amhara, and Prince Cassah, who rose with sudden strength in the great Tigré province, and won the popular heart by his piety and the general enthusiasm by his valor. These two men came to battle. General Goubasse marched and countermarched. His 10,000

soldiers, formed without regularity, and armed with a few muskets, the long, flexible lances and the elephant hide bucklers, performed ludicrous evolutions in the mountains. On the morning of the 11th of July, 1871, Goubasse imagined his hour had come. His troopers were in straggling line of battle. He shouted the anthem of victory; but the pious Cassah delivered a few badly aimed shots at the attacking army and the inglorious battalions fled. I was informed that Goubasse's warriors never before heard the roar of artillery, and that they were frightened. Of course I was not present at this African Sadowa; but how extremely funny it must have been to have seen the gallant Goubasse and his army running before the smoke and explosion of an old thirty-two pounder! Cassah won imperishable renown among his people, and with the gratitude of Cromwell, ascribed his success to the God of battles.

A hot pursuit, and Goubasse was eventually overtaken near Cassala; and when I arrived at Massowah he was a prisoner at Mount Amba, in the province of Zelemma. There, like the once illustrious confined of Ham, he meditated upon the misfortunes of his country, and his own personal chances to remedy them from an imperial throne.

Rass Warunga was then declared the reigning power at Gondar, in Amhara, and thus did the government stand until January 14, 1872, when Prince Cassah ascended the imperial throne, and his coronation was accomplished in the midst of a splendor and magnificence which has few, if any, parallels in the history of Abyssinia. I have the details from eye-witnesses of the scene.

The coronation of the Emperor Cassah took place at the city of Axum, by far the most famous city in the Kingdom of Tigré. It was, when the Queen of Sheba visited Jerusalem, the seat of government of that queen. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to remind the reader acquainted with the history of Sheba and Solomon, that Menelick, and his illustrious descendants, sprang from the loins of the patriarch.

More than 200,000 people gathered at the feast, and the coronation lasted fifteen days. It is asserted that 50,000 gallons of Tej wine, brewed from honey, were drank upon the eventful occasion; that 50,000 head of cattle were slaughtered, and that no unseemly or ill-boding incidents marred the piety and serenity of the scene. Cassah was happy, and he moved among the ruins of that once grand

and opulent city, fully conscious that he was the rightful successor of the son of Solomon. "And yet," said my informant, "how few years have passed since I saw Cassah, a private soldier, in tatters and poverty, struggling for a modest position that would give him bread and raiment!" Truly enough, it is not in America alone that boldness is compensated with success, and industry rewarded with power.

A magnificent building was erected upon the plain of Axum. He was crowned with the peculiar ceremony of cutting the cord, which silken line was held by the young girls of the city. He advanced three times toward the barrier, and, at last, severing it with his sword, cried: "I am King of Zion!" and then he was cheered lustily by the immense assemblage. Entering the church, he followed the rites of his predecessors. He was magnificently clad in a long garment of purple and gold, and its hem and train were borne by a cloud of richly dressed followers. Amid such pageantry as this, among the Alps of Africa, a young adventurer to whom God had given intellect and devotion sought to begin a dazzling rule of 10,000,000 mountaineers, war-like by habit, ungovernable by nature, and treacherous from necessity.

Cassah crowned, he began to put missionaries in prison ; but it is highly probable that these clerical gentlemen were guilty of undue perverseness and officiousness, in interfering with the local concerns of Abyssinia. I have in my possession an original letter from Cassah to the Consul Hassen of a foreign power in Massowah, in which the Emperor states that he has restored the missionary held in duress to liberty. He says :

I have received the letter of Napoleon III. to protect negociants, travelers and priests in my dominions. The man (a priest) whom I have put in prison is now at liberty at your instance. I await the return of Mr. Munzinger from Aden, in order to settle business which I have against the missionaries.

CASSAH.

Seal bearing "The lion of the tribe of Judah is conqueror."

Munzinger Bey returned from Aden and wrote to Cassah, stating substantially, "if you do not let the Catholic priests alone, I will visit you with an hostile army, even as I led the English to Magdala!" Cassah was indignant at this response, and threatened to appeal to the Christian world. He complained bitterly of the priests ; said they had taught his subjects disloyalty and insubordination ; that

they had, by their scheming, engendered such an unwholesome opposition that he, their Emperor, could not levy or collect taxes, and the missionaries had ruined his prestige with his people. Munzinger threatened war, and his menace was no idle word. During these unhappy differences, Queen Mestiata appeared upon the scene. Her grief was that she was Moslem. She appealed against the persecutions of the Christians, and sent an envoy to the Viceroy of Egypt demanding his intervention, because she was a Mohammedan princess. It does not appear that this lady ever suffered either in person or dignity, or that Magdala had been much changed since the memorable skirmish of Lord Napier. Menelick, named like the son of Solomon, was, king of Shoa. He entered Mestiata's dominions with a formidable force, informed her that she had betrayed her people and endangered her country by an appeal to the Viceroy of Egypt, and that he had come to punish her. She rallied her soldiers and staked her life and fortunes on a miniature resistance, when the chief of the Wolla Gallas dispersed her disorderly squad and bore the unhappy Queen a captive to her mountain jail.

But let us go to Egypt and Turkey and see what

they were doing there. The Viceroy received the Queen's demand, and, of course, with a pleasant smile, for the most ardent and dangerous aspiration of the family of Mahomet Ali has been the acquisition of Abyssinia. Europe has never fully understood this. England wishes the independence of the Power for two reasons — because it divides up the possessions flanking her route to India, and renders her independent of any one Power for the right of way; and, secondly, because they are Christians. France has long plotted for and wished this valuable empire, while Austria, with the feebleness and folly of the House of Hapsburg, has many times permitted Abyssinia to elude her easy grasp. Saïd Pacha was, therefore, arrested by England in 1862, when he moved a fine body of soldiers to Khartoum, preparatory to a sudden descent upon Gondar, and since that date no direct movement has been made toward the frontier. The bitterness and hatred between Egypt and Abyssinia are of surprising intensity. I have said Europe does not understand Abyssinia and the reason why the Viceroy would do all but die for its annexation. Let us see.

Egypt is in debt. The enormous enterprises undertaken or completed by the wisdom of Ismaïl

Pacha, have eaten up the immediate wealth of the country. The enormous tribute by which he annually purchases the favor of Constantinople; the corruption pervading the administration in every province, compared with which our own political peccadilloes are harmless; the poverty and wretchedness of the population; the difficulty of borrowing and the enormous interest demanded and paid; the shameless bribery, and all the evils which grow out of sudden expansions and contractions of the market, have always threatened Egypt with a serious crisis. Instead of sending money to the provinces to develop them, he drains them of their last dollar.

The possibility of annexing Abyssinia in such an hour might well cause the Viceroy to smile. He saw there fresh fields for the tax gatherer; gold, coal, and every richness of that marvelous country, with the possibility of being able to negotiate a heavy loan upon its acres and resources. When, therefore, Queen Mestiata applied for relief, the Viceroy hastened to consult Constantinople, and Constantinople was agreeable — approved! Is it possible that England, the friend of the Porte, knew of this fact? I could not ascertain that even the suspicion of a hostile movement toward Abyssinia was ever

entertained by the Cabinet of St. James. Christian influences now sustained the Viceroy. The Catholic Bishop at Massowah, enraged at the treatment of his subordinates by the Emperor Cassah, returned to Egypt and personally solicited the Viceroy to seize the five provinces threatened, Bogos, Heboub, Halhal, Bejuk and Maria. Bogos was neutral territory, guaranteed by treaty stipulation to remain free and pay tribute to Abyssinia. This treaty was the work of Great Britain by Consul Plowden, and her honor was concerned in maintaining its provisions inviolate. My authority for this statement is the clever book entitled "The Land of Alps and Tropics," by Dr. Richard Andree, printed by Otto Spinner, Leipsic, 1869.

The Marquis of Antinori, an Italian, was sent to the Bogos country with plenty of money to found an Italian colony for prisoners. The Marquis did not succeed, and they charge him with having squandered money and popularity. He advised the Khedive to seize the country. Thus importuned, His Highness moved slowly. He informed Emperor Cassah, with whom he had always maintained a friendship, that he should annex the five provinces named, and stated his pretext.

He wished to open an Egyptian caravan route through Bogos to Cassala. Then the journey was roundabout, by a road running northerly along the coast and turning sharply to westward about sixty miles from Massowah, thence continuing directly to Cassala. Furthermore, the Egyptians claimed that caravans had been robbed on the Bogos road to Massowah; hence they intended to punish the aiders and abettors thereof. I was assured in Massowah that only 300 camels, less than one a day, pass over this highway in a year; and that even the statement that robbery had prevailed there, was miserable fiction. Such was the state of the business when Munzinger Bey was called to Cairo. He responded, and, as an employé of the government, agreed to undertake the project. This gentleman was one whom I would regret to make responsible for matters really beyond his power; yet I cannot help saying he acted from a full knowledge of the situation. Munzinger Bey had been in the Sudan about thirty years, and was wedded to an Abyssinian princess of high family, living in Bogos. He was born in Switzerland, went to Massowah as a merchant, had a natural taste for travel and a love of letters, and had done much to develop the topog-

raphy and enrich the literature of Africa. He was a fine linguist, being the only European who could enter the cottage or the palace of Abyssinia and converse with low and high. He was, when disinterested, called the first authority on Northern Africa. Shrewd and dextrous, he was an admirable diplomat, a close-mouthed Governor, and a vigorous man of action. He stood high for integrity and personal honor, and was a man of genial manners, simple habits and cultivated tastes. It was a godsend to Massowah when the Viceroy elevated him to the Governorship of the province, for he persuaded the indolent population to industry and locked the thieves behind bars. With Europeans he was complaisant, with natives severe. He was about forty-two years of age, tall and spare, with mild features, full beard and thin face. If any one in the world could capture Abyssinia, I was convinced he was the man. He was to that land what Maximilian was to Mexico. He could govern it, too, better than it was governed then. But the impediment was that the country did not belong to him. There was much similitude between the Mexico of Bazaine and the Abyssinia of Munzinger Bey; the Sheiks, by promises of money and appointments, sub-

mit; they raise petitions and call upon the Bey to rule them. They ally with him and acquire adjoining provinces. This was Maximilian's plan and fate. They lead him in triumph over a pathway of glory to the ancient city of Axum, and place the golden crown upon his head, and proclaim him "King of Zion," as Maximilian was led away and crowned by his own plan and destiny. Yet I have no doubt, by the bivouac fires of his mountain camp, Munzinger Bey believed that the unhappy land needed repose, and that it was he alone who could give it.

The expedition was organized, and in the month of June sailed from Suez, on board three transports, armed with Remington breech-loaders, with supports of artillery, six mitrailleuses, stores and camp equipage. The command reached Massowah without arousing suspicion, and lost thirty men by desertion. The Egyptians are not fond of making war, and centuries of oppression have reduced them to the minimum point of courage; besides, Massowah is capable of demoralizing hardier warriors than they. This port stands inclosed by lofty mountains on three sides, and looks northward up a narrow vista forming the roadstead to the harbor. The city is built of coral, and is situated upon a

small island, whereupon are clustered from ten to fifteen thousand people from all the various tribes of Abyssinia and the Soudan.

The troops were speedily moved off toward Kheren, the capital of Bogos; Munzinger Bey himself commanding, though he was not a man of the military art. Though the Gatling guns were curiosities, the men seemed to be able to understand the general principles very well — that is, to keep away from the muzzle during the discharge. When Cassah heard of the approach of the Egyptian army, he became highly indignant. He was a man of war, and since his occupation of the throne he had divided his exertions between prayer and battle. About four months before he made an attack upon the Walla Gallas, but was defeated with a heavy loss. The warrior King concluded to withdraw; so he retired to his capital, leaving General Pefferri with an army in Magdala to hold the enemy in check. Arrived in Addoi, Cassah began to appreciate the perils of an Abyssinian throne. He had lost two good generals — General Welder Jesus (a very common name in the country), and General de Cassah, besides 1,500 men, and had suffered all the demoralization inspired by defeat. The Gallas are terrible victors. They make

eunuchs of all prisoners of war, and commit other cruelties which render them dreaded foes.

While closeted with my friend, a messenger arrived from Cassah. He was a rough, ill-clad, but stout-hearted Abyssinian, who had come through the mountains with tidings of victory. It seems that the detachment in Magdala had met and defeated the Gallas in a sharp action, losing 160 men, but driving the enemy before them. It will thus be perceived that the country was rent with internecine war, and that it was at a favorable moment that Egypt sought its conquest. Chief against chief, sheik against sheik, king against king, religion against religion, it would seem that the god of Mars had offered plunder, power and unbridled fanaticism as the wages of victory. Yet, with all his enemies, Cassah was the first power in the country. England had recognized this in sending him a fine collection of presents worked in the precious metals, and the Emperor himself had displayed a prodigious energy in the midst of his overwhelming disappointments. He no sooner recovered from the effects of his disastrous campaign with the Gallas, than he meditated an attack on Gondar, and, while reflecting upon this new project, he was alarmed by the summons from

the Viceroy. He hastily massed 6,000 soldiers in the Province of Enderla, and, at the moment I was in Massowah, was marching on Addoi, to be ready to defend the capital.

General Gefron, in the Province of Hamasien, near Bogos, had 4,000 men under arms.

As everybody knows, Abyssinia needs consolidation and a European form of government in order to get rid of the chronic anarchy. The worst possible form of cure would be to place its destinies under Egyptian rule. It would aggravate the disease. It would be like handing over the government of the United States to Mexico, for better rule, because a few members of Congress had taken bribes.

Long before we Americans had gained a foothold in the Western Continent, the Abyssinian Emperors were dreaming of civilization. The Emperor David, in the year 1152, writes to Emanuel, King of Portugal: "My father in Christ and friend, it is my desire that we should be of the same religion. I never had an embassy sent to me before by any Christian King, neither was I sure that there was a Christian King anywhere besides myself, having been always encom-

passed by Moors, the sons of Mohamet, and with heathens and slaves who do not acknowledge God." The King goes on to demand an alliance for the purpose of crushing his Mohammedan enemies, and then states that he has wealth in his country and possesses personal ideas of progress. It is curious to note the tenor of all this ancient correspondence of the Abyssinian Emperors. They have all demanded skilled artificers, gunmakers, mechanics, and have all offered fabulous sums for this class of men, swearing that they would not detain them in the country beyond their will. Though many have responded to these calls for labor, the majority have been charlatans of the lowest order. Instead of doing well by the country and its rulers, they have robbed, swindled and cheated the people into hatred and contempt. Therefore, when an impecunious and half crazy Italian or Greek starts out from Massowah with a pack of used-up tools, old muskets and other wares to match upon his back, expecting to become the War Minister of Abyssinia, he often finds himself arrested for a piece of presumption, or punished for untimely trickery. It is my belief that a good healthy commerce could be established between that country on the one hand and Europe on the other.

CHAPTER XX.

JOHANNEZ'S KINGDOM.

No clearer view of Abyssinia, as it was then and is now, can be given, than in a statement I obtained from the lips of the commander-in-chief of Johannez's army, made to me in London after my return from Africa. General Kirkham had been informed of my movements in the Soudan. He therefore called upon me at my rooms in Russell square and I listened with deep interest to his story, which I wrote out then and there.

He was a medium-sized man, with an open countenance, bearing the marks of a rigid determination. He was not unlike General Sheridan in the contour of his face. He wore a light moustache. I should have judged him to have been thirty-five. He was probably one of the worst wounded men living; he had a hole in his skull above the left forehead; a perforation through his body abreast the left armpit, while his legs were all cut to pieces with saber, lance, and arrow wounds. He had two medals for his unexampled heroism displayed in 76 battles;

one from the Emperor of China, in whose service he was a high officer, and another from the Ethiopian Johannez.

He was bundled up in a thick overcoat and suffering, like all who suddenly emerge from the middle tropics to the dense air of London. We talked of the land where he had been for four years the commander-in-chief of the disciplined forces of Abyssinia. Our conversation ran as follows:

“How did you leave King John?”

“Well, and in good spirits, but feeling bitterly toward Ismail Pacha. He wanted to fight at once, when he heard of the advance of the Egyptian troops from Massowah, but I advised him not to do it. He gave me his word that he would remain passive but watchful, during my mission to the different sovereigns to implore their assistance and support against this hostile expedition of the Viceroy of Egypt.”

“What does this Moslem aggression mean, General?”

“It means this; that Egypt wants Bogos as an overland delivery for her slave trade. It is the direct highway to Massowah. You know how slavery and the slave trade still flourish in those countries!”

“How was the news of the Egyptian movement received in Abyssinia?”

“It aroused the whole country. At that moment we were divided by civil wars. The King of Shoa was our enemy, and discord prevailed everywhere. But this invasion united the country and, as if by magic, the enthusiasm reached the remotest tribes. The King addressed those who had been his enemies, and said: “Why should we be divided, my brothers, when we have upon our soil our old Mahomedan enemy?” His proclamation was effective. I was present when it was uttered. The drum was beaten for an hour previous to the ceremony. All Addoi gathered at the palace doors. The King then pronounced his speech amid great excitement. Couriers immediately flew over the mountains, and though there are no telegraphs in Abyssinia, you may be sure his conciliatory words were soon known in every hostile camp. The entire country is restless with rage and enthusiasm. In Abyssinia this is a dangerous passion to trifle with.”

“Then King Cassah (or John) must be a ruler of some force?”

“He is; and a gentle, kindly, just man, terrible as a foe. He is a Christian, and devoutly pious. Some

years ago he lost his wife, and her death made such a deep impression upon him that he has never married again. In the battle of the 12th of July, 1871, when we overthrew Goubasse, there was a fair illustration of Cassah's character. When we had defeated and captured Goubasse, the latter was brought a prisoner to Cassah. The two adversaries embraced in the most affectionate manner. Cassah said, 'my brother, we have this day fought for a crown. It is on my head. You have lost it. But if you would wish it now,' continued Cassah in the presence of all the assembled chiefs, 'here it is. Put it upon your head and carry it away.' Goubasse was touched, and he replied, 'no, we are friends.' It was necessary then to provide for the security of the prisoners, but Cassah observed, though 2,000 dead were lying under our eyes: 'Instead of putting the irons upon his wrists, secure them with a silver thread, and pitch the royal (silken) tent for his prison.'"

"And Cassah as an administrator?"

"Oh! he is cool, industrious, and careful to be just. He does not open the door of his confidence to you at once. He tries you. His spies follow you. But once his friend as co-laborer, you are always so. He is an untiring worker. Every dispute which is

brought before him, he decides with impartiality; and he often sits in judgment from five in the morning to three in the afternoon. If one native meets another in dispute, he can arrest his opponent by saying, 'in the name of the king,' or 'in the name of the Virgin Mary,' and you are obliged to stop. It is also a favorite phrase — indeed the greatest insult in Abyssinia is to demand — 'and who is *your* father?' — meaning that 'I am a descendant of Solomon.' The king is a jolly, jovial man, and loves fun. In the evening he spends his time with his friends and calls in his twenty jesters (like the Saxon clown in *Ivanhoe*), and they abuse everybody; but no one suffers as much as his Majesty, and so we live there a happy, pleasant life. Although an Englishman, I prefer Abyssinia to England or any country in the world. It has a mild, equable temperature, mountain streams, lovely lakes, and a quiet, stout-hearted people."

"And what has been your career there, General?"

"Though meeting with the opposition of the English government at the time, I pushed for Addoi to enter the military service of Cassah. I met with an imposing reception. At first my powers were very limited, and I drilled squads only. When they

had confidence that I was their friend, they promoted me step by step until I became commander-in-chief of the army, an inmate of the palace and the intimate friend of the king. He then sent me on this mission."

"How did you find the people?"

"None more docile in the world. They are eager to learn, quick to obey, and steadfast. You can trust them everywhere. Give the poor Abyssinian a dispatch, the most important in the world, and be sure that no amount of gold will tempt him to betray its contents. And a more easily governed people does not exist. Because they are turbulent, do not imagine that they are individually rebellious. These civil wars arise from rival chiefs, and not from rival peoples.

"The Mahommedans are of course detested?"

"No, there is the largest toleration. You know in Egypt, Arabia or Turkey, a Mahomedan will not drink with a Christian; neither will he be a *convive* with him. In Abyssinia it is otherwise, and even the females are not generally veiled; still the differences in religion are made use of by the bordering Turks to foment hate and strife. You speak of liberal christianity in England. They are not half

as tolerant here as in Abyssinia, where you find the principal religion in all its simplicity. I tell you that Europe does not understand Abyssinia; the Christian world does not perceive the importance of preserving it an independent kingdom. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent every year by the missionaries in Africa, to propagate the teachings of the Bible, yet there are 4,000,000 Christians, men of intelligence, valor, with a written language, a fair literature and just instincts, who are to be handed over to the accursed abominations of the Soudan, Turks and Egyptians. When the English expedition returned, many of its officers may have imagined that they knew something of the country, yet it was impossible. They went over a very narrow tract of land, and not by any means a fair portion of Abyssinia!"

"To what do you attribute the indifference of England in this difficulty?"

"You know some £8,000,000 or £9,000,000 were spent in the Magdala campaign. The shout has since been economy! economy! This liberal ministry will do nothing that costs money. We will suppose that, if the twentieth part of that sum had been spent to secure the proper fruits of the Eng-

lish expedition, Abyssinia would not have been in her present state."

"Why is Abyssinia herself so helpless?"

"Because she has been in solitary confinement all these centuries — a Christian island in a Mahomedan sea — absolutely surrounded in Africa, with no seaport, no means of trading with the world. Yet we are taught by the ill-informed and superficial writers, that Abyssinia consists of a band of savages, professing an odd form of Christianity. Is it not strange, that during all these ages they have retained their religion; that the family institution is respected, and that purity exists in no common degree in their society?"

"Then you need a seaport?"

"Precisely! that is what I am in Europe to ask for, among other things; we want a convenient port not far from Massowah. Now the country is absolutely shut up. All the imports and exports have to pay a duty to Egypt in order to pass over the belt of land to Massowah. This duty is enormous and amounts to more than 50 per cent annually. So you perceive why it is that the country is impoverished, and that we have been held back so long. Practically, the Viceroy, by extorting this 50 per

cent for customs on the imports and exports, is part sovereign and owner of Abyssinia."

"But the trade must be considerable?"

"Yes, the import trade reaches the sum of \$16,000,000 annually, and the export trade does not differ much, making the two \$32,000,000 annually. The money we use is the Maria Theresia dollar (worth \$1.12). Its value never fluctuates, and the volume of currency rarely changes, so that the dollar remains a fixed unit. By far the most important bases of trade are grain and other products. For instance, when we pay for our imports at the Red Sea, the merchant receives two-thirds of his dues in grain and one-third in money; so our commerce resembles primitive barter. The Banians are large dealers on the coast. Curiously enough the Abyssinian customs are not controlled by the King, but he leases them to the Governor of provinces and Sheiks; and these subordinates in turn sub-let them to merchants for a consideration. Under this system there is much fraud and smuggling. The boundaries of each province are infested with squads of free-booters without nationality, who are engaged in every species of rascality, which gives them independence and wealth."

“What is your estimate of the population, General?”

“The countries on the north and east of the Takasie, comprising

Lasta,	Adua,	Agame,
Warschevat,	Axum,	Akallagnssay,
Bora,	Lana,	Hamasien,
Saloa,	Tembien,	Shire,
Enderta,	Giralda,	Adat,
Abergallee,		

with parts of Bogos, Halhal, Lerai and Kohain, and Tigre, have 4,000,000 of people. The countries west and south of Takasie have about 4,000,000. The Amharic and Galla languages are spoken with a variety of dialects. People, in general, are dressed in simple sheet-cotton clothes, which for 4,000,000 of people may be set down at \$5 a piece, and, for 6,000,000, at \$3. There are 2,000,000 Jews and heathens which I have not included, swelling the population to 10,000,000.

“Abyssinia is rich in products of every kind?”

“Yes, you can grow every thing there. Cotton is produced in Kohain, Wolkhait, Godjam, Yetchd, and in the Galla countries. In some countries situated on the elevated plateaux, 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, woolen is used for dress. Then we get from India, via Massowah, \$10,000,000 in cotton

goods annually, and \$5,000,000 more in red cotton stripes which distinguish the true believers. There is also another badge of virtue, a blue, silken cord, imported, to the amount of \$500,000 annually. Silk we get from Syria for church vestments, and for the native chiefs and soldiers, together with a white muslin fabric, reaching the sum of \$500,000 in value. Red leather and saddle clothes and all relating thereto reach as high as \$5,250,000 annually. We have also zinc, tin and quicksilver, Indian pepper, cloves and soap, all of which with the fire arms amount to \$1,000,000 more. We send out considerable exports. By caravan, \$2,000,000 alone come from the Galla countries to the coast. Gold and coffee come from Narea, and wax and other goods, such as ivory and musk, amount to \$2,000,000 every year. The exported grain is estimated at \$12,000,000, while cattle, honey, butter and hides furnish the means of a fine trade."

"What do you know of the highways, General?"

"There are many secret and public roads used for the slave trade delivering at Suakin and Massowah."

"From your statement, General, it seems that Abyssinia is truly rich?"

"Yes, sir, that is so. The King's revenue meas-

ured by actual value, whether it be in coin or grain, is \$80,000,000 a year."

"How much of this does he retain?"

"As much as he chooses. But he does not live in great splendor; neither does he hoard. This revenue is paid to the soldiers, to the governors and their subordinates, and to carry on the government. The palace is, however, magnificent for an Abyssinian."

"Will the King remain at Addoi?"

"No. He intends going to Gondar — which is a beautiful city with a grand lake — and Gondar will then become the capital of the new Ethiopian empire!"

My own connection with the Viceroy's expedition against Abyssinia may be stated in a word. I was convinced that any movement to annex that country was a crime, and although I had been the recipient of marked favors from his Highness, I deemed it a public duty to denounce the scheme. I therefore sent a dispatch from Suez, which in two days was published in all the capitals of Europe. I subsequently interested myself with General Kirkham in laying before the different courts, and particularly before the English people, the overwhelming evils

that would come from the success of the Viceroy's enterprise. Thereafter I endeavored to impress upon the minds of English capitalists the necessity and promise of an Abyssinian company modeled after the Old East India company; but private duties called me from the project, and shortly afterward General Kirkham returned to Johannez with ample assurance of diplomatic and financial support.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

LYING in the heart of Africa is one of the greatest lake regions in the world. For fifteen degrees of latitude to the southward of the equator, from the Indian ocean on the east to the land of the Independent Pagans on the west, embracing nearly twenty degrees of longitude, is the reservoir of all African rivers of magnitude. Tropical, inhabited by negroes of the lowest type, marked by jungle, morass, and natural wonders spoken of at as early a period as the time of Herodotus, this portion of "the neglected continent" has been the field for the most intrepid explorers of our time. Travelers have approached it from almost every direction, some with notable success, others with lamentable failure. The chief of them all—Livingstone—has but recently passed into his grave. Another great name, that of Baker, is before the public now as the author of *Ismaïlia*, the record of his latest explorations in the Great Basin of the Nile. Speke, who survived fevers and countless physical dangers during a re-

markable African experience, returned to England to die from the accidental discharge of a gun, while climbing over a country fence. Burton is writing consular dispatches to the Foreign office from his snug berth in Trieste. Schweinfurth is pursuing a student's life in Berlin. Grant, old and white-haired, is occasionally seen at the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society. Munzinger Bey is contented to be a subordinate of the Khedive. Miani is dead. And thus all the great names identified with the African discovery of the past, are no longer in active pursuit of their fancies. The field is occupied by younger men. Lieutenant Cameron, sustained by the social quality and intellectual worth of England, is engaged in an attempt to cross Africa from Tanganyika Lake to the Atlantic shore. His operations thus far have been of a character to place him in the front rank of travelers; for in the brief time that he has been doing duty in Central Africa he has removed the Lake Tanganyika from the Nile system, where it never belonged, and has attached it to the Lualaba of Livingstone by simply following its shores. Mr. Stanley has gone back for a fourth experience, but with the disadvantage of having Lieutenant Cameron in the vanguard. There may

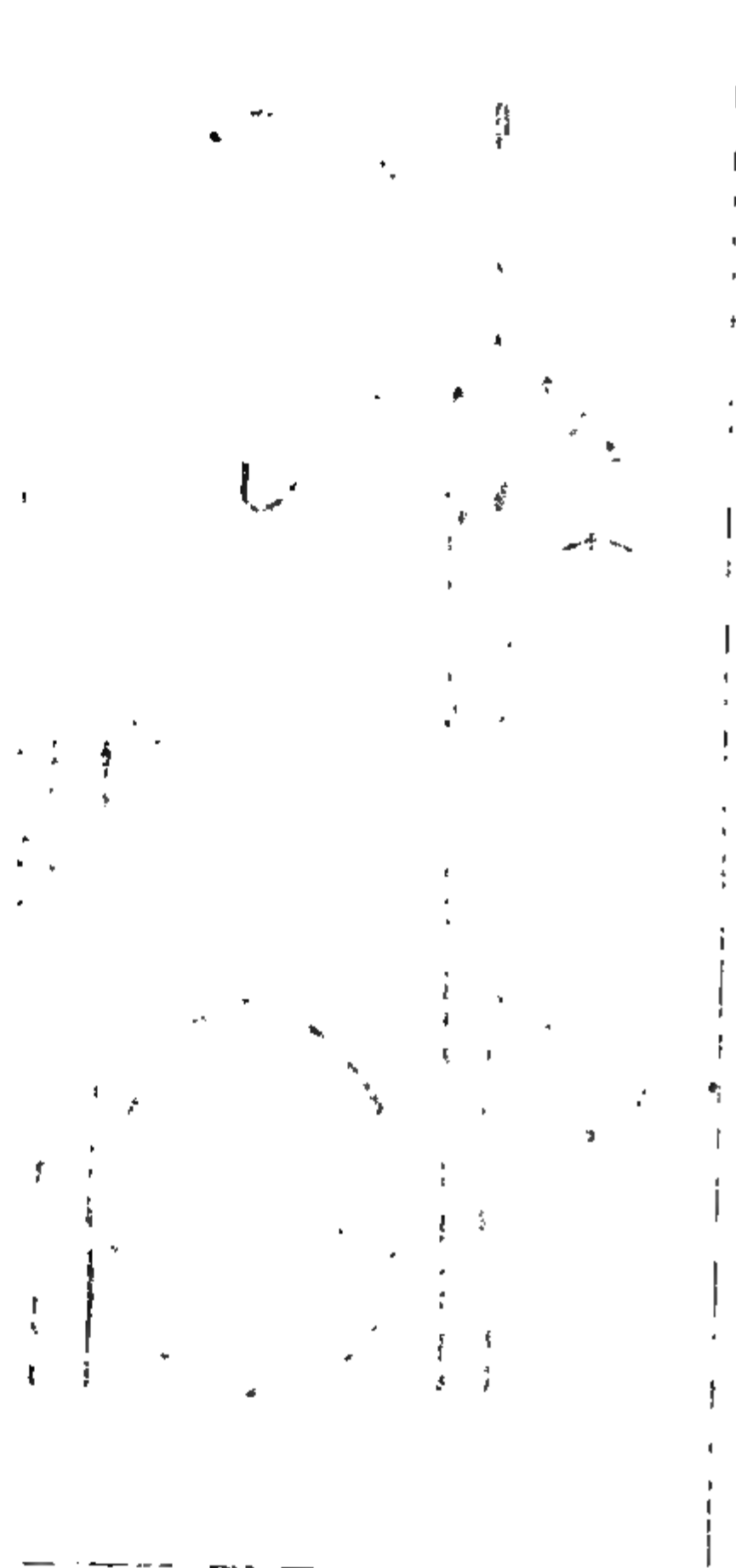
the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 200 million to 400 million. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion.

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...the fact that the *in vitro* and *in vivo* results are in good agreement, and that the *in vivo* results are in good agreement with the results obtained from the *in vitro* studies.



be other and silent workers who have left the coast lines from other quarters, who will step in at an unexpected moment and appropriate all the glory, but if there be such I do not know of them now. The sudden prominence given to Col. Long would seem to suggest this, for he is one of the young explorers himself, who have done valorous deeds. Penetrating to the country of M'Tsé, he took advantage of the diplomacy of Sir Samuel Baker, installed himself as the favorite of the renowned king. The claims of Colonel Long to be the discoverer of the sources of the Nile, as set forth by himself, are these: He visited M'Tsé who put him afloat on the Victoria Nyanza. He was obliged to return to the King, being unable to visit Ripon Falls, whence the Nile pours over on its course to Lower Egypt. He therefore marched north-east overland to Uron-dogani, fifty miles distant, and put himself afloat and in the midst of a violent storm, on the 11th of August, 1874, and drifted into a large lake, twenty to twenty-five miles wide, having lost the head of the river. He could not see land on either side. This lake, he says, is the reservoir of the waters of the Victoria Nyanza and of all the waters of the plateau extending to southward, "*the real source of*

the Nile." Speke was at Urondogani, but left the Nile at that point. His map, however, shows no such lake as that claimed by Colonel Long, although there is one, an arm of the Victoria, called the Baringo Lake, further to southward. It is possible that Colonel Long's lake was only the Nile in a very swollen condition; for I have seen the White Nile at latitude 13 N. at very high water resemble a vast lake.

The American officers, of whom Colonel Long was one, went to Egypt under peculiar circumstances. It seems that Dr. Valentine Mott, the eminent surgeon of New York, performed a skillful operation upon the person of a former Sultan. This gave the doctor the *entrée* in Constantinople, and in after years his daughter married Blaque Bey, formerly Turkish minister at Washington. General Mott, the brother, who had some knowledge of the east, through these and other relations, was named *aid-de-camp* to the Viceroy, and a general in the army. He was then directed to select the officers who are now in the service, on pay varying from \$1,800 to \$4,000 a year. They, therefore, signed contracts to remain in the Viceroy's service five years surrendering their nationalities at home. Nearly all

of the officers found the service different from what they imagined when they left New York. With several exceptions they were not given commands at first. General Stone, chief of staff, was a hard worker and charged with severe labors; General Loring, an efficient and conscientious officer, commanded the post of Alexandria, and General Sibley was stationed at Rosetta; Colonel Purdy, Major Ward and Major Mason did active duty.

In making an inquiry into the subject of "The Sources of the Nile" as again thrust upon public attention by the gallant exploits of Colonel Long, it is proper first to answer the carper who is ever ready to ask, "What is the good of it when you do discover the sources of the Nile?" The Nile is the life's blood of Egypt; in the sources of the Nile reside analogous functions to those of the human heart. In them is the reservoir that sheds the waters which give vitality to over 30,000,000 of people from the Mediterranean to the equator, and without which Egypt would wither into an arid waste. Certainly it is important to become possessed of a knowledge of the vital machinery of this mighty river, upon the coursing of whose waters depend

so many interests that are purely humanitarian. Moreover, the Nile is a fickle river. While the annual inundation comes around with almost undeviating punctuality, the rise of its waters is often insufficient to irrigate provinces which, at the usual high Nile, are abundant with sugar, cotton and grain crops. Famine and desolation supervene; misery overtakes the natives, and in this condition of squalor they become easy victims to small-pox, or perhaps the cholera. Thus it can be seen what a train of evils follows in the wake of this unaccountable disaster. Not only does it tell upon the natives, but the Khedive is forced to remit the taxes; his delicate financial establishment, which is carefully managed on every bourse of Europe, becomes embarrassed, and the thousands of enemies of his reign are placed in possession of a weapon to use against his solvency. Many critics of the Egyptian finances have, without reason, predicted the bankruptcy of the Vice-Royalty during the past twenty years; and it takes a liberal outlay from the Viceroy to create a counter current in the moneyed world. Nor is this all. Clamorous writers and superficial travelers demand of the Khedive, "Why do you not blast the cataracts; why do you not render the Nile navigable

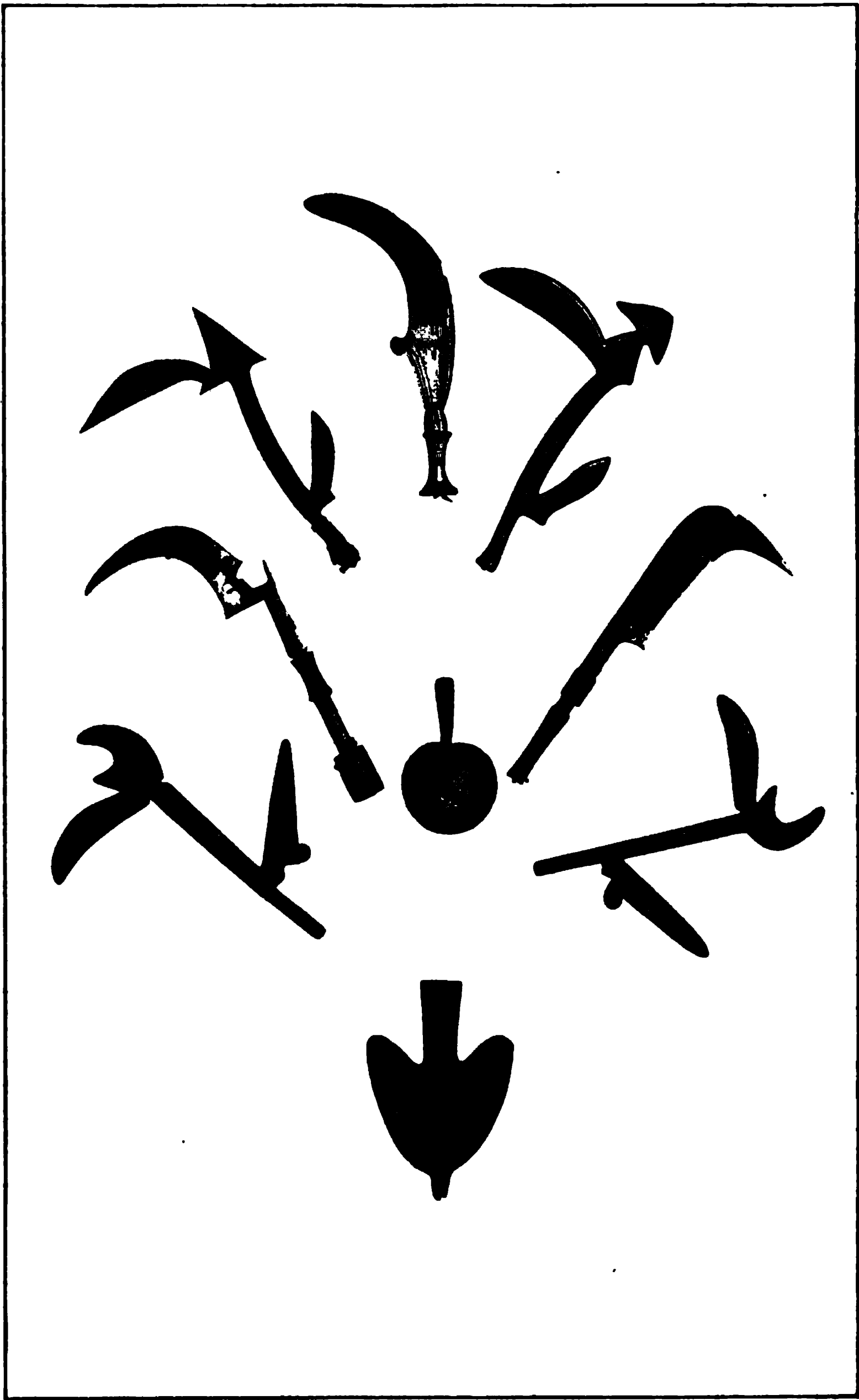
from the sea to the equator?" The Khedive gave a very neat answer to me.

"If I should do that sir, it would be like trying to replace one of the organs of the human body by a wooden one. The cataracts have been placed there for a wise reason; they act as valves and check the flow of the waters of the Nile."

He then continued, explaining that exhaustive reports had been made by thorough engineers on the feasibility of any enterprise of the kind, and while they differed, the unanimous conclusion was that it would be better to wait until they knew the entire machinery of the river; in fine, until the solution of the problem, "Where and what are the sources of the Nile?" Upon what immutable physical law does Egypt depend for a water supply? What is the meteorology of equatorial Africa?"

It is plain that this great mystery has something more than a mere sentimental aspect; it is vital to northern Africa and important to general science. Moreover, what might be called the delicate anatomy of that tropical land, will suffer few startling innovations. It is maintained, and maintained with reason, that railways suddenly introduced; the promiscuous planting of trees and other marks of the new

civilization, would induce a fluctuating rain-fall, where it does not now exist in Egypt and Nubia; create fresh river systems and feeders of the Nile, augment the inundations, immerse the fairest portions of the Delta provinces, and dissolve the mud habitations which constitute seven-eighths of the houses of the natives. In January, 1871, there was a heavy rain-fall in Cairo, which made sad havoc with the houses. It was the second one during seven years, and was doubtless superinduced by the firing of cannon — a potent despot of the clouds. Careful research has shown that the firing of artillery and great fires have always been succeeded by abundant and protracted showers. It was so after the bombardment of Khiva — a rainless oasis — and succeeding the great fires of Chicago, Boston and Baltimore. It is thus apparent that the physical progress of Egypt must be attended with caution and a careful observance of scientific laws. Even in the case of the Suez canal, the unmanageable sea silts up the channel with sand, as the mouth of the Mississippi is silted up, from year to year. It needs little perspicuity, therefore, to perceive that the discovery of the sources of the Nile will be a practical result of the greatest value. Then will the



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WAR IMPLEMENTS of the WHITE NILE NEGROES.

Viceroy, with a complete knowledge of the tropical water supply, knowing whether it come in the greater quantities from the rain clouds of the Indian ocean and Red sea, or from the snowy peaks in the interior, be able to decide upon the more feasible route of travel to the equator—whether it will be by rail or by river—whether in fine he can manage the Nile.

Of all explorers who have had to do with Africa or the sources of the Nile, Sir Samuel Baker is undoubtedly the most superior. It would be folly to compare Livingstone and Baker, because they explored on totally different principles. Livingstone began as a missionary. He believed it possible to teach the savages the Bible, and inculcate among them the broad truths of Christianity. When no longer able to carry on his labors for the church, he enlisted in the cause of science and continued his work up to the moment he died the victim of the jungle fever. His education was rudimentary, his opportunities in life circumscribed, and he was eventually doing the best work that could fall to his lot in life—giving sway to his courage, iron will and love of the humane. Baker was more of the soldier. When he started with his wife to

go through the series of adventures which he has recorded in "The Sword hunters of Abyssinia," he was already a man of mark and fortune. He had shot elephants in Ceylon, had written dashing volumes of travels in which every page showed that he was a brave and determined Englishman to be deterred by no chicanery, to be obstructed by no plausible excuses. When he moved up the White Nile in 1861, he was undoubtedly the most accomplished explorer that ever set out to command an expedition. He was a master of French, German, Arabic, besides being a man of broad culture. Possessed of large personal wealth, he had the faculty of command; always led in the hunt, and, by his pluck and endurance, was lionized by the natives. He differed essentially from Bruce, Schweinfurth or Rholfs, in being the monarch wherever he was, and in doing the king with royal assumption. This is quite necessary in Africa, where nothing but force is an argument, and where a man is respected for his severity. Moral suasion is as much out of place there as it would be on the field of battle. Thus gifted for his work, it is not surprising that he accomplished a most heroic undertaking, that of reaching the Albert Nyanza, and sailing upon its waters.

Those who had gone before him in that direction, but all of whom had fallen wide of the mark, were Mahomet Ali, at the head of a military expedition in 1824; Dr. Knoblecher, a famous Austrian missionary; Herr Hansel, Austrian Consul at Khartoum; Mr. Bayard Taylor in 1850; Mr. Petherick, English Consul at Khartoum; M. Poncet, an ivory merchant; Miani, the Venetian, and Speke and Grant, who entered Africa from the east coast and who were met by Baker at Gondokoro, on his first journey of discovery. Schweinfurth started for the Monbutto country, after Baker, in his quality as Pacha, had organized his military expedition to the Nile Basin. Schweinfurth was a very different man from Baker. His methods were decidedly Teutonic. Verging on the painful accuracy of the hair-splitter, he counted his footsteps regularly every day, captured the minutest insect, registered the slightest vocal peculiarity, and labored not to err in any thing. While these are the rarest qualities of the scientific traveler, and are entitled to due appreciation, Africa is hardly the place for them at this stage of our geographical knowledge, to the exclusion of the salient problems, and while we know almost nothing about its general features. Still this is the method

of the nationality. The Englishman is slow, sure-going, riding over impediments, doing battle, permitting nothing to stand in his way, hoping for a spot in Westminster Abbey. The Frenchman starts out with a grand flourish, promising himself and patrons to return with a new map of Africa for the French Academy, but he generally turns back to civilization thinking better of his resolution; while the German is contented to cover a small area, and return to criticise his brother explorers, who have gone before him.

* American effort in Africa is so comparatively new that it may be described in one word — dash.

All of these nationalities concerned in explorations there, do not make one homogeneous body of thinkers and writers, and the consequence is that, as a whole, they have done more to mystify the

* As these pages are going through the press I have received a letter dated Cairo, April 9, 1875, from General Charles P. Stone, Chief of Staff of the Egyptian army. He thus speaks of the Americans exploring in Central Africa:

"Leaving Uganda, Colonel Long returned to Gondokoro, and left Lardo, near Gondokoro, January 31, 1875, for the borders of the Neam-Neam country. Colonel Purdy entered the desert near Dongola, and is, I trust, by this time, near the capital of Darfour. Colonel Colston is reconnoitering the country between Debbé on the Nile and the capital of Kordofan, when he will turn toward the capital of Darfour. The two will join to make a thorough reconnoissance of Darfour to the frontiers of Wadai, and then all Darfour to the southern limits — Dar Fertîl. That work accomplished, the two will separate, and Purdy will follow the water-courses from Southern Darfour to their junction with the Nile waters. Colston will explore Dar Taggale and Dar Shillook. Then will follow a careful examination of the Neam-Neam country and the region west of Baker's Lake Albert. * * * General Gordon is gradually exploring the country about the lakes, so that we hope to narrow the unknown space in Central Africa within the next two years, making nearly accurate maps. * * * When Stanley shall reach the advanced trading parties of General Gordon, the question of Lake Victoria will be quite well solved."

problem of the sources of the Nile, than to render it clearer to mankind. And in this is the ludicrous and unromantic feature of the perilous business.

Speke returns to England to enjoy honors that are seldom given to mortals. He has just walked across Africa, accompanied by Captain Grant. The drawing-rooms of London are open to him; a ducal carriage stands constantly before his door; he is enjoying that most preëminent position which Englishmen offer to the hero of great exploits—that of a social lion. The autograph collectors cluster about him in swarms, the provincial lassies write him epic poems, the popular journals point to the feeble endeavors of the Cæsars. But there is a day for all this; and some fine morning Captain Speke reads in the *Times* a robust letter, denying that he has discovered a source of the Nile, and the context is full of awkward watersheds, wise words from Herodotus, and complaints that Captain Speke should have gone further. This is the opening ball of the paper war. Those critics whom Mr. Stanley has stigmatized as “arm-chair geographers” enter with lusty zeal into the struggle, and the hard-earned honors are plucked from his brow by an hundred adversaries. After that what do we know

of the sources of the Nile? This is the common experience; nay, it is the actual experience of every African traveler. Bruce, Speke, Grant, Burton, Baker, Livingstone, Stanley, all of these intrepid men have suffered this inevitable hostility. There are those who will claim that there is a reason for it—undoubtedly there is; and it lies in this fact, that nearly every one of these distinguished men have claimed to have discovered the only true sources of the Nile, whereas they have all assisted to unravel a mystery still unsolved. It is very plain that any one man who quietly appropriates the “sources” to himself, will find bitter criticism among those who consider that the “sources” are their own private property. Dr. Livingstone, who has earned the adoration of all men, has himself put forward claims which have been received with incredulity by every reader of this kind of literature. His Lualaba he considered the Nile, although he honorably confesses that the lakes forming it are over 1,000 feet lower in altitude than the Egyptian Nile. “But,” he has argued, “I think my barometer cannot be trusted.” Others, who have had a subordinate interest only in making Dr. Livingstone the discoverer of the sources of the Nile,

while they publicly defend the Doctor's title to that honor, have again and again declared their belief that the Lualaba is the Congo or some other system delivering toward the Atlantic Ocean. Such, indeed, is the accepted opinion to-day.

To whom may fairly be assigned conspicuous places in connection with the Nile problem?

1. Bruce, who did his gallant work in Abyssinia in the last century, returned to England a matchless narrator of adventures, only to encounter a storm of ridicule and disparagement which only subsided over his grave. In 1810, Salt went out on his famous voyage to Abyssinia, in the pay of the British Crown, and, upon coming back to civilization, wrote one of the most masterly works of travel that can be found anywhere. A large quarto annotated copy—formerly the property of Buckle, the historian of civilization—is before me. In it Salt states, by implication, that he went there as much to discover if Bruce told the truth, as for any other purpose. He follows the route of Bruce, talks with the men who accompanied him on his exploits, reads them incident by incident from the narrative, and accepts the native criticism as correct. Yet, with all of this detective work, Salt was able to fasten

but one damaging fact upon the narrative of Bruce—it was that the explorer, in his glowing description of his discovery of the fountains of the Blue Nile, neglected to note the presence of another white man, the Italian of his party; Bruce claiming the whole credit in his exuberant monologue at the fountains. But neither Salt nor all subsequent critics have been able to take from the imperishable fame of that great traveler—a great traveler in a time when it was perilous to move beyond the coast, when his every movement was at personal hazard.

2. Captains Speke and Grant who, after the discovery of the Victoria Nyanza by Speke and Burton in 1858, visited the lake again in 1862, traced the stream issuing from the northern end, a distance of 50 miles, and then left it for a march overland to Gondokoro, relying on the assertion of the natives for proof that the Victoria Nile flowed into the true Nile. This lake, 3,740 feet above the sea, is now, beyond all dispute, one of the minor if not one of the major sources of the Nile. Col. Long has proven it to be so.

3. Sir Samuel Baker, who discovered the Albert Nyanza, is the third claimant, and, until the discoveries of Col. Long, men whose opinions are of value

on the subject supposed that his lake was the major source, as Baker called it, the Great Basin of the Nile. The Albert Nyanza, 2,720 feet above the sea, is flanked by the Blue mountains to westward, rising 7,000 feet above ocean level. Sir Samuel Baker maintains that the stream issuing from the Victoria lake is simply a feeder of the Albert lake, and he found that it did actually empty into the Albert lake, which sheds its water into the Nile. No one has ever thoroughly explored the Albert lake, yet Baker's map shows that it turns to westward, and may be a great inland sea fed by mountain streams and tropical rains. Sir Samuel Baker, in writing to me recently of this problem, said :

“The result of my expedition is most satisfactory to me, as the foundations were soundly laid for the future. Few people in Europe attached sufficient importance to the alliance I established with M'Tsé, the powerful king of Uganda, who actually sent two expeditions in search of Livingstone at my request, and delivered my letter addressed to Livingstone to Lieutenant Cameron in the distant country of Unyamwebe. By the interchange of letters, presents, and envoys, the friendship of M'Tsé was secured, and he even sent Cameron's reply to my letter *the whole*

distance to Gondokoro! The fruits of this diplomacy in an alliance with M'Tsé have quickly ripened. Lieutenant-Colonel Long (who, I believe, is an American serving under Colonel Gordon) has already visited the Victoria Nyanza, and has been well received by M'Tsé, from whose country he has returned to Gondokoro. I have no doubt that, during the year 1875, Colonel Gordon will be able to transport to the Albert Nyanza the steamer that I left in sections at Gondokoro. The interest that attaches to Central Africa will then be intensified, and Germans, Americans and the English will be the instruments that will surpass all other nations in the steady perseverance that must eventually solve all African mysteries."

4. Dr. Livingstone's claims may be considered as out of the question. Lieutenant Cameron has almost completely proven that Livingstone never saw the Nile, but that his operations were confined to the Congo basin.

Lieut. Cameron has undiscovered what was long supposed to be a part of the sources of the Nile. He has found that Tanganyika is a part of the Congo system, and discharges its waters into the Lualaba of Livingstone, the Lualaba being every-

where considered as the Congo and not the Nile. The effect of this discovery, which has created a sensation in England, is three-fold. It practically reduces the Nile problem to this: The sources must be in the Albert and Victoria Nyanzas or their extensions; in the new lake of Col. Long; at the head waters of the Baher el-Ghazal, and in the sources of the feeders of the Blue Nile and the Atbara. Thus is African geography greatly simplified by rejecting one of the most perplexing elements of the discussion, a debatable lake for the past sixteen years.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT THE TOMB OF EVE.

SOMEWHERE on the coast of the Red Sea I met a Turkish nobleman, who cared more for money than he did for his religion or his caste. I therefore made a serious proposition to him that he should conduct me to Mecca in disguise, for which service I agreed to pay him \$500 in gold. This proposed journey to the holy city was a perilous undertaking, for my Arabic was neither perfect nor pure. For a Christian to be detected in endeavoring to penetrate within the hallowed precincts is instant and remorseless slaughter. I was willing to take the risk, for I had confidence in my friend, for whom, besides assistance in a pecuniary way, I had done an important favor, which, in plain English, was saving him from the fatal consequences of a well-planned intrigue of his enemies. It was not, therefore, without some agreeable anticipations that I landed at Jeddah, on the coast of Arabia, on one of the sultry days of August. Christians, at this rather pretty seaport of Mecca, are not favorites. The Moslem,

there, stands at the portal of his religion and on the sacred hearthstone of his Temple, scowling upon the Christian and the Jew, as evil genii from the outcast races of men. Nor can I, like many travelers, marvel at this fierce intolerance. Those who visit this region of the world, either in pursuit of gain, as scholars searching for truth, or to gratify a vagrant curiosity, are seldom men of commanding aspect, magnetic presence or graceful and winning speech. Men who can succeed at home rarely wander abroad; those who can carve out a fortune in the realm of progress, seldom pitch their life's tent among the unchanging peoples of the East. But the few who go to places like Jeddah have battled elsewhere, and have lost. They are, therefore, inferior men, of unhandsome physique, cursed with a lower order of intellect, not improved by contact with adversity. Such representatives of Christianity as these, placed in contrast with the proud, sensitive nature of Saracens of noble blood and captivating manners, men of striking features, piercing eyes and dainty cleanliness of person, are not apt to inspire the respect of the Moslem masses. "If this be the product of your Western civilization," they say, "keep it to yourselves; we wish none of it!"

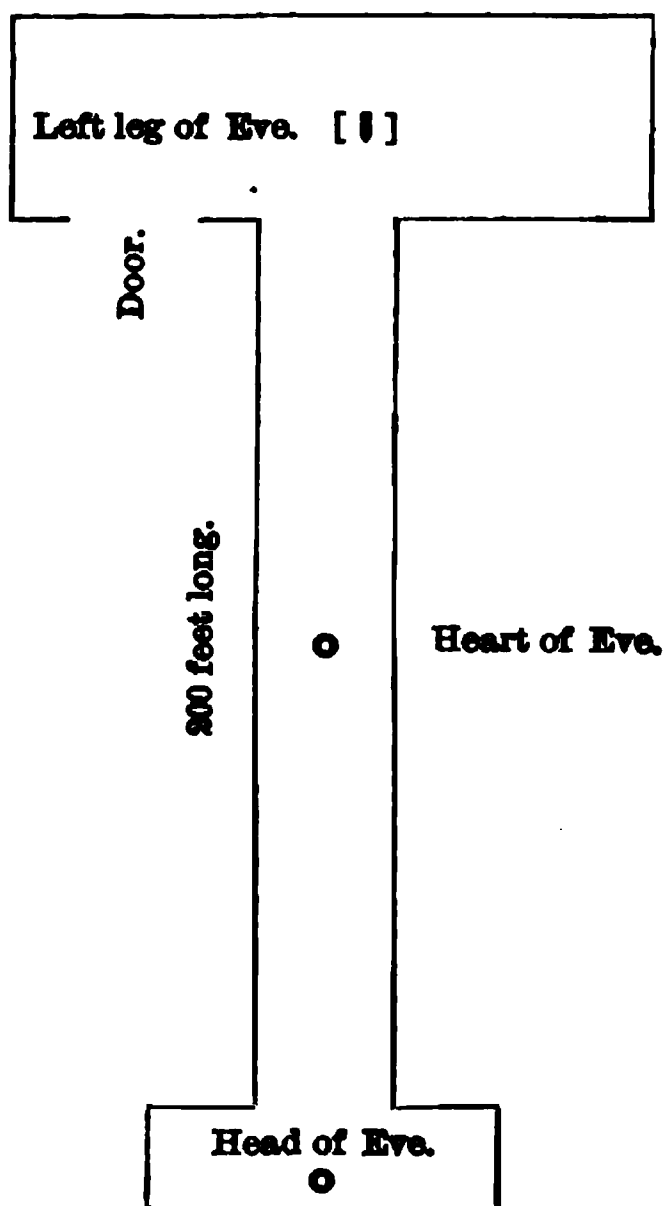
And by way of reversing the situation — to apply the test of human nature to ourselves — let us inquire if personal appearance and majesty of intellect do not win, in these modern days, in the West. The dress, the bearing, at once dignified and gentle, and the powers of fascination inspired by timely and graceful gestures, render the best blood of the Hedjaz among the finest gentlemen that can surprise the traveler in the East. The traditional garments of the gentry are of finely woven silk and gauze textures; their feet neatly dressed in fine, white stockings; their teeth are white, their eyes almost always clear, and their ablutions frequent. Compared with our own caucasian race they are superior to our representatives in the East. When, therefore, the pressure of the Western Powers caused the Porte to place restrictions on this haughty Arab gentry, some years ago, the dangerous fanaticism of their nature was kindled into a flame. The Christians, scarcely aware of their position in Jeddah, were suddenly assailed in the night by a mob of fanatics, and were, with several exceptions, summarily and cruelly put to death — men, women and children. The disdain which they felt for Christians was very apparent when I arrived at

the Arabian seaport. My Turkish friend, who had the \$500 in view, was, therefore, somewhat staggered when I told him I should hold him to his contract. He felt ill at ease under the promise; procrastinated, vividly portrayed all the dangers of the attempt, or even the mention of it, for Mecca was only twelve hours distant by dromedary. While I was reflecting upon what additional inducement I could offer him, I learned that he had quietly left Jeddah on board an Egyptian man-of-war. This destroyed my plans. I resolved not to visit the shrine of Mahomet; but there was a spot of peculiar interest to which I could pay pilgrimage—the tomb of Eve—situated two miles from the city. I set out in the heat of day with a Dutch friend, whose acquaintance I had made on the coast, and who, among other speculations in which he wished to enlist me, was in the purchase of his Arab horse, which, while he explained all of its equestrian advantages, stood quietly and solemnly with its blind eye to the wall. I smiled at my friend's simplicity, and he forgave me. That led to a long discussion on humbugs. He averred that the Arabs are more proficient in this regard than any people he had ever met. He said, "Watch narrowly the tomb of

Eve." After a walk of an hour over a sandy plain, we stood beside the Mausoleum of the mother of us all. Had it been the tomb of any other famous woman — of Cleopatra, Xantippe, Joan of Arc or Charlotte Corday—I confess that my emotions would not have suffered the violent disturbance which overwhelmed me, when I found a tomb 200 feet long.

"Heavens," I said "was Eve as tall as that?"

"Not quite, replied my friend, "they have separated the different parts of her body; less than one-half is here," and, upon surveying the mausoleum, I found it disposed something like this :



Only the head, heart and left leg were there, what had been done with the rest of the remains the sheik would not confide to me. I asked if any portion of this remarkable lady could be seen, and I was instantly informed with a mercenary smile that it was possible. I jingled some Austrian dollars in my pocket, and he looked more pleased with me than ever. I then told him that I had a great fondness for anatomy, and that I would like to see the head and the heart. He replied, as if offended, that they could not be seen. I said I supposed his decision arose from the fact that Eve had been dead some time, and that a dissection would offend his sanitary discretion. He looked at me angrily. I told him not to fly into a passion, for we were brethren—for was not Eve the mother of us all? I finally gave him a dollar. He then conducted me to the canopied portion of the tomb, and we entered a large room. A black cloth falling over a catafalque was removed. A little door, about a foot square, was opened, and the sheik told me to place my hand on a black, thick, oily-looking substance about the shape and size of a large man's fore-arm, and as hard as a pig of iron.

“That,” said he, with due solemnity, “O, man, is the leg of Eve !”

I then entered into some conversation about the remarkable circumstances which had led to this interment on that spot. He informed me of many strange things not in the histories — and among them that Adam, in one of his pedestrian exercises, walked down to India, a thousand miles or more, one morning, and that wherever he made a footstep a Mohammedan city had subsequently sprung up. This was not more surprising to me than the prophet’s nocturnal journey to heaven on a pencil of light ; or, when Mahomet, by the magic of his voice, split asunder the orb of the moon, and the obedient planet stooped from her station in the sky, entering into contact with his person through the folds of his collar, and issuing by the sleeve of his shirt. After narrating some of the adventures of the contemporaries of Adam and Eve, he vouchsafed the more precise information that the “tomb” made over \$200,000 a year from the pilgrims, and that it was a good thing.

I then returned on ship-board, wondering how Eve would like this indelicate and extraordinary business.

To keep a “tomb” is one of the most flourishing occupations of the East.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AUDIENCE WITH THE KHEDIVE.

I COULD not have closed my long and eventful journey better than by an audience with the Khedive. I shall transcribe it exactly as I wrote it in my room at Shepard's Hotel on retiring from his presence.

CAIRO, *August* 18, 1872.

Fifteen minutes ago I came out from a lengthy audience with His Highness the Viceroy of Egypt. Although I have conversed with many ministers and princes, I have never met a ruler in all things so noteworthy as this man. He is pre-eminent as an expert and ready talker, setting forth with freedom, ease and skill wonderful plans for consolidating and unifying his dominions.

Coming recently from the White Nile, just upon the heels of Stanley's brilliant success in Central Africa, I was made at Suez the recipient of dinners, and all the festivities belonging to this generous population of the East.

Visiting Alexandria, I paid a visit to the Prime Minister, Sherif Pacha, who had kindly furnished me with a firman at the beginning of my voyage. He asked me of the country through which I had traveled, and discussed at large the wealth and substance of the Soudan. Mr. Comonos, acting Consul-General of the United States, who was with me, said:

“Your Excellency, this gentleman would be glad to be presented to His Highness?”

Sherif Pacha hesitated. “What! to print the conversation?”

I smiled, and said, “In our country our statesmen talk freely about public matters and face the people in the hard visage of type. Now, I do not make a personal application to see His Highness” —

Sheriff (interrupting) — Oh, that would be extended with pleasure; but the other — *nous verrons*.

This cautious and gifted statesman, who is at once handsome in person and cordial in manners, could hardly understand the outspokenness which a traveler is apt to assume as the highest quality of a wise ruler. I took pains to explain to him that the American people admired bold expressions of views, and that there was a chronic hunger in the land to

learn of such men as Ismail Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt. The idea pleased His Excellency, and at length he promised to write a letter to Barrot Bey, the private secretary of the Viceroy. Mr. Comonos received the letter of Sherif Pacha, and day before yesterday we passed through the dense crowds gathered at the Tanta Fair (the greatest *fête* of Egypt, at which 200,000 people are annually gathered). Upon our arrival in Cairo, Mr. Comonos presented the letter, and in one hour the following response was returned :

MAISON DU KHEDEVE,
SERVICE DU MAITRE DE CEREMONIES, }
ABDIN, 17 Août, 1872.

MONSIEUR — J'ai l'honneur de vous faire savoir que S. A. le Khédive sera charmé de vous recevoir demain matin, de neuf à dix heures, au palais d'Abdin, en compagnie de Monsieur Southworth.

Agréez, monsieur, l'assurance de ma parfaite considération. COMING.

M. Comonos, Vice Consul et Gérant, l'Agence et Consulat Général des Etats Unis d'Amérique, Caire.

Prompt to the hour, I was in full dress, and at nine o'clock this morning I was sitting in my room, wondering by what piece of ingenuity I could get the Viceroy to talk to me upon subjects of some concern to him and of importance to the world. While I was yet deep in this interesting medita-

tion there was a knock at the door. Mr. Comonos had arrived. In ten minutes we are driving over the broad avenue leading to Abdin Palace. This favorite residence of the Viceroy is in the heart of Cairo, and, while being a plain structure without, it is superbly furnished within. It is but one in twenty-five, and these gorgeous retreats are maintained at an expense which no European power could or would stand. The Khedive is reported to be the richest man in the world. He is, undoubtedly. Egypt is his capital. It is just the same as if Egypt were deposited in the Bank of England, and the Viceroy should draw checks against its market value. He has his personal wealth in the country also. Long before he came to the throne, he was the wealthiest man in Egypt. While Saïd Pacha was overwhelming the country with ruinous debts; while he was undertaking enterprises he did not have energy or resources to carry to a successful close, Ismaïl Pacha, his successor, was accumulating an immense fortune, which was his best claim to rule Egypt. He began his government saddled with debts, and yet during the last ten years, while many have been predicting a financial crisis, the Khedive has every year started fresh reforms, begun new

undertakings and accomplished wonderful results. I am not one of those who believe that Christmas day will bring to him a whole continent, or that in the East you can readily cultivate the integrity of the West. It will be years yet before his Highness can fuse all the incongruous provinces into a geographical empire, or obtain from their assimilation that unity and prosperity he so much desires.

At ten minutes past nine our carriage halted before the door of Abdin Palace. A squad of Egyptian soldiers, dressed in white, were "at rest" as we passed in, with our black dress suits strangely out of season, and our faces streaming with perspiration. "Going to see Effendina," was the remark that greeted our seemingly ludicrous attire. I tried to look as if I owned half the Orient, and was just about to see his Highness to make a bargain for Egypt. Mr. Stanley was right when he dramatized his meeting with Dr. Livingstone so effectively, and when he put himself in an attitude of dignity. Nothing awes so much in the East as the mysteriously silent.

We passed through several small inner courts, and at last seated ourselves in one of the extremely outer ante-rooms of his Highness. It was a small apart-

ment, furnished with a crimson satin divan, a carpet in large figured medallions, hangings and hangers on, and some that ought to be hanged.

Mr. Comonos showed me to a seat, and had hardly seated himself upon the divan, when an assistant to Barrot Bey (son of Odillon Barrot) entered, and we engaged in a friendly conversation.

“Long voyage you have had, Monsieur?”

“Yes, long enough,” I replied.

“It has not been very agreeable?”

“On the contrary, it has been the happiest of my life.”

We stayed in the ante-room a quarter of an hour. Men were smoking, chatting, perhaps lobbying; and it reminded me very much of the lobbies of the House of Representatives, though this little room at Abdin was much quieter and homelier. It told me the story of Egypt as I waited and thought. Some may have had claims. They may have been intriguants; they may have been spies.

Few see the Viceroy. A man with an income estimated at \$50,000,000 a year, a family numbering 12,000,000 known, and a responsibility to Constantinople, cannot see everybody. Elsewhere I have compared the Viceroy to Napoleon III. He makes

some of the mistakes, perhaps, of that fallen despot; but he does not confide in men who deceive him. The Viceroy knows every transaction of inconsiderable importance which transpires in his dominions. He is consummate in his management of police, and lavish in his scattering of money, and both go together. I knew, then, long before I met his Highness, that I was to meet a man of no mean conversational skill, and of no petty acquirements in the art of government.

“*Monsieur s'il vous plait!*” and I passed that way, preceded by Mr. Comonos. The Viceroy was ready to receive us.

We then entered the body of the palace. The route to the Viceroy was now open. Our conductor, who was a pleasant gentleman, of the Italian nationality, I should judge, invited us to repose ourselves in an ante-room of the Viceroy, immediately below his Highness' reception room. We remained there about five minutes, and had a very pleasant chat about Egypt, American travelers and the coming season. Presently an usher comes in and announces that the moment has come. We follow our affable conductor. In the nave of the staircase we pass a tropical landscape, wrought in artificial flowers, and

this reminds me that, after all, the principal topic will be agriculture. Going up a semi-circular staircase, flanked, surrounded, in fine, shut in by mirrors, and I stand again in a lofty vestibule leading to the Viceroy's presence.

We move forward quickly and perceive, in a small room, furnished in what New York people would understand as a genteel manner, and thrice the size of a small Fifth avenue reception room, a rather diminutive, pleasant-looking gentleman, larger but not taller than General Grant, with mown whiskers, like scythed hay; a benevolent man, I am sure; a gentleman certainly. He advances to meet Mr. Comonos and myself. Mr. Comonos says:

“Mr. Southworth, coming from the Soudan!”

“I am very pleased to see you.”

We moved toward the divan. The apartment was partially obscured and nearly all the shutters were closed. Mr. Comonos seated himself next to the Viceroy, and I took my place next to him and within ten feet of the Khedive. His Highness was plainly dressed in grey pantaloons, dark walking coat and black tie — all without ostentation of any kind.

I then said “Your Highness, after having traveled over 4,000 miles in your dominions by river,

desert and sea, I could not quit Egypt without paying to the man who has labored so nobly for her prosperity and grandeur, the respect which a traveler owes to grand enterprise. The Viceroy smiled and inclined, saying, "I am pleased that you have not left Egypt without coming to see me. You seem to be in good health, Monsieur. You have not suffered from traveling in these warm climes, where you must have been ill at ease."

"Well, I perceive by the telegrams that there were fifty sunstrokes a day in New York, and I escaped a *coup de soleil* in Africa; so I do not complain much about the climate. He then asked, "What is the last news about Baker?"

"When I left the White Nile, I heard that Sir Samuel had reached the Lake Albert Nyanza, with a small force. The intelligence is not certain. It was passed down the White Nile through all the tribes, that the White Pacha (Baker) had left Gondokoro, and had reached the junction with the Lake Albert Nyanza."

"I do not credit the news; it seems to me impossible," replied the Khedive.

"Perhaps you are right," I said. "I believe, however, that Baker has reached the lake. He has

trouble about getting porters, made war and his pathway was paved with obstacles. Still he is a man of ready resource and quick intelligence, and will, I believe, surprise Your Highness in the end."

The Viceroy had evidently been misinformed by the slave-hunters, for he replied :

"Sir Samuel Baker went to the White Nile to create, not to destroy, commerce. Instead of increasing our trade there he has nearly destroyed it. Traveling is not safe along the line of the river; the tribes are in hostility to the government, and we find our dominion under his war of conquest unsafer, unsounder, than if he had not gone there at all. Formerly our empire extended to Gondokoro and beyond; now it is not increased by any annexation by Samuel Baker. You observed, perhaps, that the commerce was dead there?"

"Yes, Your Highness; the merchants complain, and there is scarcely any trade at all; but I do not attribute the result to the Baker expedition."

"When Samuel Baker," he continued with animation, "went there with this large expedition, he found the slave trade nearly dead. The suppression of that traffic injured our interests very much, yet we hoped to save a remnant of the commerce with

the natives. Now all is dead. Peace instead of war, cultivation instead of conquest, amity instead of violence, must be my policy toward the peoples of Central Africa. I wish to civilize and develop those lands, but I cannot do it if the blacks are aroused to a bitter opposition. The nature of a negro is simple enough, but leave him alone. I regret what Sir Samuel Baker has done, because it implants in their rude, untaught minds that Egypt is their enemy. Baker's position is, doubtless, critical."

"Yes, when I left Khartoum, two months ago, the boats sent to his succor had returned, with great mortality, and without being able to penetrate the obstructions in the Nile. They were freighted with corn (durah) and supplies for the men, but could not proceed beyond the Sobat River, near the Bahr el Gazal. I was staying at Khartoum myself, preparing an expedition to go through this "Sudd" and join Sir Samuel Baker; but as it now appears the movement would have been a failure. Sir Samuel's position is very delicate. He is cut off from supplies, and a great natural barrier, long in process of formation, has grown up in his rear."

"That is true," he answered. "His position is dangerous. What can he do? There is nothing to

eat there ; the men are dying of hunger and fever.
C'est malheureux, ça ? ”

“ But there are plenty of beeves, Your Highness ? ”

“ Yes ; but, *mon Dieu !* what, would you believe that men can live upon such a precarious substance ? There he is, with 1,200 or 1,500 men, situated as you describe. They must have bread ; they must eat and be sheltered. No ; I repeat to you, Monsieur, that the expedition is a mistake.”

Believing that his Highness expressed views in the main correct and just, I do not and cannot concur with him, in, that this enterprise of Sir Samuel Baker was not a salutary undertaking. It moved in the face of the most extraordinary difficulties, through warlike peoples, penetrating a dense swamp, breeding malaria and death — all to acquire territory, suppress the slave trade and make a harvest of races that could be trained to agricultural industry.

His Highness proceeded : “ Yes, travel is unsafe there. You cannot move up the White Nile without a heavily-armed escort. Scientific exploration is finished for the time. What about the sources of the Nile ? ”

“ Livingstone and Stanley have opened the whole question again ; Your Highness has read ? ”

“ Yes, Monsieur; Mr. Stanley did nobly there; yet I do not exactly understand where the sources of the Nile are. It seems they are not in either of the great lakes — the Nyanzas?”

“Livingstone goes nearly eight hundred miles farther south, in latitude, and seems to have struck the reservoir from which many river systems proceed, including Your Highness’ Nile (for his Highness owns the Nile). It will take years to settle the question.”

“ Yes,” replied the Viceroy, “nearly every African traveler (laughing) has his own private source of the Nile.”

I answered, “I own no such property.”

The Viceroy laughed, and observed that I was rational and modest, asking :

“How far did you proceed, Monsieur?”

“To the twelfth degree of north latitude, near where is found this great barricade of herbage, vegetation and tropical seeds which may become the ruin of the Soudan.”

“ Yes; Sir Samuel Baker wrote me about these obstructions and told me that I should remove them. I have sent four or five engineers — I forget the number — to survey and report upon them. I do

not know if it will be wise to destroy them. [The obstructions have since been successfully removed by the Governor-General of the Soudan.] *Qui sait.* Suppose these 300 miles of vegetation are suddenly removed from the Nile? *Mon Dieu!* we may be inundated here. It must be with great caution that I undertake to alter the flow of the Nile. It is the blood of Egypt, and to trifle with the coursing of its waters is to experiment upon the life of my country. You know how the world has been crying out 'cut the cataracts.' Yet the engineers who have surveyed them and reported upon them say that the cataracts are necessary to Egypt; that if they were not in the river all the waters would rush down to the Mediterranean during the summer time, or high Nile, and leave the bed of the stream dry more than half the year. These cataracts, then, economize the water's distribution; they are valves, and check its flow, and are a part of the marvelous machinery of this mighty river. I have great reluctance to interfere with the operations of nature. (The Viceroy has the reputation of being a little superstitious.) Somehow I consider it a dangerous business, and that is why I have sent engineers to survey this tropical vegetation

in the Nile. Should it be razed at once the whole of Egypt might be inundated."

[NOTE.—The reader's attention is invited to the singular caution and worthy discretion contained in this last observation. I have seen all the principal cataracts of the Nile, and there can be no doubt that his Highness is perfectly right.]

"Then your Highness will seek communication with the Soudan by rail and not by water?"

"That is it exactly," he said; "I shall build the road between Wady Halfa and Shendy running along the Nile to Dongola, and thence crossing the desert to Shendy. You have seen the Soudan and know its wealth and resources. It is separated from us. The question is how we can best develop it. Manifestly it is to unite the two countries by the rail. Now, the Soudan is off yonder in the distance. The governors and under governors are beyond scrutiny. They do as they please and are more absolute than the Prince here in Lower Egypt. That is one of the faults which a railroad alone can correct."

"But it will cost money," I suggested.

"No;" he replied, "only £4,000,000 or £5,000,000. What is that? What are six, eight or ten millions if you obtain results? I know very well

that it is a foolish thing to spend a million on nothing, but remember that there is something in the Soudan. I shall build the road — *coûte qui coûte*. Do you not believe that the Soudan is worth more than £10,000,000 ? ”

“ Certainly, no one more than I appreciates the grand future which must come to that country.”

This was pleasant information, for the Viceroy exclaimed “ *Voyons !* what is there in the country to justify this 675 English miles of railway that I intend to build ? All the products of India can be grown there and worked there. The cultivable land is millions upon millions of acres ; the soil is virgin, and once a railroad passes through it, interior commerce must spring up ; peoples now remote and unfriendly to each other will be bound in amity and mutual intercourse by the rail ; a general contact and dispersion will ensue ; money and material prosperity will arrive, and then ” (said His Highness, with a glow of pleasure and a burst of eloquence) — “ then behold my corner of Africa ! A railway will connect the Nile with the Red Sea. The same influences which have brought prosperity to the doors of the humblest fellah in Lower Egypt to-day will invade the Soudan with the locomotive, and the races you have seen in

savagery and poverty will, I trust, in ten years become a thrifty, united community."

"I find the views of Your Highness singularly exalted. When shall this work begin?"

"Monsieur, instantly if I had the reports of the engineers. I only await the surveys, and then the operations shall commence."

"But what culture must prevail in the Soudan! — cotton, sugar?" — I inquired.

"It must be a cotton and sugar country entirely, and cotton sooner than sugar, and the cultivation, as you know, has already begun with surprising abundance. Still," continued His Highness, with a mixture of sadness and indignation, "my government is embarrassed by the treaty relations with the Western Powers which have kept Egypt back for forty or fifty years. You know what these are. I hope the restrictions will be removed. It is my profound conviction that the day has gone by when they should longer be applied to Egypt. Egypt is not what she was a half a century ago. What I demand is that the Powers should constitute an international tribunal; that they should send judicial officers here. Why do they object, '*Est-ce qu'il y a quelque chose dans le ciel de l'Egypte, qui change la nature d'un*

homme? ' Must a man become bad because he comes here? I do not believe so, if he be good at home. Look at my government! We have sixteen governments, which are all administered after the laws of their own countries. Each Consul-General is a prince. We have to work against these potentates, and in our relations with their subjects we are obliged to keep fifty or sixty lawyers running over Europe guarding our interests. You have no idea how power and authority are dispensed and exercised in my dominions. What is the first condition of civilization? — justice, is it not so? What is the first puissance of a State? — security, is it not? Well, security prevails here, but I have not yet obtained justice from the Powers. If you would elevate society, if you would advance a people, you must first give them a form of government under which justice can be obtained. I hope that the reform is about accomplished." (The Khedive has since that time obtained all that he then asked.)

"And once accomplished, Your Highness believes Egypt will receive a sudden impulse?"

"That is positive," he said. "We have in Lower Egypt 5,000,000 feddans (acres) of cultivable land; over 2,000,000 are now producing. Two-thirds of

the remainder are susceptible of easy cultivation by our Egyptian irrigation, and while the other million feddans could be made to produce, their culture would be more difficult and not easily assured. Suppose the reform takes place, and we are a unit in justice and government here. Then Europeans would pour in ; the value of land would augment ; the wave of civilization would flow southward ; the shores of the Nile would become populated with an industrious community. The railroad finished to the Soudan, the flood of emigration would invade the Soudan ; a European in contact with the native would raise the native ; his own necessities and competition would make him an agricultural toiler. Our rapid progress would begin then. The rail to Berber will be finished, and the shores of the Red Sea will be lined with ports, outlets from the close interior."

"Let us hope you will be independent then," I suggested with some significance.

Very much pleased, and smiling, he replied :

"No ! no ! as we are now we will rest. It is better so. We are not politicians here ; we do not care for complications of that nature. We are simply plain cultivators. The Egyptian asks only to pro-

duce upon his soil, to live quietly and peaceably after his own mode of life. He has his ground, his house, his family; guarantee them to him and you have done all for his material happiness."

"There is much difference between the Egyptian population and the Soudan people?"

"Yes; there are in the Soudan two races, the blacks and the negroes (*les noirs et les négres*). The blacks are men of Arab blood — blood native to the soil for many ages. These men must ultimately rule there. The negroes must become a race of cultivators. That is all they are fit for, because they, as men, are inferior to this black race (of Arab extraction), at least such is the opinion of scientific men. The negroes have developed no positive character there, but I hope that eventually they will become very good farmers."

"What is the population of that country lying in and to southward of the Soudan? People there claim that there are 30,000,000 of blacks up the White Nile and laterally in the interior," I said.

"Dr. Schweinfurth made a report to me, saying that he believed there were but 7,000,000. The question is an open one."

[NOTE.—There must be some grave error about

this statement; for can the world believe that the slave trade, drawing nearly 25,000 souls alone from the White Nile annually, could have flourished upon a population of less than half of 7,000,000? From my own observation I had much rather believe there are 30,000,000 of the negroes between Khartoum and the Equator, than the 7,000,000 of Professor Schweinfurth. This is a question of vital importance, because the territory needs laborers — an industrial population.]

The Khedive continued, "You know I have changed the Governor up there. All the Egyptians have a prejudice against the Soudan. They imagine that I send them there to get rid of their presence here. Our officers are fond of the capital; it is becoming gay and attractive. A railway will dispel these illusions, and, once completed, the world may be sure that I will develop the Soudan."

There was a pause in the conversation. The Viceroy had spoken with great force, often with eloquence, his eyes glistening with pride when he referred to the works he yet hoped to accomplish for Egypt.

Presently he resumed, on a different key, speaking of his American officers: "General Stone is not only

capable and thorough as the chief of staff of the Egyptian army, but he is capable to be the chief of staff of any army in the world. He is not only a gentleman and a learned gentleman and a soldier, but he is an honorable gentleman and an honorable soldier."

The Khedive also spoke in high terms of General Starring. His Highness had seen our American Minister at Constantinople, and he described him as a most charming person, charging me to bear his Highness' compliments to Mr. Boker upon my arrival at Constantinople.

The Viceroy rose as a signal to terminate the audience. I thanked him cordially for the facilities which had been everywhere extended to me in his dominions. "Oh," said his Highness, "that is nothing. When gentlemen come among us to see our country and institutions, to investigate them in a spirit of fairness, they will always be well received by my government. His Highness then said that if I returned to Egypt he should be most happy to see me again.

Mr. Comonos remarked, "Oh, yes, your Highness, he will return, for has he not drank of the waters of the Nile?"

The Khedive laughed and said, "He will come without doubt, then."

There is, as the reader may know, an Arab superstition that any foreigner who drinks the water of the Nile must return to Egypt. I could mention many odd confirmations of this idle maxim.

As we reached the door we passed the parting compliments, and backed out of his Highness' presence, and from opposite ends of the exterior room we made low bows; and the last I saw of the Khedive was the reflection of a rapid movement of his feet in the gorgeous mirrors of the staircase, for he sought his private cabinet to work.

Seldom, indeed, have I heard a man talk with equal freedom, fluency and earnestness. It has been well said that "the Viceroy upon any throne of Europe would be the greatest monarch of the age," and I believe there is no Hohenzollern, Hapsburg or Hanover who has a tithe of his genius. He is great as an administrator. He is a chieftain. That there are many grave errors in his policy I know; but there is no use in looking for spots on the sun. We must judge of Ismail Pacha and his career as a whole, not magnify his faults or exaggerate his virtues. Here is one man with the whole East against

him. Fourteen years ago he turned his face toward the Orient, after an European education, and bade it rise. He told the Moslem world that it was still in the stagnation of the ages past. Slowly he put the machinery of progress in motion, and toward a great result he has struggled on. Kings have looked with interest and applauded. The invited world has rushed to Egypt to partake of his hospitality. Princes, ministers, statesmen and writers have thronged to his court. Yet the Viceroy is not spoiled. He still sits in his little cabin at Abdin Palace and toils and struggles on. He shows intense labor upon his face. His eyes indicate that he is an owl. Indeed, four hours in twenty-four are all he sleeps. The railroads, steamship lines, telegraphs, postal service, private estates (*diara*), sugar mills, cotton culture, army, navy and civil service, all centre to his desk. In person he is a little, thick-set man, with a large head, full face, pleasant countenance and clear eyes. His face denotes kindness, reflection, caution and firmness. His manners are perfect. He is a gentleman. He makes and likes to receive compliments, though, from a remark he let drop, he understands all the arts of the flatterer. He is intellectually adroit. His character, considered at

length, would involve pages of writing. It is polygonal. You must look at him as a merchant, as a prince, as a rich man, as a statesman, as a cultivator. Next to the Khedive is Sherif Pacha. He, too, is a component part of Egypt. He has three times been regent in the Viceroy's absence, and is ever receiving fresh powers and dignities. In the brief interview I had with him I was much impressed. He is one of the few who have not robbed the Khedive, and grown rich upon the corruptions of the State.

All that I can say, in conclusion, is that the Khedive, who has placed himself so high above the foulness and abominations of the East, seeking to lift whole peoples with him in his elevation, deserves the admiration and sympathy of the world. In him is the vitality of the Orient. If he must possess some of the shrewdness of Talleyrand, to him also belongs the boldness of Napoleon I. If he has caution, he has courage; if he proceeds slowly, he proceeds surely. To head a movement which is more one of the plowshare than the sword, one of intelligence and thrift, rather than a conquest and ambition, is the lot of a leader among men. He began this progress years ago, and he is still in command.

at "the pivot of the world," and therefore at the point of least political, military and social revolution. Let us hope he may succeed.

A PARTING WORD.

As I left Paris at the outset of the journey now finished, I must return to the French capital to acknowledge the courtesies of valued friends. Early in September I found myself in Athens, where I was presented a vivid word picture of the Kingdom of Greece, by the Hon. John M. Francis, then our resident minister, and to whom I am deeply indebted for court favors, and hospitalities, American in spirit and Grecian in welcome simplicity. Through the Ionian Islands to Constantinople, and up the Danube to Vienna, left indelible friendships, and pleasing recollections of Americans in private and official life. To the Hon. George H. Boker, the Hon. John A. Goodenow at Constantinople, and the Hon. John Jay at Vienna, I wish to make grateful acknowledgments. With those other Americans, among whom I had passed through the sieges of Paris, I made my peace over that same brand of Burgundy at the same café mentioned in the first chapter.

THE SOUDAN AND THE VALLEY OF THE WHITE NILE.

BY ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH.

READ MARCH 26TH, 1873.

[Before the American Geographical Society at the Cooper Institute — Chief Justice Daly in the Chair.]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—As a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and with the object of joining the expedition of Sir Samuel Baker, and of exploring the Upper Nile countries, I sailed from Cairo December 27th, 1871, and reached Khartoum on the 6th of February. Before entering the Nubian Desert at Korosko, the ascent of the Nile was simply a prolonged feast on board the "Dahabeah," with the panorama of imposing temples and gigantic ruins relieving the dreary monotony of the river-banks. The valley of the Nile, from the first cataract, where the stream ceases to be navigable, to Cairo, is remarkable alone to the traveler for its vast structures and mausoleums. The *sikeahs* and *shadofs*, which are employed to raise water from the river in order that it may be used for irrigation, suggest that no improvement has been made in Egyptian farming during 4,000 years. But the smoke curling away from tall chimneys, and the noise of busy machinery in the midst of extensive fields of cane, remind us that Ismaïl Pacha, the Viceroy of Egypt, has become the first sugar-producer in the world. From the site of ancient Memphis to the southern boundary of Nubia, comprising about six degrees of latitude, the soil under cultivation rarely extends beyond the distance of a mile into the interior, while to eastward and westward it is one vast uninhabited waste. Thinly populated, and now without the means to subsist large agricultural communities, Upper Egypt can never become what it was when, as we are taught, the walls of Thebes inclosed 4,000,000 of people, and the Nile was bridged from shore to shore. Still, it is not all fallen splendor. The Viceroy's steamers make the trip from Cairo to the first cataract in ten days;

way-trading is carried on with the sailing Nuggers, and a steady stream of ivory and gum pours down the valley from the equatorial provinces. But all this portion of the Viceroy's domain will advance but little in agricultural prosperity until the problem of how to shed the waters of the Nile over the lateral country shall have been practically solved. Until very recently the most eminent river-engineers had urged that all the cataracts should be blasted, in order that uninterrupted navigation at all seasons might proceed between Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan, and the Mediterranean. But after careful surveys it has been established that any attempt to navigate or change the flow of water to Lower Egypt would impair the richness of the soil, if it would not entirely destroy the fruitfulness of the Delta. Production depends not alone upon irrigation, but upon the nutritious matters held in solution by the irrigating water, upon the rich deposits which flow down from the Abyssinian hills at high Nile, changing the clear stream into a muddy complexion. Nature is thus very nice in her operations, and it was rare, indeed, until late years, that the river had varied from its habitual densities and levels. But obstructions have grown up spontaneously, about the ninth degree of north latitude, in the form of reeds; and this vegetation, multiplying and extending, arrests all floating bodies of whatever nature, and the result is that the provinces bordering Nubia, not being as available for irrigation as the territory of the Delta, have suffered famine and all its train of evils, simply because the stream did not attain its accustomed level. If such fatal consequences come from mere spontaneous vegetation a thousand miles away in the interior of Africa, what would result if the cataracts were removed by experts as capable as Prof. Maillefert? The nature of a Nile cataract must not be misunderstood. Generally speaking, it is only the river falling by a gentle grade through a series of rocks extending along the river for two miles or more. In conversation with the Viceroy, His Highness told me, "You know how the world has been crying out, 'cut the cataracts.' It must be with great caution that I undertake to alter the flow of the Nile. It is the blood of Egypt, and to trifle with the coursing of its waters is to experiment upon the life of my country. The engineers who have surveyed them and reported upon them say that the cataracts are necessary to Egypt; that if they were not in the river all the water would rush down to the sea during high Nile, and leave the bed of the stream dry more than half the year. These cataracts economize the water's distribution; they are valves, and check its flow, and are a part of the machinery of the Nile."

This declaration of His Highness, wise and comprehensive as it is, furnishes a clear example of the difficulty of treating all physical

problems in Africa. The conditions of any great work of engineering in Africa are so manifold — those, for instance, of climate, arable land, distribution of population, communication, and habits and traditions of the people — that money and skill may be spent in vain. The same truth applies to the whole of that vast continent. In order that you may comprehend this fact, look at the dimensions of Africa! Here we have a continent 5,000 miles long, and 4,600 miles broad, and geographers assert that it supports but a population of 65,000,000 — less than the number of the three Latin peoples of Europe. The different races are isolated in oases, and surrounded by deserts, while their rivers are full of cataracts, and their mountains are destitute of coal. The average African — and by this being I mean the native negro and not the Turk, Egyptian, Arab or Abyssinian — is, without doubt, a stupid, ignorant creature; yet I have found him, even under a low degree of civilization, docile, intelligent, and as capable of governing as of being governed. When a bloody revolt occurred in the province of Takka some years ago, among the negro troops, all of the Egyptian officers were seized and slaughtered during a general massacre. Turkish officials succeeded to the command, and tried to stay the fury of the mutiny, but without avail. It was only when a negro bey, a former private soldier in the army of Ibrahim Pacha, arrived on the spot that the insurrection was quelled. The Viceroy raised him to the rank of Adam Pacha, and the black savage boy who, fifty-five years before, was taken to Lower Egypt and sold, is to-day the commander-in-chief of the troops in the Soudan. This fact is mentioned simply to show that the negro at home is not such a pitiable creation as the majority of African travelers teach. I do not believe that a question like the civilization of Africa should be made a question of “odor,” of “wool” or of “jaw,” but rather one of humanity and fact. If the sympathies of the world and the movement of capital are to be directed toward the human enterprises that are already on foot for the liberation of that continent, we must consent to believe that the blacks are worthy of our efforts. Whatever contact they have had with the outer world has been the contact of slave-traders, despoilers and assassins, and where they have become subjects of conquest it has always been to the banner of Mahomet. Can it be supposed, then, that these 65,000,000 of negro savages, for forty centuries in solitary confinement, could evolve any pronounced civilization of their own? Could we ourselves, so placed and circumstanced, have realized any substantial progress? Abyssinia is a case in point. The natives of that country are not negroes, but their origin is lost in the far night of time. Yet, in color and habits, they would pass with us for blacks — superior

blacks, perhaps, because, like all mountaineers, they are active and belligerent. During many centuries this remarkable people, professing Christianity, have been almost completely surrounded by Saracen territory; in fact, a Christian oasis in a Mahometan desert. What is the result? They have not changed. Where they were at the beginning of our era they are now, with the ruins of their once splendid cities and the remains of their glowing language, to prove how fatal stagnation is to any land or people. I urge, therefore, that the negroes can be civilized, and that the race can be brought to homogeneity and prosperity. But Egypt must first be dressed in Christian clothes, and the fatal influences of Mahometanism, as it exists all over Northern Africa, must be resisted and overcome. By missionaries? you will say. Yes, by missionaries; but a missionary is not a man who goes out to the East to proselytize from one religion to another, and to teach cold theology; rather the Viceroy's definition—a locomotive and a steamboat. His Highness is about to send these missionaries into the heart of the continent, and the route of the railroad to the Soudan I traced on my journey to Khartoum.

Perhaps I ought to confess, to a learned society like this, that the great enterprises by which Egypt hopes to link her commonwealth with the equatorial regions, interested me more than the mere sentimental aspects of the sources of the Nile. These subjects, therefore, occupied my attention during the five months that I lived at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, where a new physical empire begins and stretches away to the equator. In daily conversation with the inhabitants and officials, and in journeys into the provinces, I gathered a great deal of valuable information concerning the topography of the area, which I believe to be the most fertile tract in the world.

Life in Khartoum, with all its complex scoundrelism and curious phases of crime, is simply the result of fifty years of the slave-trade. This commerce built up the city, and attracted thither the worst class of Levantine rogues, who ostensibly became ivory dealers, but, in fact, sent black ivory—or negroes—down the Nile and across to the Red Sea. A fast society grew up, and large mud mansions replaced the miserable pens which were employed when Mohammed Ali founded there the first military post. Few of the inhabitants escaped the debauching influences of the “sum of all human infamies.” The Arab and Egyptian traders grew rich, and the officials, by active co-operation, participated in the spoils. Expeditions to gather slaves were, however, very expensive, and money was very scarce. All the capital in the Soudan was thus required, and the rates of interest varied from five to twelve per cent a month. Yet (would you

believe it, Mr. President ?) fewer than twelve men carried on the slave trade in Northern and Central Africa, and supplied Egypt, Arabia, and portions of Persia, Asia Minor, Turkey, and the lesser pachalica, with their eunuchs and menial labor. During the half century that Khartoum has been the slave-mart of this part of the world the Christian powers could not exterminate a band less numerous than an American jury! Do not believe that the traffic is confined to kidnapping and small squads of marauders. A slave expedition starting under the title of an ivory enterprise means war. As high as 5,000 soldiers are employed by a single trader. Agate had over this number on the White Nile; Cushick Ali, 4,000; Gatase, 4,000; Bizzelli, 800. Thus the slave trade in the valley of the Upper Nile is sustained by an active force quite as large as the standing army of the United States. These troops, generally the hardy and cruel Dongolawee, are armed with knives and shot-guns, and whether it be to burn a village or massacre an innocent community, they are zealous in either task. One popular fallacy must be named. By examining the most exhaustive, consular statistics on the ivory trade, I find that no expedition could pay the first cost. The traders do not expect it; so that when you read of a great ivory trader you may substitute, with little fear of doing an injustice, "an infamous slave-trader." The statistics of the slave-trader are very unreliable; and, although I spent a great deal of time in trying to get exact figures, I am very far from accuracy now. The slaves that come down the Blue and White Niles annually are estimated at 25,000, and those issuing from Darfour, Kordofan, and the Galla tribes at 15,000 more. Concerning the export of Abyssinians, Gen. Kirkham, the Commander-in-Chief of the Emperor Johannez's army, told me, in London, that 90,000 was the annual drain, making 180,000 slaves. The average value of these slaves is \$60 a head; that is \$7,800,000 in human flesh. You may ask, what is the remedy? It is a difficult question to answer. So long as Mahometanism exists, there will be a demand for slaves, and the supply will be inevitable; although it is not necessary to go to Africa to find atrocious but marketable merchandise always ready for the consumer. Domestic slavery throughout the Mahometan countries is very mild. In Egypt it has been abolished by the Viceroy by decree; but involuntary servitude remains as much an institution as it was fifty years ago. If stern political agents were kept on duty at Khartoum, Gallabat, Kassala, and Massowah, and if we had a representative at the court of Johannez, in Abyssinia, the evil might be greatly lessened. Yet the Moslem religion, teaching polygamy and the servitude of one race to another, is an obstacle of great magnitude. So long as the Turk has his harem, in fact, so long as the

Koran remains his inspired law, he must have — he will have — slaves and eunuchs. Barricade all the outlets of inner Africa, seal up the mountain-passes of Abyssinia, and blockade the seaports from Suez to Good Hope, and yet the same silent caravans will be found stealing over the deserts, and the same suspicious slavers sneaking across the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. The nature of the Turk and well-to-do Oriental is indolent. A slave serves his coffee, another must light his chibook, a third must perform his ablutions before prayer, while each wife and concubine is attended by her own domestic. The door of every private or official divan is darkened by a crowd of these negro menials, who are there to jump at the wink of host or guest. How vast, then, must be the demand for slaves when we consider that the human race is divided as follows, according to religion:

	Per cent.
Buddhists	81.2
Christians	80.7
Mahometans	15.7
Brahmins	13.4
Heathens	8.7
Jews3
Parsees	01

According to their ways of thinking, may not these 150,000,000 of Mahometans fairly claim the 65,000,000 of African negroes as their own reserves? Such would, indeed, be a melancholy prospect for Africa. But it can only be averted in two ways; first, reform Mahometanism; secondly, civilize Africa. If we cannot do the first, we can do the second: for I have roughly computed that the Christian world has spent on missionary labor in Africa, since the era of telegraphs and railroads began, an amount sufficient to have built a railroad along the line of the equator, and to have bisected the continent from north to south. Let us be practical with the negro, for in his aboriginal state you cannot spiritualize him. He is too gross a being. The missionaries found at Gondokoro, four degrees to northward of the equator, that the young savage had religion in his soul only when he had food in his belly. But as this mode of Christianizing Africa would require too large a kitchen, they abandoned their post, and the blacks returned to their heathen gods. The Catholic church of Austria has made the noblest and most persistent efforts to sow its faith among those far-distant negro tribes, and utterly, as with all other denominations, without success. The truth is, that a negro dwelling under the hot sun of Africa can understand no religion that does not countenance polygamy; hence he is an easy proselyte to the Moslem

faith. Looking at the subject from a material stand-point, the continent can be developed in three ways: by the Viceroy of Egypt; by foreign capital in the hands of an organization like the old East India Company, or by a stable government in Abyssinia pushing civilization to westward and southward. We will now inquire what there is in the Soudan to repay any considerable outlay of effort or capital.

The Egyptian Soudan, extending from the junction of the two Niles to the ninth degree of north latitude, contains a population of 7,000,000 of Arabs and negroes. The people live in villages constructed of baked mud along the shores of the White and Blue Niles; while the Bedouin Arabs roam over the deserts, and linger in the oases and mountains. Each village is governed by a Sheik, as is each Arab tribe. Squalor and poverty characterize the habitations, and plunder and oppression the *régime* of the officials, high and low. Remote from the government at Cairo, they pursue a system of the most shameless corruption, worthy of the penal colony which they inhabit. During my stay in Khartoum it only took the Governor-General two months to rob the Viceroy and his subjects of \$250,000; a prize that might not displease our own Christian statesmen. Almost every one of the nine provinces is far behind in taxes. Their resources, however, are immense. I surveyed, in company with the Governor-General, over 400,000 acres of the richest cotton lands lying southward of Khartoum, along a distance of 400 miles, bordering the White Nile. These lands are immense plains without tree or shrub, sloping away from the banks of the White Nile from five to fifty miles into the interior. They are watered during four months of the year — from June to October — by the tropical rains, but during the remaining months of the year they are exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. It is estimated that in the nine provinces of the Soudan there are 140,000,000 acres of fine black, soft, loamy soil — an acreage that would make two productive cotton empires, each larger than France. You need not plough this soil; you need not work it; you have only to scatter the seed and the periodical rains, or *sikeahs*, water the earth, and then at maturity, you reap your harvest. It will be perceived that the irrigation is uncertain, and, if artificial, very meagre; because one *sikeah* turned by cattle-power can only water eight acres.

Since my return to the United States I have consulted Mr. Holly, an expert hydraulic engineer in this State, and he is elaborating a system by means of which these immense tracts may be brought under production. He suggests a wooden cylinder, with sufficient elevation above the outlying territory, that, as a water-head, it will command the whole area. He admits steam into the cylinder, and,

by condensing it, creates a vacuum, when the water is admitted into the void, and discharged upon the soil at the rate of millions of gallons a day, and dispersed over the ground through conduits dug upon the surface. This plan would be cheap and effective; and it is proposed to operate it in such a manner that fifty square miles of territory can be irrigated from the same station. Schemes of canalization have also been suggested, like those of Lower Egypt. With the territory described, its 6,000,000 of beeves, 1,500,000 camels, and droves of sheep, a military force of 2,500 troops and 400 barks, what can its future not be made? It can grow all the products of India; and the negro, in working gold ornaments and straw goods, has proved himself the possessor of a high degree of skill. The natives who have not yet submitted — comprising tribes like the Dinkas, Neam-Neams — number as high as 10,000,000; though all estimates differ on this point. The measures that are necessary, then, for the development of Egypt's India are —

First — The conversion of the negro and Arab populations, from Dongola to the tenth degree of north latitude, into agriculturists.

Second — The building of the railroad to Lower Egypt, to Khartoum, already surveyed, which will be worth \$100,000,000 annually to Egypt.

Third — Honest government.

Fourth — Foreign capital and European machinery.

The experiment of growing cotton has already been tried with astonishing success. In the province of Berber, the Governor, Hussein Bey, whom Saïd Pacha saluted as the doorkeeper of hell when he guarded the entrance of the Nubian Desert, stored away 25,000 bales last year. The wharves of Suakin were lined with cotton grown in the province of Takka, and a general cotton-fever prevails all over the Soudan. The proud boast of the official is, that in a few years the Soudan will compete with America to supply the markets of the world, and there is no reason why this prediction should not ultimately obtain. With soil under constant irrigation, one hand can work forty acres. He sows ten acres; while he is gathering in the crop ten adjoining acres are growing, and while the second ten are being gathered a third plot is maturing, and so on. For five dollars a year the negro cultivator can live and clothe himself, while to-day he is nude, dying from disease, starvation and exposure, and eating fruits and herbs as monkeys do. Absolutely heathen, each tribe wars against its neighbor, demanding tribute of beeves, which, instead of consuming, the tribes worship. When the rail pushes through to Khartoum, and the varied products of this empire can be borne speedily to market, in lieu of making a weary

transit of two months by desert and river, money will pour in; and, instead of the \$2,000,000 now in circulation among 6,000,000 of people, there will be compensation for every producer. The Soudan can then be properly governed, for it will no longer be isolated from control in Central Africa.

The daily life in the Soudan is not without its charms. You are up half an hour before the sun. A cup of *café au lait* and a cigarette incline you to walk along the bank of the Blue Nile and await the golden day-burst in the east. But as the sun approaches the meridian you are glad to seek the shelter of your mud-house, where you will find your divan overrun by Arabs, Egyptians and Turks, who have come to smoke, drink coffee and chat with you. Noon is the breakfast hour. Pigeons, mutton, rice, bread and melons make a delightful meal. Natives and foreigners are alike gifted with astonishing appetites; but nothing amazed me like the quantities of dense, black coffee consumed by every person throughout the day. Your afternoon *siesta* is an hour long, and then you wander out to visit your friends, to shoot, or to ride camels or donkeys. If you are required to go out during the intense heat of the day, you must carry an umbrella, because the sun's rays are poisonous, and once stricken down and you are on the high road to the malignant fever, which is death. The dinner-hour is six, and differs from breakfast in being more elaborate. After sunset, under Africa's clear, cloudless, star-lit sky, by the shores of the swift river, we used to gather and talk over the future of the Soudan until midnight, or the sudden burst of a simoom would drive us to our beds. Imagine yourselves in the Soudan to-night. There would be no domestic controversy as to whether the window should be up or down, for you would sleep *à la belle étoile*, and no cross word to-morrow morning for the partner of your woes and joys who admonishes you, "It is time to get up;" for the sun, beating down in your face, would roast you out of bed. The days are always intensely hot, reaching as high as 120° in the shade, but the nights are cool. I always slept under blankets. If three rules of health are observed in Africa you are comparatively safe: First, do not expose yourself to the rays of the sun during the intense heat; second, do not drink spirits; third, be slow to anger. The splenetic man is sure to become a victim to the climate, and I saw many illustrations of this truth. The Soudan has been visited by many travelers; but few have survived its dangers, natural and climatic. Their deaths might oftener be ascribed to their own folly than to any other cause.

Three Englishmen went to Khartoum, filled with a grand project, a few months before my arrival on the Blue Nile. A compact which

they had made was found among the effects of one of them after his death, and the following is a literal copy:

"We, the undersigned, having formed ourselves into a society for the purpose of exploring and trading in Equatorial Africa, do, for our mutual satisfaction, solemnly bind ourselves by oath faithfully to observe and keep the following conditions, to be strictly observed from the date of signing these articles of agreement, until such time as with the common consent of all of us the aforesaid society shall be dissolved:

"*First* — To entirely abstain from all intoxicating beverages.

"*Second* — To have no illicit connection with any woman.

"*Third* — To be true and just in all our dealings with all mankind, but to have no dealings with Papists.

"*Fourth* — To use our utmost endeavors to spread the true and pure worship of the Almighty among the heathen tribes of Africa and elsewhere, and to utterly put down, suppress and exterminate, with the edge of the sword, all false creeds and such as we know to be antagonistic to the free and unfettered worship of God as revealed to us in the Bible, and always render all assistance in our power to any godly brethren who may be in need of it.

"*Fifth* — For the maintenance of order and discipline, without which no great end can be achieved, we agree to elect Edward Pratt captain of the expedition.

"*Sixth* — William James Bond, Edward Patterson and Frank Sheppard, for our part, faithfully promise to ever obey, without question, all orders promulgated by Edward Pratt, believing that all orders given by him are for the good of ourselves, and for the good of the achievement of the end we have in view.

"*Seventh* — I, Edward Pratt, do, for my own part, in the presence of God and my fellow-comrades, promise henceforth to make all my talents and powers subservient to the society's interest, and to undertake nothing which will not benefit the society; and, as far as I can, that I will issue no orders and command nothing without the sanction and approbation of a quorum of the society; that I will, if need be, lay down my life for the society, and never flinch from doing my duty to the society, although the performance of that duty may cause the total destruction of my earthly hopes.

"*Eighth* — We all agree to have a common purse in all troubles and reverses, as well as in prosperity, share and share alike, without distinction of rank.

"*Ninth* — As we all believe in the existence of a Deity, and of a state of future happiness or misery, it will be our constant aim and endeavor to walk in a manner pleasing to the Almighty, to do which we agree to take the Scriptures for our guide, and direct our actions according to the dictates of it and those of our consciences.

"*Tenth* — And as the achievement of our end depends upon our being firmly united, we swear to be true to each other as steel, and to have no private schemes whatever; to warn each other of danger. We swear to allow no private quarrels or jealousies to arise between us, but always to prefer each other's welfare to our own; and we each swear, by Divine assistance, to resist temptation from the date hereof to the dissolution of the society, never to forsake our comrades and the interests of the society by the offer of temporal wealth, be it ever so great, but to devote such wealth, if possible, to the common cause of the society.

"And now, in the presence of God and in the presence of each of us, we swear faithfully to abide by the above written articles of agreement; and each of us, for himself, doth agree if at any time he violate any of the foregoing articles of agreement, to suffer death or such other punishment as the said society may award; and we all swear to follow up such offender to the end of the world and mete him out justice, even to the day of our death. So help us God.

(Signatures.)

"MALTA, 5th April, 1860."

Comment upon a compact of this nature is unnecessary. These three Englishmen penetrated to the Soudan without money, without any knowledge of the extreme perils which they were to undergo; and in one of the humblest quarters of the Ethiopian capital, discouraged, pursued by malignant fever, the two oldest died, and the third, in the direst misery, succeeded in reaching Cairo.

Dr. Brownell, of New York, died in the obstructions in the White Nile while attached to the expedition of Petherick as botanist. At his decease he had gone further into Central Africa than any other American. Mr. Bayard Taylor had gone before him, but finished his journey with the *shillocks*, some twenty years ago. Upon my departure from Khartoum I left with the intention of going to reconnoitre the *debouchement* of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, preparatory to a lengthy voyage, the immediate object of which was to join Sir Samuel Baker, and, having reported the progress of his expedition, to move westward along the equator, across Africa to the Atlantic Ocean. In a letter dated Khartoum, June 5, 1872, and addressed to Dr. Gardner, one of the members of your society, I thus explained my object:

"I found difficulties at almost every point on my arrival here. It was too late to go to Gondokoro; there was a passive hostility on the part of the Government. I had left Cairo hastily, and without full preparations, little dreaming that the route by the Nile was so badly clogged up and blockaded by the 'Sudd,' and my ultimatum was to reach Baker. A closer view of the ground and a better knowledge of the tribes somewhat changed my plans. The brave and expert traveler and *Herald* correspondent, Stanley, had left Zanzibar with a splendid expedition, fitted out at great cost. His mission was to find Livingstone, and I knew if any one could achieve that result it would be Stanley. Well, I concluded it would be best to push for Gondokoro, then turn westward, and, if possible, try to reach the sea-coast, and traverse the African continent. Such is my present idea. Circumstances may change it. You know I believe in doing the best thing, and not in pursuing a course certain to entail failure and disaster."

It was on March 18th that we were forced to anchor off Arbah Island, over 800 miles to the southward of Khartoum. The shallow water would not allow us to proceed, and thence in the midst of the luxuriant tropical scenery, nearly 2,000 miles from the Mediterranean, I was obliged to turn back to await high Nile and the North wind. The spot was indeed picturesque and beautiful. Yellow-straw houses built under the shade of immense trees, looked very neat and enticing and the scenes about them were animated. Thousands of gray monkeys are leaping from branch to branch! Yonder lofty mimosa is the

retreat of a hundred black eagles; the negro *shillocks* are riding cows; Arab craftsmen are spiking the streaks to a bark in embryo; the air is black with pigeons, and the river swarming with ducks. Baker's boats are lying by the shore waiting for the coming season; and the sounds proceeding from beeves, camels and donkeys, tell one that he is on the brink of savagery. I was enchanted with the White Nile. The river of Lower Egypt has a dull, gloomy aspect compared with this broad stream, winding around green islands under high cultivation, swelling into lakes of several miles in width. A hundred times a day the Governor-General would break out with an exulting shout, "*Ard qui-ecce quiteer!*" — "What magnificent soil!" The country radiating in every direction from Arbah Island is the recruiting-ground for menageries and zoological gardens. It is the proudest empire of the beasts of all families, not excluding the human family. A bird's-eye view of Africa would disclose the paltry minority of man. For the first time, perhaps, we would comprehend our human solitude. Here a few men, there a few, huddled under the shadow of a mountain, clustered on the Nile, or grouped in some small oasis. But our physical superiors—the elephant, the lion, the panther, the hyena, the leopard, and the gray monkey, and their associates—are in masses, in herds, in vast communities, if you please. I obtained, for the benefit of those who may wish a collection of live animals, a statement of the expense for 300 of all species, and this number could be delivered at Alexandria for \$80,000. An estimate which I made of an expedition across Africa, starting from the White Nile, shows that it would cost, for 100 men, about \$28,000 for two years.

On June 17th I began my homeward journey, sailing down the Nile a distance of 250 miles to Berber, and thence I crossed a second desert to the Red Sea. All desert-travel in Africa is severe. Your face peels; seams open in your lips; your shoes warp painfully about your feet; your bones ache, and you utter but one prayer, "O for the land of green and water!" After fifteen days from Berber I arrived at Suakin, and proceeded to Massowah, the port of Abyssinia. The Viceroy's expedition was moving toward the province of Bogos; and I then maintained, as I do now, that it would be a crime to permit this Switzerland of Africa to pass under Egyptian rule. The Viceroy wishes those hills because they contain coal. In his domain there is none. Gold and other ores abound, and there is a population, including the Gallas, variously estimated at from eight to twelve millions. Gen. Kirkham, the special ambassador of Johannes to the Western powers, recently returned with assurances from Berlin that Germany would guarantee the inviolability of Abyssinian soil. I will not discuss the merits of the question here, but will simply observe that the

country is peopled by noble races, ambitious to better themselves and the continent on which they dwell. I may add that there is a prospect for the immediate civilization not only of Abyssinia, but of all the countries in the Soudan.* Sir Samuel Baker is revolutionizing the great basin of the Nile, and he will scarcely return without settling the main question of doubt concerning the sources of that mighty river. I am glad to say that his reputation in the Soudan is one of which any traveler might be proud. Of Dr. Schweinfurth, it is gratifying to say that his discoveries were confirmed by the men who had accompanied him. He left Khartoum some months before my arrival, but I saw many persons who had inspected the dwarf he had brought down from the equatorial regions. This pigmy was about three feet high, and was, as near as I could learn, half monkey, half man. The importance of his discovery lies in the fact that the race of Tick-y-Ticks is the first living proof that we are allied to the beast world — giving probably more satisfaction to Mr. Darwin than to those who still contemplate our parents in the Garden of Eden.

Miani, the veteran white-bearded Italian traveler, with a few soldiers furnished by the government, is exploring the right bank of the Nile, near latitude ten degrees north. He moves among the natives in a kindly manner, never exciting their opposition or hatred. Marno, the young Austrian, is also on the White Nile, making collections of birds and fish. But the most interesting traveler I met during my stay in the Soudan was the Arab Shygettea, who is probably the only man who has ever crossed Africa to the northward of the Equator. My conversations with him were long and frequent; but, as he had no idea of a map, they were without value. He was a wandering Arab priest. As a Mahometan he had no trouble in walking from Senegal through Timbuctoo, Wadia, Darfour, to the White Nile and Khartoum, a belt of territory where the people believe "there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." He claims to have seen ruins, ancient temples, obelisks, and pyramids along his march, indicating that the Ethiopian empire once extended into the heart of the continent. In Wadia he claims to have seen the grandest relics. I tried to buy his manuscripts in Arabic; but he resolutely refused, because he feared that the government might oppress him in case he sold them. His reputation is, however, that of a *blagueur*.

* "The slave-traders were his (Sir Samuel Baker's) deadliest enemies, from the beginning, a strong proof of his open hostility to the slave-trade." * * *

"The Khedive, as you may imagine, was disappointed, not that the slave-trade was interfered with, but because commerce was checked, and principally because the natives had become incensed against the Egyptian flag."—[Consul-General Beardsley to the State Department, May 7, 1873.]

Of the sources of the Nile it is hardly my province to speak. Yet I have noticed one striking fact during my travels in Africa which I consider of great weight in deciding this question. The continent is covered with vast depressions, which were undoubtedly in prehistoric times the sites of great lakes. Deep gorges intersect the deserts. Their configuration points to the conclusion that they were once river-beds. But the bodies of water and streams which once supplied the valleys are dried up. Many causes may have effected this result. When Africa to the confluence of the White and Blue Niles was a great empire—and proofs of its puissance are being daily discovered about Khartoum and the Great Bend of the Nile in the form of buried ruins—it is possible that high cultivation and great cities were productive of copious rains. We all know that trees and vegetation will produce rains where they would not otherwise fall. These dried-up water-courses, then, and empty basins are doubtless bequeathed us as a part of the general ruin which Africa has suffered. Keeping this theory in mind, how can Dr. Livingstone feel absolutely sure that the sources of the Nile have remained unchanged since the days of Ptolemy. It is believed that from time to time Africa has been visited with great upheavals. All the mountains I have seen are purely volcanic. Might not volcanic action have changed the geography of the water-sheds? May not Dr. Livingstone's new lakes have been empty basins in the time of Ptolemy? To show you how great physical changes may take place in Africa, note one fact, that twenty years ago you could go to Gondokoro in twenty days, and now it takes nearly a year to penetrate the White Nile obstructions, which the best informed of the Soudan fear may ultimately cause the deflection of the White Nile by lateral outlets, in which case Lower Egypt would wither into an arid waste.

And now, Mr. President, to whom is committed the destiny of Africa? To a little, thick-set man, with a large head, full face, pleasant countenance, and clear eye. His face denotes kindness, reflection, caution and firmness. To give you a New York idea of his magnificence, I have only to say that he is regarded as the richest man in the world; but to estimate him truly, I believe him to be the most remarkable and ambitious of modern rulers. I mean the Viceroy. He is absolute in Egypt. That fertile land is his capital stock. It is just the same as if Egypt were deposited in the Bank of England, and His Highness should draw checks against its market-value. The Soudan is his great pride and charge. He is determined to push railways and telegraphs to its remotest peoples, and to acquire as much territory as he can occupy and control. He has recently changed the Governor of Khartoum, appointing Ismail Pacha, a traveling friend

of mine; and I feel sure that this enlightened official will carry out many grand projects which we often discussed under the roasting sun of the Nubian Desert. He used to say that he would live to see the day when a steamer from the Mediterranean could proceed up the Nile, and finally cast anchor in the equatorial lakes. Is it not possible, then, that Egypt may resume some day the proud position which she once held in the world; that a population of 80,000,000 of agriculturists may send their products to market; and that ultimately all Ethiopia, like Lower Egypt, may have thriving cities? If the Viceroy continue in the path of progress that he has followed since the beginning of his reign, you may be sure that the empire will soon extend beyond the equator.

What are the Viceroy's foreign relations? Turkey has never slackened her appetite since the founders of her present empire in Europe crossed the Bosphorus, and the last evidence of her greed has been in the \$15,000,000 which the Sultan complacently received from the Khedive. If the Egyptian sovereign pays to the "King of Kings" this princely sum as the price of a single favor, how long will he continue to purchase with gold what possibly he might achieve by violence? As he goes forward constantly in his movement toward independence, he must purchase fresh privileges from the Porte, and these can only be obtained by generous supplies of coin.

It is estimated that Egypt can easily summon 200,000 Arabs, Copts, Egyptian peasants, Nubians, and White Nile negroes to her service at the command "fall in!" It is thus plain that Ismail Pacha will be called upon (if he live to work out his independence) to refight the bitter war which Ibrahim Pacha fought with so much valor in 1848. This stern soldier, who survived but a few weeks the dignities of the vice-royalty, came nearer to a complete reduction of Constantinople than any other captain of his time. To-day we have a rich Khedive,* with an exhaustless continent, on the one hand; and a poor Sultan, with an exhausted empire, on the other.

Thus, whatever must concern the future relations between the weakest power in Europe and the strongest one in Africa, will be decided by a preponderance of gold and army-strength. Money Turkey has not; finer soldiers than those who fill the ranks of the imperial corps at Constantinople are seldom seen; yet the Turks, with all their blind courage and splendid *élan*, are to-day pitiably weak. They have demanded arms. A ministry desiring a downy nest rather

The receipts of the Egyptian government for 1873 by taxation were \$49,550,000, and the expenses \$44,000,000. At the same rate per head the United States would pay \$360,000,000 of internal taxes. The amount actually collected by the United States during the same period was \$118,000,000.

than full arsenals, has so distributed the patronage that the country will not be in fighting condition under two years. One of the ablest military critics has placed the army-maximum at 300,000; yet, with frontiers like those of Greece, Montenegro, Russia, and even Servia, and Roumania, it is very problematical how much of this body could be sent upon such a hazardous enterprise as the reduction of Egypt, with her torpedoed Suez canal and coast, her fortified harbors, together with the physical support and moral sympathy she would undoubtedly draw from the rest of the world. And if we leave the military and examine the political situation, we find no encouraging prospect for Turkey. In three months she has had three grand viziers, and it has passed into one of the phrases of the day that all her mature statesmanship was buried in the grave of Ali Pacha. Each ministry in turn adopts a new line of policy toward the Khedive; and it is noticeable that while many threats are issued from the Sublime Porte, they only ripen into a quiet acquiescence to every one of His Highness's acts. His swift yacht, which has made the voyage from Alexandria to Constantinople in fifty-two hours, is rarely at anchor in either harbor; and the capitals of both powers are entertained with stories of the varying quantities of bullion that are said to make the frequent transit of the sea. The Turkish navy differs somewhat from the Turkish army, in that the ships and weapons are able, but that the men who man them are not. We know, too, that Turkey has been begging for a loan of \$50,000,000, and at least the largest fraction of this amount is to be applied to paying the overdue interest upon previous obligations. In view of these facts, it looks as if Turkey stood toward Egypt as a wretched and pauper father does toward a rich and prosperous son.

APPENDIX.

THE CENTRAL AFRICAN RAILWAY.

MR. FOWLER'S REPORT

ON THE PROPOSED RAILWAY BETWEEN WADY HALFA
AND SHENDY ; AND THE SHIP INCLINE AT THE FIRST
CATARACT.

INTRODUCTION.

The necessity of improved means of communication with the Sudan has long been foreseen by the Egyptian government. In the year 1857, A. D., his late Highness Said Mehemet Pasha sent parties of engineers to the Higher Nile to report on the possibility of removing the obstructions to the navigation, caused by the cataracts. This mode of dealing with the question was, however, found to be impracticable by reason of the enormous cost involved.

Again, in the winter of 1865-66 a rapid and general study of the country between Assouan and Khartoum was made by Mr. Bray and Mr. Walker, with a view to the construction of a railway.

In the early part of 1871 his Highness the Khedive requested me to make detailed surveys and estimate, and to report on the whole question of the communication with the Soudan, so that the government of his Highness might be in possession of information to enable them to decide upon this important work. Accordingly, in September, 1871, I selected and sent out, with full instructions, a staff of experienced surveyors, who were engaged for a period of about five months, between the first cataract and Khartoum, bringing back with them complete working surveys and sections, and much information of a useful and general character.

During two months of this period I was fortunately in Egypt, which gave me the advantage of receiving, when at Assouan, the preliminary studies of some of the more important points on the line, and of dispatching definite instructions respecting them.

Since the return of the party to England I have superintended the completion of their work, and have examined the detailed information they have obtained for my guidance, especially such as affected the cost of the construction of the line.

The minute investigation which I have considered it necessary to make, of each surveyor's information and of every document, has delayed somewhat longer than I had anticipated the submission of my report and of the accompanying documents, but I feel sure that your Excellency will approve of a delay which has been essential to obtain a satisfactory completion of the work.

I now submit for your Excellency's approval the entire project for connecting the Lower Nile with the Soudan by means of two distinct works:

1. A railway from Wady Halfa to Shendy.
2. A ship incline at the first cataract.

I. THE RAILWAY FROM WADY HALFA TO SHENDY.

LENGTH 888 KILOMETRES.

PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATION TO DETERMINE THE POSITION OF THE TWO TERMINI AND THE GENERAL ROUTE.

For the southern terminus of the railway I think there can be no doubt that Metammeh, a village on the left bank of the Nile, immediately opposite to Shendy, $16^{\circ} 40' N.$ lat. and $32^{\circ} 25' E.$ long., is the most central and convenient. It is nearly equi-distant from Berber and Khartoum, and about 160 kilometres distant from either, hence, it will constitute an admirable center or collecting point for the large traffic to be anticipated in grain, cotton, and sugar from those localities, and from the vast area of rich land lying to the south of Shendy.

Shendy is also the converging locality for the camel routes from Khartoum and the White Nile district; from Hamdal, Suakin and the Red Sea; and from Abou Kharraz and the Blue Nile.

The river navigation between Berber and Khartoum is obstructed for about two months in the year by a rapid near El Hadjir, and by some rocks near the junction of the Atbara, but I am informed that instructions have already been given that these obstructions be removed or lessened.

The precise position of the southern terminus having thus been fixed at Shendy, it remains to determine, in like manner, the northern commencement of the railway.

A glance at the map will show that, after the difficulties of the first cataract are overcome, continuous water communication without change of vessel will be available between Wady Halfa, at the foot of the second cataract, and Lower Egypt, and therefore the northern terminus may be placed at any point north of Wady Halfa; it is also evident that there are two alternative routes for selection.

The one commences at or near Korosko, about 140 kilometres north of the second cataract, traverses the Nubian Desert to the Nile at Aboo Hammed, and thence follows the course of the river to Shendy.

The other commences at Wady Halfa, near the bottom of the second cataract, following the course of the river to Ambukol, whence it crosses the Bahiuda Desert to Metammeh (Shendy).

Very little investigation will suffice to show that the latter is in all respects the better of the two routes for the purposes of a railway. By adopting Wady Halfa as a starting point, the river navigation between Korosko and Wady Halfa is utilized for an additional distance of about 140 kilometres, the comparatively populous and fertile country between Hannek and Old Dongola is accommodated; a desert of 280 kilometres is crossed as compared with one of 380 kilometres, and the summit level, or the highest ground traversed in the Bahiuda Desert, is only about 120 metres above the river, as compared with 600 metres in the Nubian Desert. The character of the two deserts also differs widely in other important respects, inasmuch as the Nubian Desert is a wild, rocky waste, crossed by deep Wadys, and where the water in the few wells which exist is brackish and unsuitable for the use of locomotives, whilst the Bahiuda Desert, on the other hand, is a comparatively level tract of country, in which water is abundant and good, and where the trees and shrubs will afford food for camels and cattle during the construction of the line, and, to some extent, firewood for the locomotives subsequently.

These considerations make it easy to decide adversely to the route across the Nubian Desert, from Korosko to Aboo Hammed, and in favor of the route from Wady Halfa to Shendy, and thus Wady Halfa becomes the northern commencement of the railway.

The commencement and termination of the railway and general

route being thus settled, the next problem presenting itself for solution is, whether from Wady Halfa toward the south, the line should be carried on the right or the left bank of the river; and here we have to meet and deal with the difficulties presented by drift-sand.

The drift-sand on the left bank of the river between Wady Halfa and Kohé, is evidently due to the geological position of the Lower Nubian sandstone, and the direction of the prevailing wind, and therefore its presence in the overwhelming quantities which we observe must be treated as permanent and unalterable.

There is no doubt that if the line were carried exclusively along the left bank, the river crossing would be avoided, and possibly a somewhat more level line for the railway obtained. The works required on the right bank are not, however, of a heavy or expensive character, and their cost is capable of precise calculation; whereas on the left bank the difficulties and expense resulting from drift-sand might prove absolutely prohibitory—a contingency which I find is entertained by all those who are most familiar with the district. I have therefore decided in favor of the right bank from Wady Halfa to near Kohé, and have selected a site for a station near Wady Halfa, where the banks and land are favorable for the construction of quays, repairing sheds, shops and depots.

RIVER CROSSING.

The next important duty was to select the precise spot for crossing the river, and adequate time was devoted to careful studies in order to obtain exhaustive information on the subject.

It was observed by the surveyors, on their journey toward the south, that at Kohé an irregular ridge of rocks extended a considerable distance across the river, with a deep water channel toward its centre, affording considerable facilities for the erection of a bridge. Studies of the locality, and a comprehensive chart of the river, were accordingly prepared, and these, with other particulars, were sent to me at Assouan; they satisfactorily proved that the erection of a bridge at Kohé was a perfectly practicable work, and also that from the section of the river and its rocky channel no difficulty would arise from the slight acceleration of the current consequent upon the erection of the necessary piers. In order, however, thoroughly to exhaust the question, I sent further instructions to my surveyors and had the river again studied and surveyed, with the view of finding a suitable site for the construction of a steam ferry as an alternative plan.

Since the return of my staff to England with these surveys, I have had comparative estimates prepared for a bridge and a ferry, and the

result of these investigations, and a consideration of all the circumstances, lead me unhesitatingly to recommend the erection of a bridge.

The next point to be determined was the precise locality where the line should leave the valley of the Nile and strike across the Bahiuda Desert, and I have selected Ambukol, where the river's bank is unchangeable (as is shown by the undisturbed remains of a large and ancient pier of masonry), and where boats can load or discharge their cargo at all states of the river.

Another advantage of selecting Ambukol is that the great Wady Mokhattem debouches there, and furnishes an easy exit for the railway from the valley of the Nile to the first summit of the desert plateau, with easy gradients, and with very light works. The present camel route (which was also surveyed) leaves the valley of the Nile at Korti, a village a few kilometres further up the river; but this route, for the first 50 kilometres, though well adapted for camels, is not favorable for a railway, inasmuch as it would involve heavy gradients and works.

SHORT DESCRIPTION OF LINE.

Having thus given the various reasons which have determined the two termini, the principal works, and the general route, I now proceed to give a short description of the line finally adopted.

The length of the line is 889 kilometres, which may be conveniently divided into four parts:

	Kilometres.
Part 1. Wady Halfa to Kohé (right bank of the river).....	257
Part 2. River crossing.....	
Part 3. Kohé to Ambukol (left bank of the river).....	349
Part 4. Ambukol to Shendy (across Bahiuda Desert).....	283
Total.....	<u>889</u>

The whole railway may be described as one of easy construction. There are no tunnels or important bridges on the line, except the bridge across the Nile at Kohé. Wherever practicable, the railway is kept near to the villages and cultivated lands along the banks of the Nile. Sometimes it takes an inland course amongst the mountains, to avoid expensive works, and at other times traverses deserts to shorten the route, by cutting off the more extensive bends of the river. The total length of the line, as above stated, is 889 kilometres, whilst that of the Nile between the same points is about 1,800 kilometres.

A detailed description of the proposed railway is appended to this report, but it may be convenient to convey at once a general idea of

its course, and of the characteristic features of the country through which it runs; for this purpose we will assume the railway to be already in existence, and ourselves to be making the journey upon it from Wady Halfa to Shendy.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE LINE.

Starting then from Wady Halfa, we reach in a few minutes the foot of the second cataract, and after winding amongst the rocks along the river's bank, we arrive in about half an hour at the station near Sarrus. Leaving this behind us, we enter the Mohrat Desert, and for another half hour pursue a tortuous and undulating course between rugged mountains rising precipitously on all sides, and across wild gorges down which tropical flood waters occasionally rush with violence; then, emerging from the desert, we arrive at the station near Ambigole. Following now the river's bank, a number of large isolated rocks, like pyramids, rise in our front, and we are compelled to make a second run across the desert, where we obtain occasional glimpses of the Nile, and after passing the station at Akasha we climb for the third time the rocky ridges of the desert. Here the mountains are loftier than hitherto — one on the opposite bank of the Nile being remarkable from its rounded sides and projecting sandstone cap. Once more on the river's bank, we keep near the villages and patches of cultivated land and running past the station at Ammara, we cross the Nile bridge at Kohé, some four hours after the time of our start from Wady Halfa.

Leaving Kohé and the river, a run of about an hour across the undulating ravines and sandy plains of the desert takes us to the Nile again, near the caravan station at Fakir Bender. Passing on, chiefly near cultivated land on the river's bank, where villages situated amongst groves of palms contrast with the barrenness of previous portions of our route, we reach the capital of the district, New Dongola. Our route now lies along the river's bank and across sandy plains, studded with clumps of mimosa, to Handak, and thence onward to Dabbe. These two latter towns are the termini of the caravan routes from Kordofan and Darfur, where the traffic on its southward journey is at present transferred from camels to boats. After one more hour's ride across an alluvial district partially cultivated and thickly covered with Halfa grass and desert shrubs, we arrive at Ambukol.

We now leave the valley of the Nile, and cross the great Bahinda Desert to our final destination at Shendy; for this last five hours of the journey we have no occasion to stop but for water, as the desert is uninhabited save by wandering Bedawee tribes. For upwards of

an hour we run on the southern bank of a broad wady, the bed of which is enlivened by the bright green spicated leaves of the Merkh, the small red scented flowers of the Thundub bush, the sharp-thorned Samarah, and by every other variety of desert vegetation.

Leaving this wady we traverse plains which, during the tropical rains, are covered with shallow water, and present the appearance of vast lakes, passing in our course the mouths of deep gorges, from which the flood waters flow. We may, perchance, at this part of our journey, encounter lofty columns of fine sand, which, however, are harmless, and finally, after crossing the summit ridge of the desert, we run down to the Nile again at Shendy, and find ourselves at the termination of the Soudan railway.

LOCAL AND GENERAL OBJECTS OF RAILWAY AND TRAFFIC TO BE EXPECTED.

It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the advantages which would result to Egypt from the construction of this railway, as they must be self-evident to any person having even a superficial knowledge of Upper and Lower Egypt and of the Upper Nile, but I confess that the local knowledge supplied to me by the studies of my surveyors, and the growing importance of the general question of thorough communication, have greatly increased my appreciation of the value of this important work in every aspect, political, commercial and social.

It may not be out of place here to refer to the fact that, from the earliest history of Egypt, the river Nile, and the caravans across the desert were the means by which ivory, gold and other valuable and portable products were brought in large quantities from the vast interior of Africa. The exportation of such products will, no doubt, be facilitated and increased by the proposed railway, but they will lose their comparative importance and sink into insignificance, when compared with the grain, sugar and cotton which will be produced and exported from the vast alluvial plains of the Soudan.

It is, indeed, impossible to foresee the results which may follow the construction of the Soudan Railway. Continued southwards, it may hereafter form a link in the direct communication of the Western world with India and the East. Thus, if a service of light and swift steamers, such as could be readily passed over the proposed ship incline at the first cataract, were established between the present terminus of the Egyptian Railways near Rhoda and the commencement of the proposed Soudan Railway at Wady Halfa, and if the latter line were extended to Massowah, or some other convenient port on the Red Sea, the dangers and inconveniences of that passage

would be avoided, and one day's saving of time would be effected in the route to India, China, Japan and Australia.

This saving of time will again be increased to nearly three days when the railway from Rhoda is extended to Wady Halfa, whereby continuous railway communication will be given from Alexandria to the Red Sea. Since the general increase of trade and the introduction of steam-vessels for India and the East, the traffic in passengers, parcels and letters rapidly increases; and, therefore, any improvement or saving of time in the overland route, such as that now suggested, possesses peculiar value.

It cannot, indeed, be doubted, that the period for the carrying out of this great and useful work has now arrived. The enlightened policy which has been pursued for some years in the Soudan district, of supplying cotton and other seeds liberally and gratuitously, and offering every inducement to raise experimental crops, has prepared the country for the great change which must necessarily ensue when its resources are placed within reach of a profitable market. The Western world will easily absorb all the grain, sugar and cotton which can be produced and carried from the Soudan, and rule and order have been so well established under the august Khedive of Egypt that security to life and property exists in every part, from Alexandria to Kordofan, in a degree that might well be envied by many European States.

With this most satisfactory condition of the country, it is not remarkable that agriculture, commerce and manufactures are making rapid strides, and it may be fairly said that adequate means of communication alone are wanting to increase the prosperity of Egypt to an almost unlimited extent.

The chief traffic which may be expected northward, after the establishment of the railway, will be grain, sugar, cotton, gum, senna, dates, ebony, skins, aromatic woods, potash, gold, ivory, ostrich feathers, and other products of the country, and laborers; and the traffic southward will be cotton goods, machinery, cutlery, tools, tobacco, coffee, rice, earthen ware, beads and other articles.

The great centres for the collection of the existing traffic are Khartoum and the districts of Kordofan and Darfour. To Khartoum the merchandise is chiefly brought by land, and there placed in the river boats or "noggurs." These vessels are constructed almost entirely of the wood of the gum tree, and are roughly put together, but from this very fact they are admirably adapted for the Upper Nile or cataract navigation, since, in case of injury, any damage can usually be repaired in a few hours. Each boat takes a maximum load of about forty tons down the river as far as Abou Hammud, where its

cargo is transferred to camels, carried across the Nubian Desert to Korosko, where it is again transferred to boats and carried down to the first cataract. At high Nile boats can pass down the first cataract to Assouan; but the course generally pursued is to unload them at Shellal, a village immediately above the first cataract, thence convey the goods by camels to Assouan, and again re-load into boats. By this route, between Khartoum and Cairo, five changes are necessary, and about 890 kilometres of land carriage.

From the Kordofan and Darfour districts the goods are brought by camels across the desert and embarked on the river at Dabbe and Handak, whence they are conveyed by boat to Hafir, at the head of the third cataract, and hence by camels again as far as Wady Halfa, after which the previously-described route is adopted; or at high Nile they may be taken on the river as far as Amka, at the head of the second cataract, but this last portion of the route is tedious and full of risk and difficulty.

The first of these two routes involves, between the Kordofan district and Cairo, five changes and 928 kilometres of land carriage, and the second route five changes and 615 kilometres of land carriage. The Darfur district is some 300 kilometres farther from Dabbe than that of Kordofan.

It was natural that the first remedy which suggested itself for the avoidance of the delay and cost of such modes of conveyance should be the improvement of the river; but this has long been known to the government of Egypt to be impracticable, by reason of its enormous cost. The only feasible remedy is now recognized to be the construction of a railway so laid out as to connect the part of the Nile below the second cataract with the upper portion above the sixth cataract, combined with some satisfactory scheme for the passage of the first cataract.

It cannot, however, be a matter of surprise that a work so important in every respect should be thought worthy of much careful consideration, and in some respects it may be deemed fortunate that the decision has been delayed.

The information as to the sufficiency of a narrow-gauge railway for such a traffic as might be expected from the Soudan was not so full or conclusive as at present, nor was the experience of the suitability of the Soudan for the growth of grain, cotton, and sugar so completely established.

A connecting link of communication of this character must, moreover, be considered and dealt with as one work, and cannot be usefully divided and carried out in parts. Though the length of the proposed railway is considerable (889 kilometres), little good would

be effected by making a part without the whole, from the fact that the intermediate traffic is small as compared with the through traffic.

GAUGE AND GENERAL CHARACTER OF RAILWAY, AND ESTIMATE OF ITS COST.

Under the circumstances previously described, it becomes a matter of peculiar importance to determine upon a character of railway which shall combine economy and rapidity of construction with thorough efficiency for the objects desired.

The exact width of the narrow gauge, which has been adopted in India for future railway extensions, is 1 metre, or 3 feet 3½ inches. On the vast level plains and valleys where the narrow-gauge extensions in the country will be chiefly made, the gradients will be extremely good, and therefore light engines and rails may be employed. On the Soudan railway, where gradients of 1 in 50 must be adopted to economize cost of construction, I find great advantage in the few inches of additional width of gauge between 3 feet 3½ inches and 3 feet 6 inches. The Norwegian railways, which have been worked for some years with great economy and success, have a gauge of 3 feet 6 inches. I propose, however, to use a heavier rail than has been adopted either in Norway or India, so as to give greater strength and durability to the permanent way, and to enable more powerful engines to be employed.

The following dimensions and weights have been adopted in laying out the railway, and for the estimates:

1. A gauge of 3 feet 6 inches (1.07 metres).
2. Iron rails, weighing 50 pounds per yard (24.8 kilos per metre), with iron sleepers, and fastenings of proper proportions.
3. Maximum inclination of gradients, 1 in 50.
4. Minimum radius of curves, 500 feet (152.4 metres).

With such gauge, permanent way, curves and gradients, a very large traffic can be worked with convenience and economy.

NO TUNNELS.

By adopting gradients and curves which are suited to the peculiarities of the country and to the traffic, I have succeeded in laying out the railway so as to avoid tunnels altogether, and so that the total quantity of rock cutting is extremely small. Indeed, except the bridge across the river Nile, there is not a single considerable work on the whole line, and I see no reason why every part of the railway, except the permanent way, rolling stock, and the Nile bridge, should not be performed by Egyptians, under a proper organization.

The cost of the railway, including stations, sidings, quays or landing places, rolling-stock, workshops, and all expenses required to complete the line ready for traffic, will be £4,000,000 or £4,500 per kilometre; and from the lightness of the works, I am of opinion that the whole line may be completed in three years from the time of its commencement. This total estimate of £4,000,000 includes all payment for labor, materials, carriage, etc., both foreign and in Egypt; but in practice it will probably be found more convenient if the Egyptian government provide such materials and labor as can be obtained in the district, and undertake all carriage of materials in Egypt, obtaining foreign materials and labor for those portions of the works which cannot otherwise be dealt with.

The division on this principle of the total estimate of £4,000,000 would give about £2,500,000 for the foreign portion, and £1,500,000 for the Egyptian portion.

II. SHIP INCLINE AT THE FIRST CATARACT.

LENGTH, THREE KILOMETRES.

The interruption to the water communication from Lower Egypt to Wady Halfa (second cataract), occasioned by the rocks and rapids of the first cataract, is a drawback of considerable importance both in respect of cost and delay, and of the waste consequent upon loading and unloading the cargo of the boats.

Independently of the Soudan railway and before its construction was seriously entertained, the removal of the interruptions at Assouan received the consideration of the Egyptian government, and proposals, more or less practicable, were submitted for approval.

In the year 1865, Mr. Hawkshaw was requested to consider the question, and the result was a recommendation to canalize the first cataract. If the principle of canalizing the cataract were to be treated as a question already settled, I should advise the adoption of Mr. Hawkshaw's plan. I am disposed, however, to think that had Mr. Hawkshaw visited Assouan, he would have shrunk, as I do, from the unknown cost and consequences of excavating the large quantity of excessively hard rock which must be encountered in the construction of a canal. No trustworthy estimate can possibly be made of

such a work, in such a locality, or of the time required for its completion, or of the results upon the river of the excavations and alterations of the channels.

If no satisfactory alternative were possible, these difficulties and uncertainties would have to be encountered, but, fortunately, a through communication for boats may be obtained by means which are equally certain as to success, easily calculated as to cost, and, what is of almost equal importance, capable of being carried out in a comparatively short time.

The plan which I propose is simply to use the mechanical power of the descending waters of the cataract to draw the boats along a ship incline overland between the top and the bottom of the cataract.

The means by which this is accomplished are as follows:

Upon the right bank of the river there will be constructed a ship railway, about three kilometres in length, commencing at the bottom of the cataract in the river channel between the Island of Sehayl and the mainland, about five kilometres south of Assouan, and terminating at the top of the cataract in the harbor of Shellal, north of the islands of Biggen and Philœ. The boats to be transferred from one end of the cataract to the other will be floated upon a suitable carriage or cradle, constructed to run upon the railway, and will be hauled overland by powerful hydraulic engines of about 400 horse-power, placed near the centre of the railway. These hydraulic engines will be safe and manageable, not liable to derangement, and of a class already largely employed by myself and others with success for drawing loaded wagons at a low rate of speed upon railways. The water to work the engines will be pumped up at a high pressure by a pair of large stream wheels carried upon pontoons, and driven by one of the smaller rapids at the lower end of the cataract. A convenient site will be formed near Sehayl for the erection of workshops, wharves and other conveniences. The total length to be traversed by the boats overland will be 2,950 metres at low Nile, and 2,300 metres at high Nile, and the speed will vary from five to eleven kilometres per hour, according to the weight of the boat. The machinery will be sufficiently powerful to haul steamers as well as loaded boats over the incline.

The cost of the ship incline, machinery, workshops, wharves and all expenses required to complete the work ready for traffic will be £200,000, and I am of opinion that the entire work may be completed in one and a half years from the time of its commencement. The division of the cost upon the same principle as that adopted in the instance of the Soudan Railway would give about £100,000 for foreign work, and £100,000 for Egyptian work.

The efficiency and convenience of this proposed ship incline for the objects contemplated are indisputable, and its cost, in comparison with its advantages, small. It should, if possible, precede the construction of the Soudan Railway, so as to give increased facilities for general intercommunication and for the transport of men and materials.

CONCLUSION.

I should have been better satisfied if, before concluding this report, I could have added a calculation as to the precise amount of traffic and revenue to be expected from the railway. The largest portion of the traffic, however, as previously explained, will only exist after the accommodation for it has been provided; and, therefore, any calculation must depend on the assumption of figures, for which there are not, nor can be, any adequate existing data.

In all cases of the extension of railways into undeveloped districts, the same difficulty inevitably arises, and a judgment must be formed from a knowledge of the country to be accommodated, and of its resources and capabilities.

In the particular case of the Soudan Railway and its probable traffic, it is a fact which cannot be disputed that the extent of land near its southern terminus, or within reach of it by navigable waters, or land carriage, which is capable of producing the finest crops of cotton, grain and sugar, is practically unlimited, and that during the time requisite for the construction of the railway such an area may be brought into cultivation as will furnish an immediate and considerable traffic.

The vast quantities of timber of various kinds which will become cheaply accessible to the proposed railway will supply fuel to the locomotives for a long period of time, and one of the most important items in the working expenses of the railway will thereby be largely reduced.

Assuming the working expenses of the Soudan Railway to be 60 per cent of the gross receipts (which is 7 per cent higher than the average working expenses of all the Indian railways), it can scarcely be doubted that the traffic from the local and through sources enumerated will yield a satisfactory return upon the small cost of the proposed railway. Under any circumstances, a large increase to the national wealth of Egypt must necessarily follow such an opening up of its undeveloped resources.

One of the national benefits which will be conferred by this great work, and not the least important, will be the facility of transporting,

under proper regulations, the surplus labor from equatorial Africa to the cultivated districts of Egypt.

I am well aware how much importance is attached to this question by His Highness the Khedive, and I know of no means by which the difficulties which at present exist can be satisfactorily overcome except by the facility of communication which the Soudan railway will provide.

In conclusion, I think it my duty to state how well the orders of His Highness the Khedive were carried out, in the assistance which was always afforded to my surveyors by every official between Cairo and Khartoum. It was also especially gratifying to experience the perfect goodwill and friendly reception from the population generally. Not a single quarrel, or unpleasantness, or accident occurred throughout the whole period of conducting this great survey.

I have the honor to be

Your Excellency's most obedient servant,
(Signed) JOHN FOWLER.

APPENDIX.

SOURCES OF THE NILE.

General Chas. P. Stone, chief of staff of the Egyptian army, has made the following report to the Khedive under date of Dec. 16, 1874.

1 The portion of the Lake Victoria visited by Lieut.-Col. Long is very small; the inference is that that which is indicated on the map as an immense lake is only a succession of lakes, the proportions of which are yet to be determined.

2. Lieut.-Col. Long has demonstrated in the most perfect manner, that navigation from Vrondogarie to Foweira is not only possible, but practicable.

3. He has discovered a lake whose proportions are very important and unknown to the civilized world, situated near 1 degree and 30 minutes north latitude and 30 degrees and 30 minutes longitude east, from Paris.

4. He has proved, without doubt, that the Somerset river of Speke at Foweira receives the waters of the stream flowing out of the Victoria lake, having navigated this stream for 150 kilometres, following a line never before traveled by a white man.

APPENDIX.

ANIMALS.

Believing that zoological gardens might wish in the future to make collections of animals in Central Africa, I made the following estimate, which was approved by those who had an extended acquaintance with the business:

No.	Animals.	Kinds.	Age.	Price.		
1..	Elephant	2	10 years ...	\$200	x 8 =	\$1,600
2..	Giraffe.....	1	3 years	100	x 4 =	400
3..	Hippopotami.....	1	2 years . . .	100	x 4 =	400
4..	Ostrich.....	2	2 years . . .	25	x 12 =	300
5..	Lions.....	1	2 months ..	10	x 8 =	80
6..	Leopards.....	1	2 months ..	10	x 4 =	40
7..	Panther.....	1	2 months ..	10	x 4 =	40
8..	Wild Cat.....	1	2 months ..	10	x 4 =	40
9..	Linx.....	1	2 months ..	10	x 4 =	40
0..	Monkeys.....	2	1 month ...	5	x 100 =	500
1..	Wild Ass.....	1	2 months ..	100	x 4 =	400
12..	Wild Cat.....	...	2 years ...	5	x 4 =	20
13..	Hyena.....	2	2 months ..	10	x 8 =	80
14..	Fox.....	2	5	x 12 =	60
15..	Abyssinian Cat.....	1	20	x 4 =	80
16..	Dromedary	2	5 years	100	x 8 =	800
17..	Antelopes.....	20	20	x 80 =	1,600
18..	Camel.....	20	x 4 =	80
19..	Rhinoceros.....	1	100	x 4 =	400
20..	Zebra.....	1	100	x 4 =	400
21..	Crocodiles.....	1	10	x 8 =	80
				Ani'ls, 220		\$6,770

Cost of animals.....	\$6,770
Chains, 200 × \$3.....	600
Cages, 150 × \$10.....	1,500
Cases.....	1,000
To get the animals ready.....	3,000
For care.....	1,000
Hunting expedition	500
Hunters, 10 × \$100.....	1,000
Men, 20 × \$50.....	1,500
Gunpowder, etc.....	2,000
Boats to Alexandria, 12 × \$200.....	2,400
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	\$21,270
Cost of transportation to New York, including cases.....	10,000
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Total	\$31,270
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